

antiquaries to settle how Rowley became so well versed in the Greek tragedians. He was as well acquainted with Butler, or Butler with him, for a chaplain of the late bishop of Exeter has found in Rowley a line of Hudibras.

Well, sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him, that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him, that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also, that I had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. I mentioned their reasons, particularly that there were no such metres known in the age of Richard I.—and that might be a reason with Chatterton himself to shift the æra of his productions.

He wrote me rather a peevish answer, said he could not contest with a person of my learning (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges), maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman. Remember this.

When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or, perhaps not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain; nor will charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains.

Soon after my return from France, I received another letter from Chatter-

* See the First Letter from Chatterton, p. 236.

ton, the style of which was singularly impertinent¹. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I should not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances.

My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer², expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice—but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them, till about a year and half after, when

Dining at the royal academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them; for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the *trouvaille* of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was none to me, who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith: but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed; for, on asking about Chatterton, he told me he had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I heartily wished then that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me; for who would not have his understanding imposed on to save a fellow being from the utmost wretchedness, despair and suicide!—and a poor young man not eighteen—and of such miraculous talents—for, dear sir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the impossibility on Rowley's side will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might flash out in the darkest age—but could Rowley anticipate the phraseology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire might burst through the obstacles of the times; like Homer or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical style—but would it have been precisely that of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question more than I do—but except being better than most modern verses,

¹ See the Third Letter from Chatterton, p. 237.

² See Mr. Walpole's Letter to Chatterton, p. 237.

in what do they differ in the construction? The words are old, the construction evidently of yesterday; and by substituting modern words, aye, single words, to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any composition, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI. and see if the consequence will be the same.—But I am getting into the controversy, instead of concluding my narrative, which indeed is ended.

You seem to think Chatterton might have assistance—I don't know but he might; but one of the wonderful parts of his prodigious story is, that he had formed disciples—yes, at eighteen. Some of his youthful companions have continued to walk in his paths, and have produced Saxon and other poems of antique cast; but not with the poetic spirit of their master: nor can it be discovered that Chatterton received instruction or aid from any man of learning or abilities. Dr. P. and Mr. L. have collected every thing relating to him that can be traced, and all tends to concentrate the forgery of Rowley's poems in his single person. They have numerous pieces of Chatterton's writing in various ways—nay, so versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged architecture and heraldry; that is, could invent both in art and in folly.—In short, I do not believe that there ever existed so master a genius, except that of Palmanaazar, who before twenty-two could create a language, that all the learned of Europe, though they suspected, could not detect:

Thus, sir, with the most scrupulous veracity, I have told you my share in that unhappy young man's story. With more pains I could add a few dates, but the substance would be identically the same. Rowley would be a prophet, a foreseer, if the poems were his; yet in any other light he would not be so extraordinary a phenomenon as Chatterton—whom, though he was a bad man, as is said, I lament not having seen. He might at that time have been less corrupted, and my poor patronage might have saved him from the abyss into which he plunged.—But, alas! how could I surmise that the well-being and existence of a human creature depended on my swallowing a legend; and from an unknown person? Thank God! so far from having any thing to charge myself with on Chatterton's account, it is very hypothetical to suppose that I could have stood between him and ruin. It is one of those possible events, which we should be miserable indeed if imputable to a conscience that had not the smallest light to direct it! If I went to Bengal, I might perhaps interpose and save the life of some poor Indian devoted by the fury of a British

nabob; but amiable as such Quixotism would be, we are not to sacrifice every duty to the possibility of realizing one conscientious vision. I believe I have tired you; I am sure I have wearied my own hand, which has written these seven pages without pausing; but when any thing takes possession of my mind, I forget my gouty fingers and my age—or perhaps betray the latter by my garrulity.—However, it will save me more trouble—I shall certainly never write a word more about Chatterton. You are my confessor; I have unburthened my soul to you, and I trust you will not enjoin me a public penance.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill,
May 23, 1778.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I RECOLLECT another passage that I must add. A gentleman of rank, being struck with the beauty of the poems, and believing their antique originality, purchased a copy of them, and shewed it to me. I expressed my doubts—Now, then, said the person, I will convince you: here is a painter's bill that you cannot question. What think you, now? This, I replied, I do believe genuine; and I will tell you why—and taking down the first volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, I shewed him the identic bill printed some years before. This, said I, I know is ancient: Vertue transcribed it twenty years ago from some old parchments in the church of St. Mary, Ratcliffe, at Bristol.—*That* was the origin of Chatterton's list of great painters—and probably of his

That amongst these old parchments there might be some old poetry, is very possible. All I contend for is, that most of what Chatterton produced for Rowley's, was fictitious; especially all the pieces in modern metres, all that have nothing of antiquity but the simple words, as *Ælla*, *The Battle of Hasting*, *The Death of Sir Charles Baldwin*, &c. Chatterton was too great a poet for the age he copied; his soaring genius bestowed more elegance and harmony on Rowley than comported with the 15th century.

Rowley must either have polished the language so as to have made it adopted, or he would not have been understood. The idiom lent to him would have been more unintelligible to his contemporaries, than the old words sprinkled on the poems ascribed to him are to the present generation. Neither can any man of sense believe, that a master genius can write with amazing abilities in an age however barbarous, and yet never be heard of till some hundreds of years after his death. The more a man soars above his contemporaries,

the

his other inventions. Can it be supposed that Vertue should have seen that old bill, and with his inquisitive and diligent turn, especially about painters, not have enquired whether there was nothing more? Vertue was even a verifier, as I have many proofs in his MSS. and searched much after Chaucer and Lidgate, of whom he engraved portraits—yet all Rowley's remains, it seems, were reserved for Chatterton, who, it cannot be denied, did forge poetry and prose for others; and who, as indubitably, was born a great poet—yet not a line of tolerable poetry in Rowley's own hand can be produced.—Did Chatterton destroy the originals to authenticate their existence? He certainly wrote his forgeries on the backs of old parchments, and there is both internal and external evidence against the antiquity of the poetry—but I will not take part in that dispute. Error, like the sea, is always gaining as much territory in one place as it loses in another, and it is to little purpose to make it change possessions.

the more he strikes, especially in a rude age. The more an age is polished, the more are men on a par, and the more difficult it is for genius to penetrate. The next are nearer to the first, than in those early ages, when authors are rare. Rivals depreciate the former, and their partisans contest the merit of their competitors. Homer

on one hand, Shakespear and Milton on the other, confirm this hypothesis. The Grecian's glory has rolled down to Us with unabated lustre; he did not lie unknown for centuries. Shakespear was during his life obscured by the mock pretensions of Ben Jonson; and Milton's Paradise Lost was sold for fifteen pounds.



A P P E N D I X.

N U M B E R I.

SINCE I wrote the preceding pages, I have been told that a gentleman at Bristol is in possession of my original letters to Chatterton in my own handwriting. Will he not be so candid as to produce them, when I declare he has my full consent? They will acquit or condemn me better than my asseverations or reasoning. If they are what I have represented them on recollection after nine years are past, nothing more is necessary to my defence. If the matter or style of them is contemptuous and arrogant, be the shame mine; I deserve it. It is impossible for me to recall words written nine years ago, and which, when written, I most certainly did not expect would be publicly discussed; but I have repeated the transaction so often in that long period of time, and have such perfect remembrance of my own feelings on that occasion, that I have no fear of my sentiments being produced.

Another reflection occurs to me, and probably will to my accusers. I have complained of Chatterton's unwarrantable letter to me, on my not returning his MSS. Shall I not be told that I probably did not restore to him *that* letter? I believe I did not; I believe I preserved it—but what has become of it in nine years, I cannot say. I have lost, or mislaid it. If I find it, it shall be submitted to every possible scrutiny of the expert before I produce it as genuine—and though I hope to be believed that such letter I did receive, and did mention to several persons long before I was charged with ill-treatment of Chat-

⁴ This letter was found by Lord Orford's executors among waste papers, and is now subjoined to the other two letters which his lordship had left for publication.

⁵ It should be remembered that I gave this

account while Chatterton was living, and he could have contradicted it, if false; for I gave it to any body that questioned me, the moment the MSS. began to be talked of, and I have no doubt but it came to Chatterton's knowledge.

terton, I desire no imputation should lie on his memory, beyond what his character and my unprovoked¹ assertions render probable. I could not feel regret on his re-demand of MSS. on which I had set no esteem. I might have preserved copies, both of the poems and of his letters, if I had been willing. No adequate reason can be given why I returned all promiscuously, but his insult and my own indifference. Every part of my narrative is consistent, not only with truth, but with Chatterton's character and the circumstances of his story. I have not the vanity to think that, to palliate my own conduct, I could weave a tale, that I have the boldness to say will not be found false in a single fact. Still less should I have let the accusation gather head, and increase to its present bulk, had I apprehended any detection. I have neither gone, written, or sent to Bristol. I have left Chatterton's factors in undisturbed possession of all documents. I have not tried to suppress a single circumstance. On the contrary, I desire the whole of my correspondence with Chatterton may be ascertained. I demand the publicity of my letters to him. Let them be either printed, or deposited where every man may have recourse to them. Till that is done, and till *they* contradict me, I will trust to the candour of the public, that I shall not stand ill in their opinion for my conduct towards that unhappy youth. If my letters are suppressed, will it not induce a suspicion that the adherents to the authenticity of Rowley's poems, in anger to me for having been the first to stagger belief in their great Diana, have converted my distrust of their originality into pride and inhumanity?—But I am in no pain. The public have been called in as judges; and not being actuated by the prejudices of those whose interest it may be to support a fraud, or of those whose literary bigotry has attached them to a legend, will be under no difficulty to pronounce sentence. Nor is my cause so necessarily connected with Rowley's poems as to stand and fall together. If Rowley could rise from the dead and acknowledge every line ascribed to him, he could not prove that I used Chatterton ill. *I would take the ghost's word; I am sure it would be in my favour.*

Having thus fulfilled what was due to the public and to myself, I declare I will never trouble myself any farther about Chatterton and his writings; much less reply to any anonymous persons that shall choose to enter into the contro-

¹ I certainly had received no provocation from Chatterton, but his telling me I should not have dared to retain his MSS. if he had not trust-

ed me with his situation. If he gave me *that* provocation, it was true; if he did not, I had no reason to invent it.

verfy. I do not think myself of consequence enough to take up the time of the public; and I have probably too few years to live, to throw away one of the remaining hours on fo silly a difpute.

N U M B E R 11.

HAVING faid, p. 212. that Chatterton alternately flattered and fatirized all ranks and parties, the following lift of pieces written by him, but never printed, will confirm that assertion. I have feen thofe pieces, copies of which are in the hands of a gentleman who favoured me with the lift.

1. "Kew Gardens." This is a long fatirical rhapsody of fome hundred lines, in Churchill's manner, againft perfons in power, and their friends at Bristbl.

2. "The Flight:" addreffed to a great man; Ld. B—e. In 40 ftanzas of fix lines each. Thus endorfed. "Too long for the Political Register—Curtailed in the digreffions—Given to Mr. Mortmer."

3. "The Dowager, a tragedy."—Unfinifhed—only two fcenes.

4. "Verfes addreffed to the Rev. Mr. Catcot, on his book on the Deluge:" ridiculing his fyftems and notions.

OTHER PIECES IN MS.

1. "To a great lady." A very fcandalous addrefs; figned Decimus. On the back of this is written, "Jeremiah Dyfon, Efq. by the Whifperer. 10s. 6d. a column."

2. "To C. Jenkinfon, Efq." An abufive letter; figned Decimus: (or Probus, as it fhould feem from the indorfement) beginning thus,

"Sir,

"As the nation has been long in the dark in conjecturing the minifterial agent, &c."

3. "To

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3. "To Ld. Mansfield." A very abusive letter; signed Decimus: (or Encenienius, as it should seem from the endorsement) beginning thus,

"My lord,

"I am not going to accuse you of pusillanimity, &c."

N. B. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark in the margin. "[Prosecution will lye upon this.]"

4. "An introductory essay" to a political paper set up by him, called the Moderator, in favour of administration: thus beginning,

"To enter into a detail of the reasons which induced me to take up the title of this paper, &c."

5. "To Lord North:" a letter signed the Moderator, and dated May 26th, 1770, beginning thus,

"My lord,

"It gives me a painful pleasure, &c." This is an encomium on administration for rejecting the lord mayor Beckford's remonstrance.

6. "A letter to the lord mayor Beckford," signed Probus; dated May 26, 1770. This is a violent abuse of government for rejecting the remonstrance, and begins thus,

"When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from an insupportable slavery." On the back of this essay, which is directed to Cary, is this endorsement,

"Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North-Briton, 21 June, on account of the lord mayor's death.

			£.	s.	d.
"Lost by his death on this essay	—	—	1	11	6
"Gained in elegies	—	—	2	2	0
in essays	—	—	3	3	0
"Am glad he is dead by	—	—	3	13	6

NUMBER III.

AS the warmest devotees to Chatterton cannot be more persuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age, I shall here subjoin the principal æras of his life, which when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition, his humour, his vein of satire, and above all the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when, added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended—and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most common-place imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effluences of the same ungovernable impulse, which,ameleon-like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollet, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed. I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol; that meeting with Ossian's poems, his soul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could express itself; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Canninge, he bent his researches towards the authors of their age; and as far as his means could reach, in so confined a sphere, he assembled materials enough to deceive those who have all their lives dealt in such uncouth lore, and not in our classic authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taste in Rowley's supposed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrwhit

and

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and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being spurious by technical criterions; and Rowley I doubt will remain in possession of nothing that did not deserve to be forgotten, even should some fragments of old parchments and old verses be ascertained antique.

Thomas Chatterton, born 20th of November — — — 1752

Educated at the bluecoat school at Bristol, where reading and writing and accompts are only taught.

Put clerk to an attorney, July — — — 1766

First taken notice of for a paper put into Forby's Bristol Journal, and said to be from an old MS. October 1st, — — — 1768

First inserted a little poem of his own and an extract from an old MS. in the Town and Country Magazine, February — — — 1769

Sent specimens of several ancient poems to Mr. H. W. Said, there were many more, and offered to transcribe the whole, March — — — 1769

He was then aged 16 years and 4 months.

Went to London, April — — — 1770

Died, August — — — 1770

ADVERTISEMENT

RELATIVE TO

The Papers left for Publication on the Subject of CHATTERTON.

WHEN I wrote and published the letter to the editor of Chatterton's miscellanies, I could not find these few papers relative to Chatterton, which I had mislaid, and did not find but by accident four or five years afterwards. They prove, that speaking by memory I made two mistakes, yet neither of any consequence. I then thought the first ode sent me by Chatterton was written on the death of Richard I. ; but it was on his absence, which however shows it was meant to pass for written in that age, and is only a still stronger proof of that intention—for, had it spoken of him as dead, it might have been written by a later poet ; but speaking of him as *now* gone to war, it implied a cotemporary poet.

My other mistake by forgetfulness, was in saying I had burnt the last letter I was going to send to Chatterton—I did think so ; but found it, though unfinished, with his *two letters*. ' Those two here preserved, and which consequently are curious, and ought to be kept, prove *under his own hand* the truth of what I have asserted, of having given him good advice. They contain also an early idea of his, of destroying, as he did at last, all his useless lumber of literature [*i. e.* probably his forged poetry], because it had not immediately enriched him, as he expected.

HORACE WALPOLE.

An ODE modernized from CHATTERTON.

HEART of lion, shake thy sword;
 Bare thy slaughter-stained hand:
 Chase whole armies with thy word,
 Work thy will in holy land.

Barons here, with courfers prancing,
 Boldly breast the pagan host:
 See, thy thund'ring arms advancing,
 See, they quail! their city's lost!

Heart of lion, found the trumpet!
 Sound the charge to farthest lands!
 Fear flies sporting o'er the combat;
 In thy banner terror stands.

These lines were modernized from those first sent to me by Chatterton, and which I returned without taking a copy. I had mislaid this paper, and did not find it till long afterwards. I had thought it spoke of Richard I. as dead; but it was addressed to him, and is a stronger proof that Chatterton at first had intended to give the poems as of the age of Richard I.; and the stanzas being in metre when designed for that age, is another evidence of the forgery.

H. W.

Three Original Letters from CHATTERTON to Mr. WALPOLE.

S I R,

I AM not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's poems, &c. &c. from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's minister was in Bristol. In speaking of painters in Bristol, I mean glass-stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the present possessor, which is all I know of them.—Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

I am

Your most humble servant,

Bristol,
April 8, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

OMAS

S I R,

BEING fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, a very able antiquary, who is now writing The history of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

Your very humble servant,

Bristol, Corn-street,
April 14, 1769.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P. S. If you will publish them yourself, they are at your service.

S I R,

I CANNOT reconcile your behaviour to me, with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, sir; and, did not you know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the MS. :—No answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

July 24th.

* The MSS. were sent back the 4th of August.

Mr. WALPOLE'S *Letter to CHATTERTON, on his re-demanding his Manuscripts.*

(Not sent.)

S I R,

I DO not see; I must own, how those precious MSS. of which you have sent me a few extracts, should be lost to the world by my detaining your letters. Do the originals not exist, from whence you say you copied your extracts, and from which you offered me more extracts? In truth, by your first letter, I understood that the originals themselves were in your possession by the free and voluntary offer you made me of them, and which you know I did not chuse to accept. If Mr. Barrett (who, give me leave to say, cannot know much of antiquity if he believes in the authenticity of those papers) intends to make use of them, would he not do better to have recourse to the originals, than to the slight fragments you have sent me? You say, sir, you know them to be genuine; pray let me ask again, of what age are they? and how have they been transmitted? In what book of any age is there mention made either of Rowley or of the poetical monk, his ancient predecessor in such pure poetry? poetry, so resembling both Spenser and the moderns, and written in metre invented long since Rowley, and longer since the monk

wrote. I doubt Mr. Barrett himself will find it difficult to solve these doubts.

For myself, I undoubtedly will never print those extracts as genuine, which I am far from believing they are. If you want them, sir, I will have them copied, and will send you the copy. But having a little suspicion that your letters may have been designed to laugh at me, if I had fallen into the snare, you will allow me to preserve your original letters, as an ingenious contrivance, however unsuccessful. This seems the more probable, as any man would understand by your first letter, that you either was possessed of the original MSS. or had taken copies of them; whereas now you talk as if you had no copy but those written at the bottom of the very letters I have received from you.

I own I should be better diverted, if it proved that you have chosen to entertain yourself at my expence, than if you really thought these pieces ancient. The former would show you had little opinion of my judgment; the latter, that you ought not to trust too much to your own. I should not at all take the former ill, as I am not vain of it; I should be sorry for the latter, as you say, sir, that you are very young, and it would be pity an ingenious young man should be too early prejudiced in his own favour.

N. B. The above letter I had begun to write to Chatterton on his redeeming his MSS. but not chusing to enter into a controversy with him, I did not finish it, and, only folding up his papers, returned them.

HOR. WALPOLE.

Lord

Lord ORFORD's last Declaration respecting CHATTERTON.

Berkeley-square,
March 16, 1792.

A LETTER from me to Chatterton, dated March 28, 1769, appeared in The European Magazine for the past month of February. I believe it is a genuine one, and the first which I wrote to him on his first application to me: though, not having seen the original now, nor since it was written, nor having kept any copy of it, I cannot at the distance of so many years say more than that I do believe it is genuine.

The letter printed in The European Magazine was as follows:

Arlington-street, March 28, 1769.

SIR,
I CANNOT but think myself infinitely obliged by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me, of communicating your MSS. to me. What you have already sent me is very valuable, and full of information; but instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

As a second edition of my Anecdotes was published but last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for, as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's

poems are to be found? I should not be sorry to print them; or, at least, a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

The abbot John's verses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit, though there are some words I do not understand.

You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know, as I suppose it was long before John Ab Eyck's discovery of oil-painting. If so, it confirms what I had guessed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that oil-painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the humanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will sometimes give me leave to consult you. I hope too you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with no other.

I am, sir,

Your much obliged and
Obedient humble servant,
HOR. WALPOLE.

P.S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole in Arlington-street.

As

As I have seen the death of Chatterton's mother mentioned lately in the papers, I conclude the original letter was found in her custody. Why it is now produced, I know not; but am glad it is. I have long defied my accusers to publish my letters to that young man; and do urge the possessors, if they have more, to print them likewise, as they ought in justice to me to do.

The letter now printed, is agreeable to what I have constantly affirmed, with the strictest truth, that I did not treat that unhappy young man with arrogance. I do as positively affirm that I wrote a subsequent letter to him with kind and good advice; and that in not one of the few letters that I did write to him, was an arrogant word. To an impertinent one from him I sent no answer, but returned his papers without a word of reply.

As the letter of mine now published criminales me with no arrogance, I take notice of it but with this view: If my letter of advice to him still exists, it ought to be published while I am alive, both for my sake and for that of the possessor, because, if withheld, nobody will believe it genuine; or must conclude it maliciously suppressed, that I may not have the satisfaction of seeing my steady veracity confirmed. Should a letter to arraign me be produced hereafter, nobody will suppose it was stifled out of tenderness to me, after so many vain attempts have been made to charge me with arrogance and cruelty towards Chatterton, of which I have cleared myself totally to the universal satisfaction of all who have given themselves the trouble to read my defence.

Should a posthumous letter hereafter appear, contradicting my assertions, when I shall not be alive to disprove it, it will carry its own condemnation in its front, and must be deemed a forgery. The advocates of Chatterton having dared, till confuted, to ascribe his death to me who never beheld him, would most assuredly not have stifled a letter that would have ascertained their own assertions, and the falsehood of my denials.

HORACE Earl of Orford.

P. S. The letter now printed corroborates what I said by memory in my defence, that from the antique air of the poems, and from the elegy on Richard the first, I had concluded them much antecedent to the date to which Chatterton

terton afterwards chose to allot them. As no one circumstance has come out to shake my veracity, but many to confirm it, and as no arrogance can be discovered in my first letter, is it probable that I should treat the poor lad with insolence afterwards without any provocation? True it is, that he did write to me in a manner that might have provoked me; and yet, so far from treating him arrogantly in return, I made not a word of reply, but returned his papers in silence. If *that* was the behaviour of arrogance, I am yet to learn the meaning of the term.

Remarks on a Letter signed SCRUTATOR, which appeared in the Cambridge Chronicle of June 16th 1792.

A LETTER in the Cambridge Chronicle, of June 16, 1792, signed Scrutator¹, and dated May 25th, swarms with blunders and false facts. A person totally

¹ The letter was as follows :

To the Printer of the CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

SIR,

June 16, 1792.

A WRITER in The Gentleman's Magazine for last month having thought proper to call in question the authenticity of a letter inserted some time ago in your paper, from the hon. Horace Walpole to Thomas Chatterton of Bristol, I think it incumbent upon me to transmit you an attested copy of the above letter, as the best answer to any doubts or denials which may be entertained about it. I have only to add, that besides the notary-public's attestation, this letter agrees very exactly with other letters of Mr. Walpole's hand-writing—and that from its allusions, both to the two letters from Chatterton, to which it is an answer, and from the text and notes accompanying them, it is utterly impossible but that it should be genuine.

The fate of this curious controversy has indeed been very hard. *Fashion*, somehow or other, seems to have influenced it more than conviction.

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tion—and the authority of a name or two of note in opposition to the authenticity of the poems, &c. has been substituted instead of fair enquiry and candid investigation.

In the present instance it appears, that so far back as the year 1769, Thomas Chatterton applied to the hon. Horace Walpole for his protection and patronage of the very curious specimens of ancient English poetry, &c. the whole of which he then tendered to him (Mr. W.) To these letters of application Mr. W. replied with many compliments, and in terms of much civility and deference, expressing his admiration of what Chatterton had already thought proper to communicate to him. Why, at any future period, this correspondence was to be *discovered* on the part of Mr. W. is hard to conceive; but true it is, that in the year 1789, immediately after the death of Mr. Barrett, who, in his History of Bristol, had printed the two letters of Chatterton above alluded to, the following clause of a letter, or to the same purport, from Mr. Walpole to a friend of his, was circulated with

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totally unknown to Mr. Horace Walpole, and signing a name of which he had never heard, disputed the authenticity of a letter, published as the first written by that gentleman to Thomas Chatterton, and which, though Mr. W. had kept no copy of it, he believes is genuine, as it perfectly agrees with the account he had given of it. Doctor Farmer has shown the absurdity of supposing that Mr. W. should for no possible reason deny a letter, of which he himself had given the first account by memory, and which is one of the many proofs of his veracity in his relation of his correspondence with Chatterton.

Scrutator, with officious and trifling pomp, took the useless pains to verify by a notary-public the authenticity of the letter, and of Mr. W.'s handwriting. It would be more worth while (though perhaps no very grateful office to Scrutator) to get sight of Mr. W.'s friendly letter of advice to Chatterton, and authenticate the writing of that too, of which Mr. W. has demanded the publication, and of the suppression of which he so justly complains.

Mr. W. was glad of seeing his first letter printed, and hoped it would be followed by the other. Scrutator exults in Mr. W. having been a momentary dupe of Chatterton—has not he said as much himself? He did not indeed remain so, like Scrutator, who, to support his own obdurate blindness, imputes the total exposure of the forgery of Rowley's poems to the authority of a name or two of note, and laments that those forgers have not undergone fair enquiry and candid investigation. Can a falser assertion be advanced? Pamphlets upon pamphlets, volumes upon volumes, were written on that enquiry. Was the laborious Mr. Tyrwhitt, who first defended and then gave

much industry about the University of Cambridge :

"Mr. Walpole gives all his friends full authority to say, that he never before saw those letters published by Mr. Barrett in his History of Bristol, as letters sent to him by Thomas Chatterton; and he wishes this to be generally known, lest, after his death, some pretended answers to them should be produced, as having been written by him."

I shall make no other observation, than that

the letter, which you lately published, is most undoubtedly genuine; that it has been compared, as I have said above, with the handwriting of Mr. Walpole upon many other occasions, with which it exactly agrees; and as such, being now given to the world before Mr. Walpole's death, that gentleman can have no reason to complain of his being deprived of the power of properly explaining this transaction himself.

SCRUTATOR.

Cambridge, May 9th.

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them up, not a candid enquirer? Is the very learned, upright, and moderate Mr. Bryant not a fair investigator? Was the archæologist Dr. Milles biased by a name or two of note? If ever controversy was amply and candidly discussed, and utterly abandoned upon the fullest examination, the Chattertonian contest had that fate—the passionate dullness of Scrutator remains almost alone impenetrable by illumination from researches; and it is questionable, whether such a head could be purged of its Chattertonomania by the ablest and most ancient physician in the University of Cambridge.

Scrutator does avow himself hard of conception, as he certainly is, and cannot comprehend why Mr. W. should disavow his correspondence with Chatterton, after having given a clear and full account of it. It would be marvellous indeed, as has been said, if he should disallow his own assertions when verified—but Scrutator's statement is an entire blunder, if not a wilful misrepresentation. Here is the exact truth.

In poor Barrett's *History of Bristol*, he gave two new letters, which he said had been found among Chatterton's papers, and were the very originals pretended to have been sent to H. W. esq. They were so original, that no copy of them had ever been sent to Mr. W.; at least he never received them—and the probability is, that though Chatterton had designed to send them, yet finding Mr. W.'s distrust of Rowley's poems, he did not venture to send two pieces teeming with still grosser forgeries, and still more liable to detection. For instance, the lad, so very superficially tinctured with antique lore, in those letters ascribed the introduction of heraldry to Hengist, and of painted glass to one Afflem, who lived in the reign of K. Edmund.

On the publication of the two new letters, Mr. W. wrote to the late Dr. Lort, to desire he would deny Mr. W.'s having ever received them. That request was probably circulated by Dr. Lort at Cambridge; and out of a disavowal of two letters that Mr. W. *never* received, has sprung up his pretended denial of a letter that he actually did write himself, and has in print declared he did.

Is it blundering, or wilfully misrepresenting, when Scrutator states Mr. W.'s disavowal of having received the two new letters, as a corroboration of his denying his own letter? Was it possible to confound two circumstances so

dissonant, but by a head that confesses it does not conceive how Mr. W. could fall into so preposterous contradiction, and so destructive of his own unimpeached veracity in the narrative he has given of his correspondence with Chatterton?

But as Scrutator has bestowed such pains on authenticating Mr. W.'s first letter, he is called upon to be as just in verifying the friendly letter, and producing it while Mr. W. is living. If it exists, there can be no reason for withholding it—if it is not replete with as kind and wholesome advice as Mr. W. has asserted, let it be brought forth. Scrutator, so ready to load Mr. W. with contradictions, has probably not tenderness enough to spare him a more cruel detection; and when there is so much alacrity in charging him falsely, the presumption is, that a letter that would do honour to his sensibility is suppressed from malevolence. Should at any future period a letter of harsher complexion appear, than Mr. W. has affirmed he ever wrote to Chatterton, no notary-public, no similitude of hand-writing, which it is but too well known can be forged, will ever gain credit, when the possessor or authors of the accusations above quoted are dared and defied, to produce it at present. With so much industrious malice has Mr. W. been pursued, that no man living will believe that if he had treated Chatterton with harshness or arrogance, such a letter would have been suppressed. Mr. W.'s false accusers wanted even a shadow of truth to justify their assertions—would they have stifled a vindication of their charges, and left him to triumph in a detection of all their calumnies? So far from being able to fix a stain on him for his treatment of Chatterton, the bungler Scrutator is reduced to suppose, that he first notified and then denied his own letter, though to his credit; and then transfers Mr. W.'s denial of two letters which he never did receive, to a disavowal of a letter that he wrote, and declared he had written.

If Scrutator can believe that Mr. W. ever did deny his own letter, no wonder he still adheres to the authenticity of Kowley's poems. Incapable of reasoning himself, his head must be equally impervious to the arguments of others; and in proportion as he asserts false facts, he may have a propensity to believing them, especially if of his own coinage, as some men are more partial to their spurious issue than to their legitimate children.

If this is the case of Scrutator, he is heartily welcome to suppose, that his
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confounding

confounding Mr. W.'s denial of the receipt of Chatterton's two embryo letters was a denial of his own actual letter, and that the verification of that letter by a notary-public is a corroboration of Mr. W.'s disavowal of it, though he never did disavow it, and does firmly believe it is his own genuine letter, and should be sorry not to have it thought so. He laughs at the ridiculous pains Scrutator has taken to identify it, and thinks, as others do think, that Scrutator himself wrote or procured the letter in the Magazine, which asserted that Mr. W. denied having ever written to Chatterton, though Mr. W. had in print declared, that he had wrote to that young man more than once:—So that, in fact, Scrutator may have only asserted and confuted himself, like a man that plays at cards alone, right hand against left—and to that merry pastime he is willingly abandoned.

NARRATIVE

OF WHAT PASSED RELATIVE TO

THE QUARREL OF

MR. DAVID HUME AND JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU,

AS FAR AS MR. HORACE WALPOLE WAS CONCERNED IN IT.

NARRATIVE, &c.

I WENT to Paris in September 1765. Mr. Hume was there, secretary to the English ambassador, the earl of Hertford. About that time the curate of Motiers in Switzerland had excited the mob against Rousseau, and it was no longer safe for him to stay in that country. He petitioned the magistrates of the place to imprison him, affirming that he was troubled with a rupture, and in so bad a state of health that it was impossible for him to travel. There was no law in Switzerland against ruptures, and the magistrates could not comply with his request. Mr. Hume was desired by some friends of Rousseau to procure him a retreat in England, and undertook it zealously. He spoke to me, and said, he had thoughts of obtaining permission for him to live in Richmond new park. I said, an old groom, that had been servant of my father, was one of the keepers there, had a comfortable little lodge in a retired part of that park, and I could answer for procuring a lodging there. We afterwards recollected that lord Bute was ranger of the park, and might not care to have a man who had given much offence by his writings to pious persons, appear to be particularly under his protection; on which we dropped that idea. Sir Gilbert Elliot was then at Paris, and going to England: to him Mr. Hume applied to look out for some solitary habitation for Rousseau, as the latter had desired.

The king of Prussia, hearing that Rousseau could not remain in Switzerland, had offered him a retreat in his dominions, which Rousseau declined. It happened that I was one evening at madame Geoffrin's in a mixed company, where the conversation turned on this refusal, and many instances were quoted of Rousseau's affected singularities, and of his projects to make himself celebrated by courting persecution. * I dropped two or three things, that diverted the company, of whom monsieur Helvetius was one. When I went home, I reduced those thoughts into a little letter from the king of Prussia to Rousseau¹, and dining the next day with M. Helvetius, I showed it to him. He was much diverted with it, and pointed out one or two faults in the French, which I am far from pretending to write correctly. A day or two afterwards I showed it to two or three persons at madame de Rochfort's, who were all pleased with it, among whom the duc de Nivernois proposed the alteration of one verb. I showed the letter too to madame du Deffand, and she desired to communicate it to the president Hénault, and he changed the construction of the last phrase, though she thought remained exactly the same. Madame de Jonsac, the president's niece, said, if I had a mind it should appear, she would disperse it without letting the author be known. I replied, No, it had never been intended for the public, was a private piece of pleasantry, and I had no mind it should be talked of. One night at madame du Deffand's, the latter desired me to read it to madame la maréchale de Mirepoix, who liked it so much, that she insisted upon having a copy; and this, as far as I can remember, was the first occasion of the dispersion.

I have recounted circumstantially the trifling incidents of the corrections of

* The letter was as follows :

" Le Roi de Prusse à M^{rs}. Rousseau.

" MON CHÈRE JEAN JACQUES,

" Vous avez renoncé à Genève votre patrie ; vous vous êtes fait chasser de la Suisse, pays tant vanté dans vos écrits ; la France vous a décoré.

" Venez donc chez moi : j'admire vos talents ; je m'amuse de vos reveries, qui (soit dit en passant) vous occupent trop, et trop long tems. Il faut à la fin être sage et heureux. Vous avez fait assez parler de vous par des singularités peu convenables à un véritable grand homme. Démontrerez à vos ennemis que vous pouvez avoir quelquefois le sens commun : cela les fâchera,

sans vous faire tort. Mes états vous offrent une retraite paisible ; je vous veux du bien, et je vous en ferai, si vous le trouvez bon. Mais si vous vous obstinez à rejeter mon secours, attendez vous que je ne le dirai à personne. Si vous persistez à vous creuser l'esprit pour trouver de nouveaux malheurs, choisissez les tels que vous voudrez. Je suis roi, je puis vous en procurer au gré de vos souhaits : et ce qui sûrement ne vous arrivera pas vis à vis de vos ennemis, je cesserai de vous persécuter quand vous cesserez de mettre votre gloire à l'être.

" Votre bon ami,

" FREDERIC."

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the letter, because they were afterwards most unjustly the occasion of the letter being imputed to one who had not the smallest share in it, and who was aspersed from private pique. As soon as the letter made a noise, I was so afraid of affecting to write French better than I could, that I mentioned every where, and particularly to M. Diderot at baron Holbach's, that the letter had been corrected, though I did not tell by whom, for fear of involving others in a dispute; but I never, as M. D'Alembert has falsely asserted, avowed that I had had any assistance in the composition, which would have been an untruth. This attention of not committing others, has since most absurdly been complained of by D'Alembert. Has he set his name to every thing he has written? Do his principles lead him to betray every thing that has passed in confidence between him and others? But I shall unmask his motives, and detect his spleen. He had formerly been a great friend of madame du Deffand. She had brought to Paris a poor young gentleman, a mademoiselle de L'Esplanasse, who lived with her as a companion. They had quarrelled (I neither know nor care about what) some time before I came to Paris, and had parted. Mademoiselle de L'Esplanasse had talents, drew company and authors about her, and of the latter, D'Alembert was the most assiduous; and a total coolness ensued between him and madame du Deffand. The latter soon after my arrival had shown me great distinctions and kindness. Mr. Hume proposed to carry me to mademoiselle de L'Esplanasse, where I might be sure of seeing D'Alembert. I said, I had not the honour of knowing mademoiselle de L'Esplanasse; that madame du Deffand had been remarkably good to me, and as I understood they did not love one another, I did not care to disoblige madame du Deffand, nor to be involved in a quarrel with which I had nothing to do; and for monsieur D'Alembert, I was mighty indifferent about seeing him; that it was not my custom to seek authors, who are a conceited troublesome set of people, and that I was not come to Paris to pay homage to their vanity. This was by no means levelled particularly at D'Alembert, of whom I knew nothing, but so much my way of thinking, that in seven months and a half that I was at Paris, I would visit but two authors, whom I infinitely preferred to all the rest, which were the younger Crebillon and monsieur Buffon, the latter of whom is one of the most amiable, modest, humane men I ever knew. This neglect of D'Alembert and his friend, and my attachment to madame du Deffand, was not to be forgiven; and I am glad he did not forgive it, as it drew him to expose his peevish spite.

Mr. Hume remained some time longer at Paris; and though he lodged in the same hotel with me, I declare, and Mr. Crawford is my witness, that I never showed or mentioned the king of Prussia's letter to him.

In the mean time, a passport had been obtained for Rousseau; and notwithstanding he was incapable of travelling, he came to Paris in his Armenian habit, which he had worn some time, as he said, to conceal his rupture. He was lodged by the prince of Conti in the Temple; several persons obtained his permission to visit him, though he made it a great favour, and yet he was so good as to indulge the curiosity of the multitude, by often walking in the public walks, where the singularity of his dress prevented his escaping their eyes. He staid a fortnight, till the parliament who had passed a decree against him began to complain of his residence in their jurisdiction. On their murmurs, the ministers alleged that the passport had been granted merely to facilitate his journey to England, and was not understood to extend beyond two or three days. The duchess of Choiseul told me, that the duke her husband was very angry that his indulgence had been abused, and at Rousseau's public exhibition of himself. I said, I hoped the duke would excuse Rousseau's delay, as I knew he had staid in complaisance to Mr. Hume, who had not been ready to depart. She replied, "Then he paid more deference to friendship than to obedience." Mr. Hume and Rousseau set out for England. They had not been there many days before accounts were written from thence to Paris of Rousseau's vanity and extravagant folly; as of his complaining to Mr. Hume one afternoon that few persons had been to see him that day; and of his refusing to settle in a gentleman's family, because the latter would not admit Rousseau's house-keeper to dine with his wife. I pitied Mr. Hume, and thought, as I had done before, that he would be heartily sick of his charge; but Mr. Hume was beyond measure attached to him, and thought he could not do too much to please him and compensate for his past misfortunes.

Some few days before I left Paris, I went to madame Geoffrin; she was writing in her closet: in the cabinet I found two persons, one of whom was talking with much warmth, and in the style in fashion, on religion. By the turn of his conversation, and by what I had heard of his person, I concluded this was D'Alembert. It was. I walked about the room, till madame Geoffrin came to us. D'Alembert went away, and this was the only time I saw him.

The very day before I set out, I was showed in an English newspaper, Rousseau's ridiculous letter to the printer, in which he complains with so much bitterness of the letter of the king of Prussia. Before I went to bed, I wrote a letter to Rousseau, under the name of his own Emile, to laugh at his folly; but on reflection I suppressed this, as I had done a second letter in the name of the king of Prussia, in which I foretold the variety of events which would happen in England to interfere with the noise which Rousseau hoped to make there, which would occasion his being forgotten and neglected, and which consequently would soon make him disgusted with our country. These events were, politics, Mr. Pitt's return to power, horse-races, elections, &c. all easily foreseen, and which did happen of course, and which did contribute to make Rousseau weary of the solitude which he pretended to seek, which he had found, and which he could not bear.

After I came to England, Mr. Hume told me he had solicited Mr. Conway, one of the secretaries of state, to obtain for Rousseau from the king a pension of an hundred pounds a year. Mr. Conway asked, and the king consented to it; but in consideration of Rousseau's obnoxious writings, his majesty desired the pension should be a secret. Rousseau wished to have it public, and had not yielded then to receive it in a private manner. Afterwards followed Rousseau's extravagant quarrel with Mr. Hume, in the course of which Mr. Hume begged me to press Mr. Conway to obtain the pension in the way which would please Rousseau most. I willingly undertook it, urged Mr. Conway to pursue it, which he promised me to do; but I told Mr. Hume that he must by no means let Rousseau know that I had any share in it, as he probably would not care to owe it to me.

Then arrived Rousseau's long absurd letter to Mr. Hume, which most people in England, and I amongst the rest, thought was such an answer to itself, that Mr. Hume had no occasion to vindicate himself from the imputations contained in it. The gens de lettres at Paris, who aim at being an *order*, and who in default of parts raise a dust by their squabbles, were of a different opinion, and pressed Mr. Hume to publish on the occasion. Mr. Hume however declared he was convinced by the arguments of his friends in England, and would not engage in a controversy. Lord Mansfield told me, he was glad to hear I was of his opinion, and had dissuaded Mr. Hume from publishing. Indeed I was convinced he did not intend it: and when he came to

me one morning, and desired I would give him a letter under my hand to show to his friends, disculpating him from having been privy to the king of Prussia's letter, I willingly consented, and wrote one, which I gave him, and the beginning of which proved how strong my opinion was against his publishing.

I am sorry to say, that on this occasion Mr. Hume did not act quite fairly by me. In the beginning of my letter, I laughed at his *learned* friends, who wished him to publish, which, as I told him, was only to gratify their own spleen to Rousseau. I had no spleen to him, I had laughed at his affectation, but had tried to serve him; and above all things, I despised the childish quarrels of pedants and pretended philosophers. This commencement of my letter was therefore a dissuasive against printing. Could I imagine that Mr. Hume would make use of part of my letter, and suffer it to be printed—and even without asking my consent? I had told him he might do what he pleased with it: but when he had desired it only to show, and when it advised him not to publish, could my words imply a permission to print my letter? Much less could they imply permission to curtail my letter, and give it to the public as if I approved his printing. And I repeat it again, Was he at liberty to do this without asking and obtaining my consent? It is very true, I heartily despised Rousseau's ingratitude to Mr. Hume; but had I thought my letter would have been published, I should not have expressed my feeling in such harsh terms as *a thorough contempt*—at least I should have particularized the cause of that contempt, because the superiority and excellence of Rousseau's genius ought not to be confounded with his defects. Nor should I have treated him with the same indifference as I should treat the present gens de lettres at Paris, the mushrooms of the moment. But Mr. Hume was penetrated with respect for them, and not to wound their vain and sensitive ears, suppressed the commencement of my letter, and in that mangled form suffered them to publish it. When it was published, he made an apology to me: his letters and my answers I shall annex to this narrative.

In consequence however of my contempt of controversy, with a proper scorn of D'Alembert's womanish motives, and in tenderness to Mr. Hume, I forbore to expose D'Alembert as he deserved. The little insects produced by this quarrel kept it up for some time in print, and Fréron, who exists on such sour nutriment, attacked me in one of his journals, which to this hour I never saw; nor

so much as heard of, till I was informed from Paris, that the duchess of Choiseul obliged him to make a public retraction, and, as well as the duke, was much incensed against D'Alembert, madame du Deffand being the duchess's particular friend. I immediately wrote to Paris to beg the duchess would suffer Freron and D'Alembert, or any of the tribe, to write what they pleased, and get what money they could by abusing me.

Rousseau remained for some months longer in Derbyshire, in a cottage near Mr. Davenport—but in the spring, Rousseau and his housekeeper suddenly departed. The post-master where he hired horses told him, Mr. Davenport would be much concerned at being quitted so abruptly. Rousseau replied, he took that method not to shock Mr. Davenport by his complaints. However, he left a letter behind him for this last benefactor, not much inferior in reproaches to the one he had addressed to Mr. Hume. The chief cause of his discontent had been a long quarrel between his housekeeper and Mr. Davenport's cook-maid, who, as Rousseau affirmed, had always dressed their dinner very ill, and at last had sprinkled ashes on their victuals.

Rousseau, quitting his Armenian masquerade, crossed the country with his gouvernante, and arrived at Boston in Lincolnshire. There a gentleman who admired his writings waited on him, offered him assistance in money, and called him *the great Rousseau*. He replied with warmth, "No, sir, no, I am not *the great Rousseau*, I am the poor neglected Rousseau, of whom nobody takes any notice." Thus broke forth the true source of all his unhappiness. The brightest parts, the most established fame, could not satisfy him, unless he was the perpetual object of admiration and discourse; and to keep up this attention, he descended to all the little tricks of a mountebank.

From Boston he wrote to the lord chancellor Camden, to desire his lordship would send him a guard to conduct him to Dover. A guard! and in England! where he or any body may travel in the most perfect security! and where there was no sentence of law or decree of parliament against him!—And for what? To conduct him to France, where he was proscribed and liable to be apprehended by the first guard that should meet him. The chancellor smiled at his folly, and desired Mr. Fitzherbert to acquaint him, that he had no occasion for a guard, and might go with the utmost safety to Dover—and so he did.

From

From Dover he wrote to Mr. Conway the most extravagant of all his letters, and which indeed amounted to madness. In it he entreated Mr. Conway in the most earnest and pathetic terms to suffer him to quit England (from whence he would be sailed long before Mr. Conway could receive his letter); he intimated a violent apprehension that he was to be assassinated at sea; he promised, if he was permitted to depart, that he never would write a syllable against England, or the English; offered to deposit all his unprinted writings there, and, to prove his sincerity, demanded his pension (an odd request for a man going to perish), the acceptance of which, he said, would constitute him the greatest of villains, if he should ever afterwards abuse England: and he concluded his solicitation of leave to depart, with a promise of acquainting Mr. Conway how to direct to him, as soon as he should be landed at Calais.

Mr. Conway showed me this letter. I begged him, as soon as he should receive the direction, to acquaint Rousseau, that he was at full liberty to write what he pleased; that nobody wished to prevent his writing any thing he had a mind to say; and I begged Mr. Conway to obtain the pension, which he did, and which was granted.

Still wishing to compensate for any uneasiness I had given Rousseau by the king of Prussia's letter, and now really thinking him distracted enough to thrust himself on actual calamities, I wrote to the duchess of Choiseul to represent his case, to beg her protection for him, and to entreat that she would save him, if the parliament of Paris or the government should be disposed to exercise their resentment on him.

He arrived safely at Paris, was received by his old friend the prince of Conti, was for some time lodged near Meudon; and when I returned to Paris in August 1767, he lived very privately at a little distance from that capital on an estate belonging to the same prince, where I shall leave him, and conclude this idle history.

HORACE WALPOLE.

Paris,
Sept. 13, 1767.

LET-

L E T T E R S

Which passed between DAVID HUME, Esq. and the Hon.
HORACE WALPOLE, relative to ROUSSEAU.

LETTER I.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

WHEN I came home last night, I found on my table a very long letter from D'Alembert, who tells me, that, on receiving from me an account of my affair with Rousseau, he summoned a meeting of all my literary friends at Paris, and found them all unanimously of the same opinion with himself, and of a contrary opinion to me, with regard to my conduct. They all think I ought to give to the public a narrative of the whole. However, I persist still more closely in my first opinion, especially after receiving the last mad letter. D'Alembert tells me, that it is of great importance for me to justify myself from having any hand in the letter from the king of Prussia: I am told by Crawford, that you had wrote it a fortnight before I left Paris, but did not show it to a mortal, for fear of hurting me; a delicacy of which I am very sensible. Pray recollect, if it was so. Though I do not intend to publish, I am collecting all the original pieces, and shall connect them by a concise narrative. It is necessary for me to have that letter and Rousseau's answer. Pray assist me in this work. About what time, do you think, were they printed?

I am, dear sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

Saturday Forenoon.

DAVID HUME.

LETTER II.

TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Arlington-Street,
July 26, 1766.

YOUR set of literary friends are what a set of literary men are apt to be, exceedingly absurd. They hold a consistory to consult how to argue with a madman; and they think it very necessary for your character to give them the pleasure of seeing Rousseau exposed, not because he has provoked you, but them. If Rousseau prints, you must; but I certainly would not till he does.

I cannot be precise as to the time of my writing the king of Prussia's letter, but I do assure you with the utmost truth that it was several days before you left Paris, and before Rousseau's arrival there, of which I can give you a strong proof; for I not only suppressed the letter while you staid there, out of delicacy to you; but it was the reason why, out of delicacy to myself, I did not go to see him, as you often proposed to me, thinking it wrong to go and make a cordial visit to a man, with a letter in my pocket to laugh at him. You are at full liberty, dear sir, to make use of what I say in your justification, either to Rousseau or any body else. I should be very sorry to have you blamed on my account; I have a hearty contempt of Rousseau, and am perfectly indifferent what the literati of Paris think of the matter. If there is any fault, which I am far from thinking, let it lie on me. No parts can hinder my laughing at their possessor, if he is a mountebank. If he has a bad and most ungrateful heart, as Rousseau has shown in your case, into the bargain, he will have my scorn likewise, as he will of all good and sensible men. You may trust your sentence to such, who are as respectable judges as any that have pored over ten thousand more volumes.

Yours most sincerely,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. I will look out the letter and the dates as soon as I go to Strawberry-hill.

LETTER III.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

A FEW posts ago I had a letter from M. D'Alembert, by which I learn, that he and my other friends at Paris had determined to publish an account of my rupture with Rousseau, in consequence of a general discretionary power which I had given them. The narrative they publish, is the same with that which I left with lord Hertford, and which I believe you have seen. It consists chiefly of original papers, connected by a short recital of facts. I made a few alterations, and M. D'Alembert tells me he has made a few more, with my permission and at my desire. Among the papers published is your letter to me, justifying my innocence with regard to the king of Prussia's letter. You permitted me to make what use of it I pleased for my own apology; and as I knew that you could have no reason for concealing it, I inserted it without scruple in the narrative. My Parisian friends are to accompany the whole with a preface, giving an account of my reluctance to this publication, but of the necessity which they found of extorting my consent. It appears particularly, that my antagonist had wrote letters of defiance against me all over Europe, and said, that the letter he wrote me was so confounding to me, that I would not dare to show it to any one without falsifying it. These letters were likely to make impression, and my silence might be construed into a proof of guilt. I am sure that my friends have judged impartially in this affair, and without being actuated by any prejudice, or passion of their own; for almost all of them were at first as averse as I was to the publication, and only proceeded to it upon the apparent necessity which they discovered. I have not seen the preface; but the book will probably be soon in London, and I hope you will find that the reasons assigned by my friends are satisfactory. They have taken upon them the blame, if any appears to lie in this measure. I am, with great truth and sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

DAVID HUME.

Edinburgh,
30th of Oct. 1766.

LETTER IV.

TO DAVID HUME, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

Nov. 6, 1766.

YOU have, I own, surpris'd me by suffering your quarrel with Rousseau to be printed, contrary to your determination when you left London, and against the advice of all your best friends here; I may add, contrary to your own nature, which has always inclined you to despise literary squabbles, the jest and scorn of all men of sense. Indeed I am sorry you have let yourself be over-persuaded, and so are all that I have seen who wish you well: I ought rather to use your own word *extorted*. You say your Parisian friends *extorted* your consent to this publication. I believe so. Your good sense could not approve what your good heart could not refuse. You add, that they told you *Rousseau had sent letters of defiance against you all over Europe*. Good God! my dear sir, could you pay any regard to such fussian? All Europe laughs at being dragged every day into these idle quarrels, with which Europe only wipes its backside. Your friends talk as loftily as of a challenge between Charles the fifth and Francis the first. What are become of all the controversies since the days of Scaliger and Scioppius of Billingsgate memory? Why, they sleep in oblivion, till some Bayle drags them out of their dust, and takes mighty pains to ascertain the date of each author's death, which is of no more consequence to the world than the day of his birth. Many a country squire quarrels with his neighbour about game and manors, yet they never print their wrangles, though as much abuse passes between them as if they could quote all the Philippics of the learned.

You have acted, as I should have expected if you *would* print, with sense, temper, and decency, and, what is still more uncommon, with your usual modesty. I cannot say so much for your editors. But editors and commentators are seldom modest. Even to this day that race ape the dictatorial tone of the commentators at the restoration of learning, when the mob thought that Greek and Latin could give men the sense which they wanted in their native languages. But *Europe* is now grown a little wiser, and holds these magnificent pretensions in proper contempt.

What I have said is to explain why I am sorry my letter makes a part of this controversy. When I sent it to you, it was for your justification; and
bad

had it been necessary, I could have added much more, having been witness to your anxious and boundless friendship for Rousseau. I told you, you might make what use of it you pleased. Indeed at that time I did not, could not think of its being printed, you seeming so averse to any publication on that head. However, I by no means take it ill, nor regret my part, if it tends to vindicate your honour.

I must confess that I am more concerned that you have suffered my letter to be curtailed; nor should I have consented to that if you had asked me. I guessed that your friends consulted your interest less than their own inclination to expose Rousseau; and I think their omission of what I said on that subject, proves I was not mistaken in my guess. My letter hinted too my contempt of learned men and their miserable conduct. Since I was to appear in print, I should not have been sorry that that opinion should have appeared at the same time. In truth, there is nothing I hold so cheap as the generality of learned men; and I have often thought, that young men ought to be made scholars, lest they should grow to reverence learned blockheads, and think there is any merit in having read more foolish books than other folks, which, as there are a thousand nonsensical books for one good one, must be the case of any man who has read much more than other people.

Your friend D'Alembert, who I suppose has read a vast deal, is, it seems, offended with my letter to Rousseau. He is certainly as much at liberty to blame it, as I was to write it. Unfortunately he does not convince me; nor can I think but that if Rousseau may attack all governments and all religions, I might attack him: especially on his affectation and affected misfortunes, which you and your editors have proved *are affected*. D'Alembert might be offended at Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; and he is in the right. I am a very indifferent author; and there is nothing so vexatious to an indifferent author as to be confounded with another of the same class. I should be sorry to have his eulogies and translations of scraps of Tacitus laid to me. However, I can forgive him any thing, provided he never translates me. Adieu! my dear sir; I am apt to laugh, you know, and therefore you will excuse me, though I do not treat your friends up to the pomp of their claims. They may treat me as freely; I shall not laugh the less, and I promise you I will never enter into a controversy with them.

Yours most sincerely,

HORACE WALPOLE.

LETTER V.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

DEAR SIR,

YESTERDAY I received by the post a copy of the edition, printed at Paris, of my narrative of this ridiculous affair between Rousseau and me. There is an introduction in the name of my friends, giving an account of the necessity under which they found themselves to publish this narrative; and an appendix in D'Alembert's name, protesting his innocence with regard to all the imputations thrown on him by Rousseau. I have no objection with regard to the first, but the second contains a clause which displeases me very much, but which you will probably only laugh at: it is that where he blames the king of Prussia's letter as cruel. What could engage D'Alembert to use this freedom, I cannot imagine. Is it possible that a man of his superior parts can bear you ill will because you are the friend of his enemy, madame du Deffand? What makes me suspect that there may be something true of this suspicion, is, that several passages in my narrative, in which I mention you and that letter, are all altered in the translation, and rendered much less obliging than I wrote them: for my narrative sent to Paris was an exact copy of that left in lord Hertford's hands. I would give any thing to prevent a publication in London (for surely the whole affair will appear perfectly ridiculous); but I am afraid that a book printed at Paris will be translated in London, if there be hopes of selling a hundred copies of it. For this reason, I fancy it will be better for me to take care that a proper edition be published, in which case I shall give orders that all the passages altered in my narrative shall be restored.

Since I came here I have been told that you have had a severe fit of sickness, but that you are now recovered: I hope you are perfectly so. I am anxious to hear of your welfare; being with great sincerity,

Dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Edinburgh,
4th of Nov. 1766.

DAVID HUME.

LETTER VI.

TO DAVID HUME, ESQ.

INDEED, dear sir, it was not necessary to make me any apology. D'Alembert is certainly at liberty to say what he pleases of my letter; and undoubtedly you cannot think that it signifies a straw to me what he says. But how can you be surpris'd at his printing a thing that he lent you so long ago? All *my* surprise consists in your suffering him to curtail my letter to you, when you might be sure he would print his own at length. I am glad, however, that he has mangled mine: it not only shows his equity, but is the strongest presumption that he was conscious I guessed right, when I supposed he urged you to publish, from his own private pique to Rousseau.

What you surmise of his censuring my letter because I am a friend of madame du Deffand, is astonishing indeed, and not to be credited, unless you had suggested it. Having never thought him any thing like a *superior genius* as you term him, I concluded his vanity was hurt by Rousseau's ascribing my letter to him; but to carry resentment to a woman, to an old and blind woman, so far, as to hate a friend of hers *qui ne lui avoit point fait de mal*, is strangely weak and lamentable. I thought he was a philosopher, and that philosophers were virtuous, upright men, who loved wisdom, and were above the little passions and foibles of humanity. I thought they assumed that proud title as an earnest to the world that they intended to be something more than mortal; that they engaged themselves to be patterns of excellence, and would utter no opinion, would pronounce no decision, but what they believed the quintessence of truth; that they always acted without prejudice and respect of persons. Indeed we know that the ancient philosophers were a ridiculous composition of arrogance, disputation, and contradictions; that some of them acted against all ideas of decency; that others affected to doubt of their own senses; that some, for venting unintelligible nonsense, pretended to think themselves superior to kings; that they gave themselves airs of accounting for all that we do and do not see—and yet, that no two of them agreed in a single hypothesis; that one thought fire, another water, the origin of all things; and that some were even so absurd, and impious, as to displace God, and enthroned matter in his place. I do not mean to disparage such wise men, for we are really

really obliged to them : they anticipated and helped us off with an exceeding deal of nonsense, through which we might possibly have passed, if they had not prevented us. But when in this enlightened age, as it is called, I saw the term *philosophers* revived, I concluded the jargon would be omitted, and that we should be blessed with only the cream of sapience ; and one had more reason still to expect this from any *superior genius*. But, alas ! my dear sir, what a tumble is here ! Your D'Alembert is a mere mortal oracle. Who but would have laughed, if, when the buffoon Aristophanes ridiculed Socrates, Plato had condemned the former, not for making sport with a great man in distress, but because Plato hated some blind old woman with whom Aristophanes was acquainted !

D'Alembert's conduct is the more unjust, as I never heard madame du Defand talk of him above three times in the seven months that I passed at Paris, and never, though she does not love him, with any reflection to his prejudice. I remember, the first time I ever heard her mention his name, I said I had been told he was a good mimic, but could not think him a good writer. (Crawford remembers this, and it is a proof that I always thought of D'Alembert as I do now). She took it up with warmth, defended his parts, and said he was extremely amusing. For her quarrel with him, I never troubled my head about it one way or other, which you will not wonder at. You know in England we read their works, but seldom or never take any notice of authors. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them to their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence. In France they spoil us ; but that was no business of mine. I who am an author must own this conduct very sensible ; for in truth we are a most useless tribe.

That D'Alembert should have omitted passages in which you was so good as to mention me with approbation, agrees with his peevishness, not with his philosophy. However, for God's sake, do not reinstate the passages. I do not love compliments, and will never give my consent to receive any. I have no doubt of your kind intentions to me, but beg they may rest there. I am much more diverted with the philosopher D'Alembert's underhand dealings, than I should have been pleased with panegyric even from you.

Allow me to make one more remark, and I have done with this trifling business.

finest for ever. Your moral friend pronounces me ill-natured for laughing at an unhappy man who had never offended me. Rousseau certainly never did offend me. I believed from many symptoms in his writings, and from what I had heard of him, that his love of singularity made him choose to invite misfortunes, and that he hung out many more than he felt. I, who affect no philosophy, nor pretend to more virtue than my neighbours, thought this ridiculous in a man who is really a *superior genius*, and joked upon it in a few lines never certainly intended to appear in print. The sage D'Alembert reprehends this—and where? In a book published to expose Rousseau, and which confirms by serious proofs what I had hinted at in jest. What! does a philosopher condemn me, and in the very same breath, only with ten times more ill-nature, act exactly as I had done? Oh! but you will say, Rousseau had offended D'Alembert by ascribing the king of Prussia's letter to him. Worse and worse: if Rousseau is unhappy, a philosopher should have pardoned. Revenge is so unbecoming the *rex regum*, the man who is *principè fanus—nisi cum pituita molesta est*. If Rousseau's misfortunes are affected, what becomes of my ill-nature?—In short, my dear sir, to conclude as D'Alembert concludes his book, I do believe in the virtue of Mr. Hume, but not much in that of philosophers. Adieu!

Yours ever,

H. WALPOLE.

Arlington-street,
Nov. 11th, 1766.

P. S. It occurs to me, that you may be apprehensive of my being indiscreet enough to let D'Alembert learn your suspicions of him on madame du Desland's account; but you may be perfectly easy on that head. Though I like such an advantage over him, and should be glad he saw this letter, and knew how little formidable I think him, I shall certainly not make an ill use of a private letter, and had much rather wave any triumph, than give a friend a moment's pain. I love to laugh at an impertinent scavant, but respect learning when joined to such goodness as yours, and never confound ostentation and modesty.

I wrote to you last Thursday; and, by lady Hertford's advice, directed my letter to Nine-Wells: I hope you will receive it.

LETTER VII.

TO THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

I READILY agree with you, my dear sir, that it is a great misfortune to be reduced to the necessity of consenting to this publication; but it had certainly become necessary. Even those who at first joined me in rejecting all idea of it, wrote to me and represented, that this strange man's defiance had made such impression, that I should pass universally for the guilty person, if I suppressed the story. Some of his greatest admirers and partisans, who had read my manuscript, concurred in the same sentiments with the rest. I never consented to any thing with greater reluctance in my life. Had I found one man of my opinion, I should have persevered in my refusal. One reason of my reluctance was, that I saw this publication, if necessary at Paris, was yet superfluous, not to say worse, at London. But I hope it will be considered that the publication is not, properly speaking, my deed, but that of my friends, in consequence of a discretionary power which I gave them, and which it was natural for me to give them, as I was at too great a distance to form a judgment in the case.

I am as sensible as you are of the ridicule to which men of letters have exposed themselves, by running every moment to the public with all their private squabbles and altercations; but surely there has been something very unexpected and peculiar in this affair. My antagonist, by his genius, his singularities, his quackery, his misfortunes, and his adventures, had become more the subject of general conversation in Europe (for I venture again on the word) than any person in it. I do not even except Voltaire, much less the king of Prussia and Mr. Pitt. How else could it have happened, that a clause of a private letter, which I wrote somewhat thoughtlessly to a private gentleman at Paris, should in three days time have been the only subject of conversation in that capital, and should thence have propagated itself every where as fast as the post could carry it? You know, that at first I was so little inclined to make a noise about this story, that I had entertained thoughts of giving no reply at all to the insult, which was really so ridiculous: but you very properly dissuaded me from this resolution; and by your advice I wrote that letter, which certainly nobody will find fault with.

Having made this apology for myself (where, however, I expect to be absolved as much by your compassion as your judgment), I proceed to say something in favour of my friends. Allow me then to inform you, that it was not D'Alembert who suppressed that clause of your letter, but me, who did not transcribe it in the copy I sent to Paris. I was afraid of engaging you needlessly in a quarrel with these literati; and as that clause had no reference to the business in hand, I thought I might fairly secrete it. I wish I could excuse him as well on another head. He sent me above two months ago something like that declaration, and desired me to convey it to Rousseau; which I refused to do, and gave him some reasons of my refusal: but he replied to me, that he was sure my true secret reason was my regard to you. He ought thence to have known, that it would be disagreeable to me to see such a piece annexed to mine. I have remarked also the omission of a phrase in the translation; and this omission could not be altogether by accident: it was where I mention your suppressing the king of Prussia's letter, while we lived together at Paris. I said it was *agreeable to your usual politeness and humanity*. I have wrote to Becket the bookseller to restore this passage, which is so conformable to my real sentiments: but whether my orders have come in time, I do not know as yet. Before I saw the Paris edition, I had desired Becket to follow it wherever it departed from my original. The difference, I find, was in other respects but inconsiderable.

It is only by conjecture I imagine, that D'Alembert's malevolence to you (if he has any malevolence) proceeds from your friendship with madame du Deffand; because I can find no other ground for it. I see also, that in his declaration there is a stroke obliquely levelled at her, which perhaps you do not understand, but I do; because he wrote me that he heard she was your corrector. I found these two persons in great and intimate friendship when I arrived at Paris: but it is strange how intemperate they are both become in their animosity; though perhaps it is more excusable in her, on account of her age, sex, and bodily infirmities. I am very sensible of your discretion in not citing me on this occasion; I might otherwise have a new quarrel on my hands.

With regard to D'Alembert, I believe I said he was a man of *superior parts*, not a *superior genius*; which are words, if I mistake not, of a very different import. He is surely entitled to the former character, from the works which

you and I have read : I do not mean his translation of Tacitus, but his other pieces. But I believe he is more entitled to it from the works which I suppose neither you nor I have read, his Geometry and Algebra. I agree with you, that in some respects Rousseau may more properly be called a superior genius ; yet is he so full of extravagance, that I am inclined to deny even him that appellation. I fancy D'Alembert's talents and Rousseau's united might fully merit such a eulogy.

In other respects, D'Alembert is a very agreeable companion, and of irreproachable morals. By refusing great offers from the Czarina and the king of Prussia, he has shewn himself above interest and vain ambition. He lives in an agreeable retreat at Paris, suitable to a man of letters. He has five pensions : one from the king of Prussia, one from the French king, one as member of the academy of sciences, one as member of the French academy, and one from his own family. The whole amount of these is not 6000 livres a year ; on the half of which he lives decently, and gives the other half to poor people with whom he is connected. In a word, I scarce know a man, who, with some few exceptions (for there must always be some exceptions), is a better model of a *virtuous* and *philosophical* character.

You see I venture still to join these two epithets as inseparable and almost synonymous ; though you seem inclined to regard them almost as incompatible. And here I have a strong inclination to say a few words in vindication both of myself and of my friends, venturing even to comprehend you in the number. What new prepossession has seized you to beat in so outrageous a manner your nurses of mount Helicon, and to join the outcry of the ignorant multitude against science and literature ? For my part, I can scarce acknowledge any other ground of distinction between one age and another, between one nation and another, than their different progress in learning and the arts. I do not say between one man and another ; because the qualities of the heart and temper and natural understanding are the most essential to the personal character ; but being, I suppose, almost equal among nations and ages, do not serve to throw a peculiar lustre on any. You blame France for its fond admiration of men of genius ; and there may no doubt be, in particular instances, a great ridicule in these affectations : but the sentiment in general was equally conspicuous in ancient Greece, in Rome during its flourishing period, in modern Italy, and even perhaps in England about the beginning of this century.

If the case be now otherwise, it is what we are to lament and be ashamed of. Our enemies will only infer, that we are a nation which was once at best but half civilized, and is now relapsing fast into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. I beg you also to consider the great difference in point of morals between uncultivated and civilized ages.—But I find I am launching out insensibly into an immense ocean of common-place; I cut the matter therefore short, by declaring it as my opinion, that if you had been born a barbarian, and had every day cooked your dinner of horseflesh by riding on it fifty miles between your breech and the shoulder of your horse, you had certainly been an obliging, good-natured, friendly man; but at the same time, that reading, conversation, and travel have detracted nothing from those virtues, and have made a considerable addition of other valuable and agreeable qualities to them. I remain, not with ancient sincerity, which was only roguery and hypocrisy, but very sincerely, dear sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

Edinburgh,
20th of Nov. 1766.

DAVID HUME.

P. S. The French translation of this strange piece of mine (for I must certainly give it that epithet) was not made by D'Alembert, but by one under his direction.

REMINISCENCES,

WRITTEN IN 1788,

FOR THE AMUSEMENT OF

MISS MARY AND MISS AGNES B—Y.

Il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper des vieux evenemens.

VOLTAIRE, vol. lv. lett. lvi. p. 114.

REMINISCENCES.

CHAPTER I.

YOU were both so entertained with the old stories I told you one evening lately, of what I recollected to have seen and heard from my childhood of the courts of king George the first, and of his son the prince of Wales (afterwards George the second) and of the latter's princess, since queen Caroline; and you expressed such wishes that I would commit those passages (for they are scarce worthy of the title even of anecdotes) to writing, that, having no greater pleasure than to please you both, nor any more important or laudable occupation, I will begin to satisfy the repetition of your curiosity.—But observe, I promise no more than to *begin*; for I not only cannot answer that I shall have patience to continue, but my memory is still so fresh, or rather so retentive of trifles which first made impression on it, that it is very possible my life (turned off seventy-one) may be exhausted before my stock of remembrances; especially as I am sensible of the garrulity of old age, and of its eagerness of relating whatever it recollects, whether of moment or not. Thus, while I fancy I am complying with you, I may only be indulging myself, and consequently may wander into many digressions for which you will not care a straw, and which may intercept the completion of my design. Patience, therefore, young ladies; and if you coin an old gentleman into narratives, you must expect a good deal of alloy. I engage for no method, no regularity, no polish. My narrative will probably resemble siege-pieces, which are struck of any promiscuous metals; and, though they bear the impress of some sovereign's name, only serve to quiet the garrison for the moment, and afterwards are merely hoarded by collectors and virtuofos, who think their series not complete, unless they have even the coins of base metal of every reign.

As I date from my nonage, I must have laid up no state-secrets. Most of the facts I am going to tell you, though new to you and to most of the present age, were known perhaps at the time to my nurse and my tutors. Thus my stories will have nothing to do with history.

Luckily there have appeared within these three months two publications, that will serve as precedents for whatever I am going to say: I mean, *Les fragmens* of the correspondence of the duchess of Orleans, and those of the *Memoires* of the duc de St. Simon. Nothing more *découvé* than both. They tell you what they please—or rather what their editors have pleased to let them tell.

In one respect I shall be less satisfactory. They knew and were well acquainted, or thought they were, with the characters of their personages. I did not at ten years old penetrate characters; and as George I. died at the period where my reminiscence begins, and was rather a good sort of man than a shining king; and as the duchess of Kendal was no genius, I heard very little of either when he and her power were no more. In fact, the reign of George I. was little more than the proem to the history of England under the house of Brunfwic. That family was established here by surmounting a rebellion; to which settlement perhaps the phrensy of the South Sea scheme contributed, by diverting the national attention from the game of faction to the delirium of stock-jobbing; and even faction was split into factions by the quarrel between the king and the heir apparent—another interlude which authorises me to call the reign of George I. a proem to the history of the reigning house of Brunfwic, so successively agitated by parallel feuds.

Commençons.

As my first hero was going off the stage before I ought to have come upon it, it will be necessary to tell you, why the said two personages happened to meet just two nights before they were to part for ever; a rencounter that barely enables me to give you a general idea of the former's person and of his mistress's—or, as has been supposed, his wife's.

As I was the youngest by eleven years of sir Robert Walpole's children by his first wife, and was extremely weak and delicate, as you see me still, though with no constitutional complaint till I had the gout after forty, and as my two

sisters¹ were consumptive and died of consumptions, the supposed necessary care of me (and I have overheard persons saying, "That child cannot possibly live") so engrossed the attention of my mother, that compassion and tenderness soon became extreme fondness: and as the infinite good nature of my father never thwarted any of his children, he suffered me to be too much indulged, and permitted her to gratify the first vehement inclination that ever I expressed, and which, as I have never since felt any enthusiasm for royal persons, I must suppose that the female attendants in the family must have put into my head, *to long to see the king*. This childish caprice was so strong, that my mother solicited the duchess of Kendal to obtain for me the honour of kissing his majesty's hand before he set out for Hanover.—A favour so unusual to be asked for a boy of ten years old, was still too slight to be refused to the wife of the first minister for her darling child: yet not being proper to be made a precedent, it was settled to be in private and at night.

Accordingly, the night but one before the king began his last journey, my mother carried me at ten at night to the apartment of the countess of Walsingham², on the ground-floor towards the garden at St. James's, which opened into that of her aunt the duchess of Kendal's apartments occupied by George II. after his queen's death, and by his successive mistresses, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth.

Notice being given that the king was come down to supper, lady Walsingham took me alone into the duchess's anti-room, where we found alone the king and her. I knelt down, and kissed his hand. He said a few words to me, and my conductress led me back to my mother.

The person of the king is as perfect in my memory as if I saw him but yesterday. It was that of an elderly man rather pale, and exactly like to his pictures and coins; not tall, of an aspect rather good than august, with a dark tye wig, a plain coat, waistcoat and breeches of snuff-coloured cloth, with stockings of the same colour, and a blue ribband over all. So entirely was he my object, that I do not believe I once looked at the duchess; but as I could not

¹ Katherine Walpole, and Mary viscountess of Kendal, created countess of Walsingham, and afterwards married to the famous Philip Stanhope earl of Chesterfield.

² Melvina Schulemberg, niece of the duchess

avoid seeing her on entering the room, I remember that just beyond his majesty stood a very tall, lean, ill-favoured old lady; but I did not retain the least idea of her features, nor know what the colour of her dress was.

My childish loyalty, and the condescension in gratifying it, were, I suppose, causes that contributed very soon afterwards to make me shed a flood of tears for that sovereign's death, when with the other scholars at Eton college I walked in procession to the proclamation of the successor, and which (though I think they partly fell because I imagined it became the son of a prime-minister to be more concerned than other boys) were no doubt imputed by any of the spectators who were politicians, to my fears of my father's most probable fall, but of which I had not the smallest conception; nor should have met with any more concern than I did when it really arrived in the year 1742, by which time I had lost all taste for courts and princes and power, as was natural to one who never felt an ambitious thought for himself.

It must not be inferred from her obtaining this grace for me, that the duchess of Kendal was a friend to my father. On the contrary, at that moment she had been labouring to displace him, and introduce lord Bolinbroke into the administration; on which I shall say more hereafter.

It was an instance of sir Robert's singular fortune, or evidence of his talents, that he not only preserved his power under two successive monarchs, but in spite of the efforts of both their mistresses to remove him. It was perhaps still more remarkable, and an instance unparalleled, that sir Robert governed George the first in Latin, the king not speaking English, and his minister no German, nor even French. It was much talked of, that sir Robert, detecting one of the Hanoverian ministers in some trick or falsehood before the king's face, had the firmness to say to the German, "Mentiris, impudentissime!"—The

* The well-known Henry St. John, viscount Bolinbroke, secretary of state to queen Anne, on whose death he fled and was attainted.

* The duchess of Kendal and lady Suffolk.

* Prince William (afterwards duke of Cumberland), then a child, being carried to his grandfather on his birth-day, the king asked him at what hour he rose. The prince replied, "when the chimney-sweepers went about." "Was it de chimney-sweeper?" said the king. "Have

you been so long in England," said the boy, "and don't know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there"—pointing to lord Finch, afterwards earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, of a family, uncommonly swarthy and dark.

—"the black funereal Finches—"

Sir Ch. Williams's Ode to a Number of Great Men, 1742.

good-

good-humoured monarch only laughed, as he often did when sir Robert complained to him of his Hanoverians selling places, nor would be persuaded that it was not the practice of the English court; and which an incident must have planted in his mind with no favourable impression of English dilinterestedness. "This is a strange country!" said his majesty: "the first morning after my arrival at St. James's, I looked out of the window, and saw a park with walks, a canal, &c. which they told me were mine. The next day lord Chetwynd, the ranger of *my* park, sent me a fine brace of carp out of *my* canal; and I was told I must give five guineas to lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me *my own* carp out of *my own* canal in *my own* park!"

I have said that the duchess of Kendal was no friend of sir Robert, and wished to make lord Bolingbroke minister in his room. I was too young to know any thing of that reign, nor was acquainted with the political cabals of the court, which however I might have learnt from my father in the three years after his retirement; but being too thoughtless at that time, nor having your laudable curiosity, I neglected to inform myself of many passages and circumstances, of which I have often since regretted my faulty ignorance.

By what I can at present recollect, the duchess seems to have been jealous of sir Robert's credit with the king, which he had acquired, not by paying court, but by his superior abilities in the house of commons, and by his knowledge in finance, of which lord Sunderland and Craggs had betrayed their ignorance in countenancing the South Sea scheme; and who, though more agreeable to the king, had been forced to give way to Walpole, as the only man capable of repairing that mischief. The duchess too might be alarmed at his attachment to the princess of Wales, from whom, in case of the king's death, her grace could expect no favour. Of her jealousy I do know the following instance: Queen Anne had bestowed the rangership of Richmond new park on her relations the Hydes for three lives, one of which was expired. King George, fond of shooting, bought out the term of the last earl of Clarendon and of his son lord Cornbury, and frequently shot there, having appointed my eldest brother lord Walpole ranger nominally, but my father in reality, who wished to hunt there once or twice a week. The park had run to great decay under the Hydes, nor was there any mansion better than the common lodges of the keepers.

* The earl of Rochester, who succeeded to the title of Clarendon on the extinction of the elder branch, had a villa close without the park; but it had been burnt down, and only one wing

keepers. The king ordered a stone lodge, designed by Henry earl of Pembroke, to be erected for himself, but merely as a banqueting-house¹, with a large eating-room, kitchen and necessary offices, where he might dine after his sport. Sir Robert began another of brick for himself and the under-ranger, which by degrees he much enlarged, usually retiring thither from business, or rather, as he said himself, to do more business than he could in town, on Saturdays and Sundays. On that edifice, on the thatched house, and other improvements, he laid out fourteen thousand pounds of his own money. In the mean time, he hired a small house for himself on the hill without the park; and in that small tenement the king did him the honour of dining with him more than once after shooting. His majesty, fond of private² joviality, was pleased with punch after dinner, and indulged in it freely. The duchess, alarmed at the advantage the minister might make of the openness of the king's heart in those convivial unguarded hours, and at a crisis when she was conscious sir Robert was apprised of her inimical machinations in favour of Bolinbroke, enjoined the few Germans who accompanied the king at those dinners, to prevent his majesty from drinking too freely. Her spies obeyed too punctually, and without any address. The king was offended, and silenced the tools by the coarsest epithets in the German language. He even before his departure ordered sir Robert to have the stone-lodge finished against his return.—No symptom of a falling minister, as has since been supposed sir Robert then was, and that lord Bolinbroke was to have replaced him, had the king lived to come back. But my presumption to the contrary is more strongly corroborated by what had recently passed. The duchess had actually prevailed on the king to see Bolinbroke secretly in his closet. That intriguing Proteus, aware that he might not obtain an audience long enough to efface former prejudices and make sufficient impression on the king against sir Robert, and in his own favour, went provided with a long memorial, which he left in the closet, and begged his majesty to peruse coolly at his leisure. The king kept the paper—but no longer than till he saw sir Robert, to whom he

was left. W. Stanhope earl of Harrington purchased the ruins and built the house, since bought by lord Camelford.

¹ It was afterwards enlarged by princefs Amelia, to whom her father George II. had granted the reversion of the rangerſhip after lord Walpole. Her royal highneſs ſold it to George III. for a penſion on Ireland of 12000. a

year, and his majesty appointed lord Bute ranger for life.

² The king hated the parade of royalty. When he went to the opera, it was in no ſtate, nor did he ſit in the ſtage box, nor forwards, but behind the duchefs of Kendal and lady Walingham, in the ſecond box, now allotted to the maids of honour.

delivered

delivered the poisoned remonstrance.—If that communication prognosticated the minister's fall, I am at a loss to know what a mark of confidence is.

Nor was that discovery the first intimation that Walpole had received of the measure of Bolinbroke's gratitude. The minister, against the earnest representations of his family and most intimate friends, had consented to the recall of that incendiary from banishment¹, excepting only his re-admission into the house of lords, that every field of annoyance might not be open to his mischievous turbulence. Bolinbroke, it seems, deemed an embargo laid on his tongue would warrant his hand to lanch every envenomed shaft against his benefactor, who by restricting had paid him the compliment of avowing that his eloquence was not totally inoffensive. Craftsmen, pamphlets, libels, combinations, were showered on or employed for years against the prime minister, without shaking his power or ruffling his temper: and Bolinbroke had the mortification of finding his rival had abilities to maintain his influence against the² mistresses of two kings, with whom his antagonist had plotted in vain to overturn him.

¹ Bolinbroke at his return could not avoid waiting on sir Robert to thank him, and was invited to dine with him at Chelsea; but whether tortured at witnessing Walpole's serene thankfulness and felicity, or suffocated with indignation and confusion at being forced to be obliged to one whom he hated and envied, the first morsel he put into his mouth was near choking him, and he was reduced to rise from table and leave the room for some minutes. I never heard of their meeting more.

² George III. parted with lady Suffolk, on princess Amelia informing queen Caroline from Bath that the mistress had interviews there with lord Bolinbroke. Lady Suffolk, above twenty

years after, protested to me that she had not once seen his lordship there; and I should believe she did not, for she was a woman of truth: but her great intimacy and connexion with Pope and Swift, the intimate friends of Bolinbroke, even before the death of George I. and her being the channel through whom that faction had flattered themselves they should gain the ear of the new king, can leave no doubt of lady Suffolk's support of that party. Her dearest friend to her death was William afterwards lord Chetwynd, the known and most trusted confidant of lord Bolinbroke. Of those political intrigues I shall say more in these Reminiscences.

CHAPTER II.

GEORGE the first, while electoral prince, had married his cousin the princess¹ Dorothea, only child of the duke of Zell; a match of convenience to reunite the dominions of the family. Though she was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses; which provocation, and his absence in the army of the Confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry. At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful count Konismark², the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly; and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatized a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day. The princess, surrounded by women too closely connected with her husband, and consequently enemies of the lady they injured, was persuaded by them to suffer the count to kiss her hand before his abrupt departure; and he was actually introduced by them into her bed-chamber the next morning before the rose. From that moment he disappeared; nor was it known what became of him, till on the death of George I., on his son the new king's first journey to Hanover, some alterations in the palace being ordered by him, the body of Konismark was discovered under the floor of the electoral princess's dressing-room—the count having probably been strangled there the instant he left her, and his body secreted. The discovery was hushed up; George II. entrusted the secret to his wife queen Caroline, who told it to my father: but the king was too tender of the honour of his mother to utter it to his mistress; nor did lady Suffolk ever hear of it, till I informed her of it several years afterwards. The disappearance of the count made his mur-

¹ Her names were Sophia Dorothea; but I call her by the latter to distinguish her from the princess Sophia, her mother-in-law, on whom the crown of Great Britain was settled.

² Konismark behaved with great intrepidity

and was wounded at a bull-feast in Spain. See Letters from Spain of the comtesse Danois, vol. ii. He was brother of the beautiful comtesse de Konismark, mistress of Augustus second king of Poland.

der suspected, and various reports of the discovery of his body have of late years been spread, but not with the authentic circumstances.

The second George loved his mother as much as he hated his father, and purposed, as was said, had the former survived, to have brought her over and declared her queen dowager. Lady Suffolk has told me her surprise, on going to the new queen the morning after the news arrived of the death of George I. at seeing hung up in the queen's dressing-room a whole length of a lady in royal robes; and in the bedchamber a half length of the same person, neither of which lady Suffolk had ever seen before. The prince had kept them concealed, not daring to produce them during the life of his father. The whole length he probably sent to Hanover¹; the half length I have frequently and frequently seen in the library of princess Amelia, who told me it was the portrait of her grandmother. She bequeathed it with other pictures of her family to her nephew the landgrave of Hesse.

Of the circumstances that ensued on Konigsmark's disappearance I am ignorant; nor am I acquainted with the laws of Germany relative to divorce or separation: nor do I know or suppose that despotism and pride allow the law to insist on much formality when a sovereign has reason or a mind to get rid of his wife. Perhaps too much difficulty of untying the gordian knot of matrimony thrown in the way of an absolute prince would be no kindness to the ladies, but might prompt him to use a sharper weapon, like that butchering

¹ Lady Suffolk thought he rather would have made her regent of Hanover; and she also told me, that George I. had offered to live again with his wife, but she refused, unless her pardon were asked publicly. She said, what most affected her was the disgrace that would be brought on her children; and if she were only pardoned, that would not remove it. Lady Suffolk thought she was then divorced, though the divorce was never published; and that the old elector consented to his son's marrying the duchess of Kendal with the left hand—but it seems strange that George I. should offer to live again with his wife, and yet be divorced from her. Perhaps George II. to vindicate his mother, supposed that offer and her spirited refusal.

parating and keeping in each country whatever belonged to England or Hanover. Lady Suffolk told me, that on his accession he could not find a knife, fork and spoon of gold which had belonged to queen Anne, and which he remembered to have seen here at his first arrival. He found them at Hanover on his first journey thither after he came to the crown, and brought them back to England. He could not recollect much of greater value; for on queen Anne's death, and in the interval before the arrival of the new family, such a clearance had been made of her majesty's jewels, or the new king so instantly distributed what he found, amongst his German favourites, that, as lady S. told me, queen Caroline never obtained of the late queen's jewels but one pearl-necklace.

² George II. was scrupulously exact in se-

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husband

husband our Henry VIII. Sovereigns, who narrow or let out the law of God according to their prejudices and passions, mould their own laws no doubt to the standard of their convenience. Genealogic purity of blood is the predominant folly of Germany; and the code of Malta seems to have more force in the empire than the ten commandments. Thence was introduced that most absurd evasion of the indissolubility of marriage, espousals with the left hand—as if the Almighty had restrained his ordinance to one half of a man's person, and allowed a greater latitude to his left side than to his right, or pronounced the former more ignoble than the latter. The consciences both of princely and noble persons in Germany are quieted if the more plebeian side is married to one who would degrade the more illustrious moiety—but, as if the laws of matrimony had no reference to the children to be thence propagated, the children of a left-handed alliance are not entitled to inherit.—Shocking consequence of a senseless equivocation, that only satisfies pride, not justice; and calculated for an acquittal at the herald's office, not at the last tribunal.

Separated the princess Dorothea certainly was, and never admitted even to the nominal honours of her rank, being thenceforward always styled duchess of Halle. Whether divorced is problematic, at least to me; nor can I pronounce, as, though it was generally believed, I am not certain that George espoused the duchess of Kendal with his left hand. As the princess Dorothea died only some months before him, that ridiculous ceremony was scarcely deferred till then; and the extreme outward devotion of the duchess, who every Sunday went seven times to Lutheran chapels, seemed to announce a legalized wife. As the genuine wife was always detained in her husband's power, he seems not to have wholly dissolved their union; for, on the approach of the French army towards Hanover, during queen Anne's reign, the duchess of Halle was sent home to her father and mother, who doted on their only child, and did retain her for a whole year, and did implore, though in vain, that she might continue to reside with them. As her son too, George II. had thoughts of bringing her over and declaring her queen dowager, one can hardly believe that a ceremonial divorce had passed, the existence of which process would have glared in the face of her royalty. But though German casuistry might allow her husband to take another wife with his left hand, because his legal wife had suffered her right hand to be kissed in bed by a gallant, even Westphalian or Aulic counsellors could not have pronounced that such a momentary

tary adieu constituted adultery; and therefore of a formal divorce I must doubt—and there I must leave that case of conscience undecided, till future search into the Hanoverian chancery shall clear up a point of little real importance.

I have said that the disgraced princess died but a short time before the king. It is known that in queen Anne's time there was much noise about French prophets. A female of that vocation (for we know from scripture that the gift of prophecy is not limited to one gender) warned George the first to take care of his wife, as he would not survive her a year. That oracle was probably dictated to the French Deborah by the duke and duchess of Zell, who might be apprehensive lest the duchess of Kendal should be tempted to remove entirely the obstacle to her conscientious union with their son-in-law. Most Germans are superstitious, even such as have few other impressions of religion. George gave such credit to the denunciation, that on the eve of his last departure he took leave of his son and the princess of Wales with tears, telling them he should never see them more. It was certainly his own approaching fate that melted him, not the thought of quitting for ever two persons he hated. He did sometimes so much justice to his son as to say, "Il est fougueux, mais il a de l'honneur."—For queen Caroline, to his confidants he termed her *cette diablesse madame la princesse*.

I do not know whether it was about the same period, that in a tender mood he promised the duchess of Kendal, that if she survived him, and it were possible for the departed to return to this world, he would make her a visit. The duchess on his death so much expected the accomplishment of that engagement, that a large raven, or some black fowl, flying into one of the windows of her villa at Isleworth, she was persuaded it was the soul of her departed monarch so accoutred, and received and treated it with all the respect and tenderness of duty, till the royal bird, or she took their last flight.

George II. no more addicted than his father to too much religious credulity, had yet implicit faith in the German notion of vampires, and has more than once been angry with my father for speaking irreverently of those imaginary bloodsuckers.

The duchess of Kendal, of whom I have said so much, was, when made-
 O O 2
 moiselle

moiselle Schulemberg, maid of honour to the electress Sophia, mother of king George I., and destined by king William and the act of settlement to succeed queen Anne. George fell in love with mademoiselle Schulemberg, though by no means an inviting object—so little, that one evening when she was in waiting behind the electress's chair at a ball, the princess Sophia, who had made herself mistress of the language of her future subjects, said in English to Mrs. Howard (afterwards countess of Suffolk), then at her court, "Look at that mawkin, and think of her being my son's passion!" Mrs. Howard, who told me the story, protested she was terrified, forgetting that mademoiselle Schulemberg did not understand English.

The younger mademoiselle Schulemberg, who came over with her and was created countess of Walsingham, passed for her niece; but was so like to the king, that it is not very credible that the duchess, who had affected to pass for cruel, had waited for the left-handed marriage.

The duchess, under whatever denomination, had attained and preserved to the last her ascendant over the king: but notwithstanding that influence he was not more constant to her than he had been to his avowed wife; for another acknowledged mistress, whom he also brought over, was madame Kilmansegge, countess of Platen, who was created countess of Darlington, and by whom he was indisputably father of Charlotte married to lord viscount Howe, and mother of the present earl. Lady Howe was never publicly acknowledged as the king's daughter; but princess Amelia treated her daughter Mrs. Howe upon that foot, and one evening when I was present, gave her a ring with a small portrait of George I. with a crown of diamonds.

Lady Darlington, whom I saw at my mother's in my infancy, and whom I remember by being terrified at her enormous figure, was as corpulent and ample, as the duchess was long and emaciated. Two fierce black eyes, large and rolling beneath two lofty arched eye-brows, two acres of cheeks spread with crimson, an ocean of neck that overflowed and was not distinguished from the lower part of her body, and no part restrained by stays—no wonder that a child dreaded such an ogress, and that the mob of London were highly diverted at the importation of so uncommon a seraglio! They were food for

¹ Caroline, the eldest of lady Howe's children, had married a gentleman of her own name, John Howe, esq. of Hanslop in the county of Bucks.

all the venom of the Jacobites; and indeed nothing could be grosser than the ribaldry that was vomited out in lampoons, libels, and every channel of abuse, against the sovereign and the new court, and chanted even in their hearing about the public streets'.

On the other hand, it was not till the last year or two of his reign that their foreign sovereign paid the nation the compliment of taking openly an English mistress. That personage was Anne Brett, eldest daughter by her second husband of the repudiated wife of the earl of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of Savage the poet. Miss Brett was very handsome, but dark enough by her eyes, complexion, and hair, for a Spanish beauty. Abishag was lodged in the palace under the eyes of Bathsheba, who seemed to maintain her power, as other favourite sultanas have done, by suffering partners in the sovereign's affections. When his majesty should return to England, a countess's coronet was to have rewarded the young lady's compliance, and marked her secondary rank. She might, however, have proved a troublesome rival, as she seemed so confident of the power of her charms, that, whatever predominant ascendant the duchess might retain, her own authority in the palace she thought was to yield to no one else. George the first, when his son the prince of Wales and the princess had quitted St. James's on their quarrel with him, had kept back their three eldest daughters, who lived with him to his death, even after there had outwardly been a reconciliation between the king and prince. Miss Brett, when the king set out, ordered a door to be broken out of her apartment into the royal garden. Anne, the eldest of the princesses, offended at that freedom, and not choosing such a companion in her walks, ordered the door to be walled up again. Miss Brett so imperiously reversed that command. The king died suddenly, and the empire of the new mistress and her promised coronet vanished. She afterwards married sir William Leman, and was forgotten before her reign had transpired beyond the confines of Westminster!

'One of the German ladies being abused by the mob, was said to have put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English, "Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods." "Yes, damn ye," answered a fellow in the crowd, "and for all our chattels

too." I mention this, because, on the death of princess Amelia, the newspapers revived the story and told it of her, though I had heard it three-score years before of one of her grandfather's mistresses.

CHAPTER III.

ONE of the most remarkable occurrences in the reign of George the first, was the open quarrel between him and his son the prince of Wales. Whence the dissension originated; whether the prince's attachment to his mother embittered his mind against his father, or whether hatred of his father occasioned his devotion to her; I do not pretend to know. I do suspect from circumstances, that the hereditary enmity in the house of Brunswick between the parents and their eldest sons dated earlier than the divisions between the two first Georges. The princess Sophia was a woman of parts and great vivacity: in the earlier part of her life she had professed much zeal for the deposed house of Stuart, as appeared by a letter of hers in print, addressed, I think, to the chevalier de St. George. It is natural enough for all princes, who have no prospect of being benefited by the deposition of a crowned head, to choose to think royalty an indelible character. The queen of Prussia, daughter of George the first, lived and died an avowed Jacobite. The princess Sophia, youngest child of the queen of Bohemia, was consequently the most remote from any pretensions to the British crown¹—but no sooner had king William procured a settlement of it after queen Anne on her electoral highness, than nobody became a stauncher whig than the princess Sophia, nor could be more impatient to mount the throne of the expelled Stuarts. It is certain that during the reign of Anne, the elector George was inclined to the tories; though after his mother's death and his own accession he gave himself to the opposite party. But if he and his mother espoused different factions, Sophia found a ready partisan in her grandson the electoral prince²; and it is true, that the demand made by the prince of his writ of summons to the house of lords as duke of Cambridge, which no wonder was so offensive to

¹ It is remarkable, that either the weak propensity of the Stuarts to popery, or the visible connection between regal and ecclesiastical power, had such operation on many of the branches of that family, who were at a distance from the crown of England, to wear which it is necessary to be a protestant, that two or three of the

daughters of the king and queen of Bohemia, though their parents had lost every thing in the struggle between the two religions, turned Roman catholics; and so did one or more of the sons of the princess Sophia, brothers of the protestant candidate, George the first.

² Afterwards George the second.

queen Anne, was made in concert with his grandmother, without the privity of the elector his father. Were it certain, as was believed, that Bolinbroke and the Jacobites prevailed on the queen to consent to her brother coming secretly to England, and to seeing him in her closet, she might have been induced to that step, when provoked by an attempt to force a distant and foreign heir upon her while still alive.

The queen and her heirs being dead; the new king and his son came over in apparent harmony; and on his majesty's first visit to his electoral dominions, the prince of Wales was even left regent; but never being trusted afterwards with that dignity, on like occasions, it is probable that the son discovered too much fondness for acting the king, or that the father conceived a jealousy of his having done so. Sure it is, that on the king's return great divisions arose in the court, and the whigs were divided—some devoting themselves to the wearer of the crown, and others to the expectant. I shall not enter into the detail of those squabbles, of which I am, but superficially informed. The predominant ministers were the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope. The brothers-in-law, the viscount Townshend and Mr. Robert Walpole, adhered to the prince. Lord Sunderland is said to have too much resembled as a politician the earl his father, who was so principal an actor in the reign of James the second, and in bringing about the revolution. Between the earl in question and the prince of Wales grew mortal antipathy; of which an anecdote told to me by my father himself will leave no doubt. When a reconciliation had been patched up between the two courts, and my father became first lord of the treasury a second time, lord Sunderland in a *titic-a-tit* with him said, "Well, Mr. Walpole, we have settled matters for the present; but we must think whom we will have next" (meaning in case of the king's demise). Walpole replied, "Your lordship may think as you please, but my part is taken;" meaning to support the established settlement.

Earl Stanhope was a man of strong and violent passions, and had dedicated himself to the army; and was so far from thinking of any other line, that

² I believe it was a fact, that the poor weak queen, being disposed even to cede the crown to her brother, consulted bishop Wilkins, called the Prophet, to know what would be the consequence of such a step. He replied, "Madam,

you would be in the Tower in a month, and dead in three." This sentence, dictated by common sense, her majesty took for inspiration, and dropped all thoughts of resigning the crown.

when

when Walpole, who first suggested the idea of appointing him secretary of state, proposed it to him, he flew into a furious rage, and was on the point of a downright quarrel, looking on himself as totally unqualified for the post, and suspecting it for a plan of mocking him. He died in one of those tempestuous sallies, being pushed in the house of lords on the explosion of the South Sea scheme. That iniquitous affair, which Walpole had early exposed, and to remedy the mischiefs of which he alone was deemed adequate, had replaced him at the head of affairs, and obliged Sunderland to submit to be only a coadjutor of the administration. The younger Craggs, a showy vapouring man, had been brought forward by the ministers to oppose Walpole; but was soon reduced to beg his assistance on one of their ways and means. Craggs caught his death by calling at the gate of lady March², who was ill of the small-pox; and being told so by the porter, went home directly, fell ill of the same distemper, and died. His father, the elder Craggs, whose very good sense sir R. Walpole much admired, soon followed his son, and his sudden death was imputed to grief; but having been deeply dipped in the iniquities of the South Sea, and wishing to prevent confiscation and save his ill-acquired wealth for his daughters, there was no doubt of his having dispatched himself. When his death was divulged, sir Robert owned that the unhappy man had in an oblique manner hinted his resolution to him.

The reconciliation of the royal family was so little cordial, that I question whether the prince did not resent sir Robert Walpole's return to the king's service. Yet had Walpole defeated a plan of Sunderland that would in futurity have exceedingly hampered the successor, as it was calculated to do; nor do I affect to ascribe sir Robert's victory directly to zeal for the prince: personal and just views prompted his opposition, and the commoners of England were not less indebted to him than the prince. Sunderland had devised a bill to restrain the crown from ever adding above six peers to a number limited⁴. The actual peers were far from disliking the measure; but Walpole, taking fire, instantly communicated his dissatisfaction to all the great commoners, who might for ever be excluded from the peerage. He spoke, he

² James Craggs, jun. buried in Westminster-abbey, with an epitaph by Pope.

³ I think it was the sixpenny tax on offices.

⁴ Sarah Cadogan, afterwards duchess of Richmond.

⁴ Queen Anne's creation of twelve peers at once, to obtain a majority in the house of lords, offered an ostensible plea for the restriction.

wrote, he persuaded, and the bill was rejected by the commons with disdain, after it had passed the house of lords.

But the hatred of some of the jūsto at court had gone farther, horribly farther. On the death of George the first, queen Caroline found in his cabinet a proposal of the earl of Berkeley¹, then, I think, first lord of the admiralty, to seize the prince of Wales, and convey him to America, whence he should never be heard of more. This detestable project, copied probably from the earl of Falmouth's offer to Charles the second with regard to his queen, was in the hand-writing of Charles Stanhope, elder brother of the earl of Harrington²; and so deep was the impression deservedly made on the mind of George the second by that abominable paper, that all the favour of lord Harrington, when secretary of state, could never obtain the smallest boon to his brother, though but the subordinate transcriber. George the first was too humane to listen to such an atrocious deed. It was not very kind to the conspirators to leave such an instrument behind him;—and if virtue and conscience will not check bold bad men from paying court by detestable offers, the king's carelessness or indifference in such an instance ought to warn them of the little gratitude that such machinations can inspire or expect.

Among those who had preferred the service of the king to that of the heir apparent, was the duke of Newcastle³; who, having married his sister to lord Townshend, both his royal highness and the viscount had expected would have adhered to that connection—and neither forgave his desertion.—I am aware of the desultory manner in which I have told my story, having mentioned the reconciliation of the king and prince before I have given any account of their public rupture. The chain of my thoughts led me into the preceding details, and, if I do not flatter myself, will have let you into the motives of my dramatic personæ better than if I had more exactly observed chronology; and as I am not writing a regular tragedy, and profess but to relate facts as I recollect them; or (if you will allow me to imitate French writers of

¹ James Berkeley earl of Berkeley, knight of the garter, &c.

² William Stanhope, first earl of Harrington of that family.

³ Thomas Holles Pelham duke of Newcastle,

lord chamberlain, then secretary of state, and lastly first lord of the treasury under George the second; the same king to whom he had been so obnoxious in the preceding reign. He was obliged by George the third to resign his post.

tragedy), may I not plead that I have unfolded my piece as they do, by introducing two courtiers to acquaint one another, and by bricole the audience, with what had passed in the penetralia before the tragedy commences?

The exordium thus duly prepared, you must suppose, ladies, that the second act opens with a royal christening. The princess of Wales had been delivered of a second son. The prince had intended his uncle the duke of York bishop of Osnaburg should with his majesty be godfathers. Nothing could equal the indignation of his royal highness when the king named the duke of Newcastle for second sponsor, and would hear of no other. The christening took place as usual in the princess's bedchamber. Lady Suffolk, then in waiting as woman of the bedchamber, and of most accurate memory, painted the scene to me exactly. On one side of the bed stood the godfathers and godmothers; on the other the prince, and the princess's ladies. No sooner had the bishop closed the ceremony, than the prince, crossing the feet of the bed in a rage, stepped up to the duke of Newcastle, and, holding up his hand and forefinger in a menacing attitude, said, "You are a rascal, but I shall find you;" meaning in broken English, "I shall find a time to be revenged."—"What was my astonishment," continued lady Suffolk, "when, going to the princess's apartment the next morning, the yeomen in the guard-chamber pointed their halberds at my breast, and told me I must not pass! I urged, that it was my duty to attend the princess. They said, No matter; I must not pass that way."

In one word, the king had been so provoked at the prince's outrage in his presence, that it had been determined to inflict a still greater insult on his royal highness. His threat to the duke was pretended to be understood as a challenge; and to prevent a duel he had actually been put under arrest—as if a prince of Wales could stoop to fight with a subject. The arrest was soon taken off; but at night the prince and princess were ordered to leave the palace, and retired to the house of her chamberlain the earl of Grantham, in Albemarle-street.

CHAPTER IV.

AS this trifling work is a miscellany of detached recollections, I will, ere I quit the article of George the first, mention two subjects of very unequal import, which belong peculiarly to *his* reign. The first was the deprivation of Atterbury, bishop of Rochester. Nothing more offensive to men of priestly principles could easily have happened: yet, as in a country of which the constitution was founded on rational and liberal grounds, and where thinking men had so recently exerted themselves to explode the prejudices attached to the persons of kings and churchmen, it was impossible to defend the bishop's treason, but by denying it; or to condemn his condemnation, but by supposing illegalities in the process: both were vehemently urged by his faction, as his innocence was pleaded by himself. That punishment and expulsion from his country may stagger the virtue even of a good man, and exasperate him against his country, is perhaps natural, and humanity ought to pity it. But whatever were the prepossessions of his friends in his favour, charity must now believe that Atterbury was always an ambitious, turbulent priest attached to the house of Stuart, and consequently no friend to the civil and religious liberties of his country: or it must be acknowledged, that the disappointment of his ambition by the queen's death, and the proscription of his ministerial associates, had driven on attempts to restore the expelled family in hopes of realizing his aspiring views. His letters published by Nichols breathe the impetuous spirit of his youth. His exclamation on the queen's death, when he offered to proclaim the pretender at Charing-cross in pontificalibus, and swore, on not being supported, that there was the best cause in England lost for want of spirit, is now believed also. His papers deposited with king James's in the Scottish college at Paris, proclaimed in what sentiments he died; and the fac-similes of his letters published by sir David Dalrymple leave no doubt of his having in his exile entered into the service of the pretender. Culpable as he was, who but must lament that so classic a mind had only assumed so elegant and amiable a semblance as he adopted after the disappointment of his prospects and hopes? His letter in defence of the authenticity of lord Clarendon's history, is one of the most beautiful and touching specimens of eloquence in our language.

It was not to load the character of the bishop, nor to affect candour by applauding his talents, that I introduced mention of him; much less to impute to him any consciousness of the intended crime that I am going to relate. The person against whom the blow was supposed to be meditated, never in the most distant manner suspected the bishop of being privy to the plot—No: animosity of parties, and malevolence to the champions of the house of Brunswick, no doubt suggested to some blind zealots the perpetration of a crime, which would necessarily have injured the bishop's cause, and could by no means have prevented his disgrace.

Mr. Johnstone, an ancient gentleman, who had been secretary of state for Scotland, his country, in the reign of King William, was a zealous friend of my father, sir Robert, and who, in that period of assassination plots, had imbibed such a tincture of suspicion, that he was continually notifying similar machinations to my father, and warning him to be on his guard against them. Sir Robert, intrepid and unsuspicious, used to rally his good monitor; and, when serious, told him, that his life was too constantly exposed to his enemies to make it of any use to be watchful on any particular occasion; nor, though Johnstone often hurried to him with intelligence of such designs, did he ever see reason, but once, to believe in the soundness of the information. That *once* arrived thus: A day or two before the bill of pains and penalties was to pass the house of commons against the bishop of Rochester, Mr. Johnstone advertised sir Robert to be circumspect; for three or four persons meditated to

At the time of the Preston rebellion, a Jacobite who sometimes furnished sir Robert with intelligence, sitting alone with him one night, suddenly putting his hand into his bosom and rising, said, "Why do not I kill you now?" Walpole starting up replied, "Because I am a younger man and a stronger." They sat down again and discussed the person's information. But sir Robert afterwards had reasons for thinking that the spy had no intention of assassination, but had hoped, by intimidating, to extort money from him. Yet if no real attempt was made on his life, it was not from want of suggestions to it. One of the weekly journals pointed out sir Robert's frequent passing Putney-bridge late at night, attended but by one or two servants, on his way to New-park, as a proper place: and af-

ter sir Robert's death, the second earl of Egmont told me, that he was once at a consultation of the opposition, in which it was proposed to have sir Robert murdered by a mob, of which the earl had declared his abhorrence. Such an attempt was actually made in 1733, at the time of the famous excise-bill. As the minister descended the stairs of the house of commons on the night he carried the bill, he was guarded on one side by his second son Edward, and on the other by general Charles Churchill; but the crowd behind endeavoured to throw him down, as he was a bulky man, and trample him to death; and that not succeeding, they tried to strangle him by pulling his red cloak tight—but fortunately the strings broke by the violence of the tug.

assassinate him as he should leave the house at night. Sir Robert laughed, and forgot the notice. The morning after the debate Johnstone came to sir Robert with a kind of good-natured insult, telling him, that though he had scoffed his advice, he had for once followed it, and by so doing preserved his life. Sir Robert understood not what he meant, and protested he had not given more credit than usual to his warning. "Yes," said Johnstone, "but you did; for you did not come from the house last night in your own chariot." Walpole affirmed that he did. But his friend persisting in his asseveration, sir Robert called one of his footmen, who replied, "I did call up your honour's carriage; but colonel Churchill being with you, and his chariot driving up first, your honour stepped into that, and your own came home empty." Johnstone triumphing on his own veracity, and pushing the examination farther, sir Robert's coachman recollected, that as he left Palace-yard three men much muffled had looked into the empty chariot. The mystery was never farther cleared up, and my father frequently said, it was the only instance of the kind in which he had ever seen any appearance of a real design.

The second subject that I promised to mention, and it shall be very briefly, was the revival of the order of the bath. It was the measure of sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six ribbands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant too to stave off the demands for garters, and intended that the red should be a step to the blue; and accordingly took one of the former himself. He offered the new order to old Sarah duchess of Marlborough, for her grandson the duke, and for the duke of Bedford, who had married one of her grand-daughters'. She haughtily replied, they should take nothing but the garter. "Madam," said sir Robert coolly, "they who take the bath will the sooner have the garter." The next year he took the latter himself with the duke of Richmond, both having been previously installed knights of the revived institution.

Before I quit king George the first, I will relate a story very expressive of his good-humoured presence of mind.

On one of his journeys to Hanover his coach broke. At a distance in view

* Wrothely duke of Bedford had married duke of Bridgewater, by lady Elizabeth Churchill, lady Anne Egerton, only daughter of Scroop daughter of John duke of Marlborough.

was a chateau of a considerable German nobleman. The king sent to borrow assistance. The possessor came, conveyed the king to his house, and begged the honour of his majesty's accepting a dinner, while his carriage was repairing; and, while the dinner was preparing, begged leave to amuse his majesty with a collection of pictures, which he had formed in several tours to Italy. But what did the king see in one of the rooms but an unknown portrait of a person in the robes and with the regalia of the sovereigns of Great Britain! George asked whom it represented. The nobleman replied with much dissident but decent respect, that in various journeys to Rome he had been acquainted with the chevalier de St. George, who had done him the honour of sending him that picture. "Upon my word," said the king instantly, "it is very like to the family." It was impossible to remove the embarrassment of the proprietor with more good breeding.

CHAPTER. V.

THE unexpected death of George the first on his road to Hanover was instantly notified by lord Townshend, secretary of state, who attended his majesty, to his brother sir Robert Walpole, who as expeditiously was the first to carry the news to the successor and hail him king. The next step was, to ask who his majesty would please should draw his speech to the council—"Sir Spencer Compton," replied the new monarch.—The answer was decisive—and implied sir Robert's dismissal. Sir Spencer Compton was speaker of the house of commons, and treasurer, I think, at that time to his royal highness, who by that first command implied his intention of making sir Spencer his prime minister. He was a worthy man, of exceedingly grave formality, but of no parts—as his conduct immediately proved. The poor gentleman was so little qualified to accommodate himself to the grandeur of the moment, and to conceive how a new sovereign should address himself to his ministers, and he had also been so far from meditating to supplant the premier,

¹ Sir Spencer Compton, afterwards earl of Wilmington, was so far from resenting sir Robert's superior talents, that he remained stedfastly attached to him; and when the famous motion for

premier, that in his distress it was to sir Robert himself he had recourse, and whom he besought to make the draught of the king's speech for him. The new queen, a better judge than her husband of the capacities of the two candidates, and who had silently watched for a moment proper for overturning the new designations, did not lose a moment in observing to the king how prejudicial it would be to his affairs, to prefer to the minister in possession a man in whose own judgment his predecessor was the fittest person to execute his office. From that moment there was no more question of sir Spencer Compton as prime minister. He was created an earl, soon received the garter, and became president of that council, at the head of which he was much fitter to sit than to direct. Fourteen years afterwards he again was nominated by the same prince to replace sir Robert as first lord of the treasury, on the latter's forced resignation; but not as prime minister, the conduct of affairs being soon ravished from him by that dashing genius the earl of Granville, who reduced him to a cypher for the little year in which he survived, and in which his incapacity had been obvious.

The queen, impatient to destroy all hopes of change, took the earliest opportunity of declaring her own sentiments. The instance I shall cite will be a true picture of courtiers. Their majesties had removed from Richmond to their temporary palace in Leicester-fields on the very evening of their receiving notice of their accession to the crown; and the next day all the nobility and gentry in town crowded to kiss their hands: my mother amongst the rest, who, sir Spencer Compton's designation, and not its evaporation, being known, could not make her way between the scornful backs and elbows of her late devotees, nor could approach nearer to the queen than the third or fourth row:—but no sooner was she descried by her majesty, than the queen said aloud, "There I am sure I see a friend!"—The torrent divided and shrunk to either side; "and as I came away," said my mother, "I might have walked over their heads, if I had pleased."

for removing sir Robert was made in both houses, lord Wilmington, though confined to his bed, and with his head blistered, rose and went to the house of lords, to vote against a measure that avowed its own injustice by being grounded only on popular clamour.

It was the town residence of the Sidneys earls of Leicester, of whom it was hired, as it was afterwards by Frederic prince of Wales on a similar quarrel with his father: he added to it Saville-house, belonging to sir George Saville, for his children.

The pre-occupation of the queen in favour of Walpole must be explained. He had early discovered, that in whatever gallantries George prince of Wales indulged or affected, even the *person* of his princess was dearer to him than any charms in his mistresses: and though Mrs. Howard (afterwards lady Suffolk) was openly his declared favourite, as avowedly as the duchess of Kendal was his father's, sir Robert's sagacity discerned that the power would be lodged with the wife, not with the mistress; and he not only devoted himself to the princess, but totally abstained from even visiting Mrs. Howard; while the injudicious multitude concluded, that the common consequences of an inconstant husband's passion for his concubine would follow; and accordingly warmer, if not public, vows were made to the supposed favourite than to the prince's consort. They especially who in the late reign had been but of favour at court, had, to pave their future path to favour, and to secure the fall of sir Robert Walpole, sedulously, and no doubt zealously, dedicated themselves to the mistress: Bolingbroke secretly, his friend Swift openly, and as ambitiously, cultivated Mrs. Howard: and the neighbourhood of Pope's villa to Richmond facilitated their intercourse; though his religion forbad his entertaining views beyond those of serving his friends. Lord Bathurst, another of that connection, and lord Chesterfield, too early for his interest, founded their hopes on Mrs. Howard's influence; but astonished and disappointed at finding Walpole not shaken from his seat, they determined on an experiment that should be the touch-stone of Mrs. Howard's credit. They persuaded her to demand of the new king an earl's coronet for lord Bathurst—She did—the queen put in her veto—and Swift in despair returned to Ireland, to lament queen Anne and curse queen Caroline, under the mask of patriotism, in a country he abhorred and despised.

To Mrs. Howard Swift's ingratitude was base. *She* indubitably had not only exerted all her interest to second his and his faction's interests, but loved queen Caroline and the minister as little as they did. Yet, when Swift died, he left behind him a character of Mrs. Howard by no means flattering, which was published in his posthumous works. On its appearance, Mrs. Howard (become lady Suffolk) said to me in her calm, dispassionate manner, "All I can say is, that it is very different from one that he drew of me and sent to me many years ago, and which I have, written by his own hand."

Lord Chesterfield, rather more ingenuous, as his character of her, but under
a feigned

a feigned name, was printed in his life, though in a paper of which he was not known to be the author, was not more consistent. *Eudofia*, described in the weekly journal called *Common Sense*, for September 10, 1737, was meant for lady Suffolk—yet was it no fault of hers that he was proscribed at court; nor did she perhaps ever know, as he never did till the year before his death, when I acquainted him with it by his friend sir John Irwin, why he had been put into the queen's *Index expurgatorius*. The queen had an obscure window at St. James's that looked into a dark passage, lighted only by a single lamp at night, which looked upon Mrs. Howard's apartment. Lord Chesterfield one twelfth-night at court had won so large a sum of money, that he thought it imprudent to carry it home in the dark, and deposited it with the mistress. Thence the queen inferred great intimacy; and thenceforwards lord Chesterfield could obtain no favour from court, and, finding himself desperate, went into opposition. My father himself long afterwards told me the story, and had become the principal object of the peer's satiric wit, though he had not been the mover of his disgrace. The weight of that anger fell more disgracefully on the king, as I shall mention in the next chapter.

I will here interrupt the detail of what I have heard of the commencement of that reign, and farther anecdotes of the queen and the mistress, till I have related the second very memorable transaction of that era; and which would come in awkwardly, if postponed till I have dispatched many subsequent particulars.

CHAPTER VI.

AT the first council held by the new sovereign, Dr. Wake, archbishop of Canterbury, produced the will of the late king, and delivered it to the successor, expecting it would be opened and read in council. On the contrary, his majesty put it into his pocket, and stalked out of the room, without uttering a word on the subject. The poor prelate was thunderstruck, and had not the presence of mind or the courage to demand the testament's being opened, or at least to have it registered. No man present chose to be more

hardy than the person to whom the deposit had been trusted—perhaps none of them immediately conceived the possible violation of so solemn an act so notoriously existent. Still, as the king never mentioned the will more, whispers only by degrees informed the public, that the will was burnt, at least that its injunctions were never fulfilled.

What the contents were was never ascertained. Report said, that forty thousand pounds had been bequeathed to the duchess of Kendal; and more vague rumours spoke of a large legacy to the queen of Prussia, daughter of the late king. Of that bequest demands were afterwards said to have been frequently and roughly made by her son the great king of Prussia, between whom and his uncle subsisted much inveteracy.

The legacy to the duchess was some time after on the brink of coming to open and legal discussion. Lord Chesterfield marrying her niece and heiress the countess of Walsingham, and resenting his own proscription at court, was believed to have instituted, or at least to have threatened, a suit for recovery of the legacy to the duchess, to which he was then become entitled: and it was as confidently believed that he was quieted by the payment of twenty thousand pounds.

But if the archbishop had too timidly betrayed the trust reposed in him from weakness and want of spirit, there were two other men who had no such plea of imbecility, and who, being independent and above being awed, basely sacrificed their honour and integrity for positive sordid gain. George the first had deposited duplicates of his will with two sovereign German princes—I will not specify them, because at this distance of time I do not perfectly recollect their titles; but I was actually some years ago shown a copy of a letter from one of our ambassadors abroad to a secretary of state at that period, in which the ambassador said, one of the princes in question would accept the proffered subsidy, and had delivered, or would deliver, the duplicate of the king's will. The other trustee was no doubt as little conscientious and as corrupt.—It is pity the late king of Prussia did not learn their infamous treachery!

Discouraging once with lady Suffolk on that suppressed testament, she made the only plausible shadow of an excuse that could be made for George the second

cond—She told me, that George the first had burnt two wills made in favour of his son. They were probably the wills of the duke and duchess of Zell; or one of them might be that of his mother the princess Sophia.

The crime of the first George could only palliate, not justify, the criminality of the second; for the second did not punish the guilty but the innocent. But bad precedents are always dangerous, and too likely to be copied.

CHAPTER VII.

I WILL now resume the story of lady Suffolk, whose history, though she had none of that influence on the transactions of the cabinet that was expected, will still probably be more entertaining to two young ladies, than a magisterial detail of political events, the traces of which at least may be found in journals and brief chronicles of the times. The interior of courts and the lesser features of history are precisely those with which we are least acquainted, I mean of the age preceding our own. Such anecdotes are forgotten in the multiplicity of those that ensue, or reside only in the memory of idle old persons, or have not yet emerged into publicity from the portefeuilles of such garrulous Brantomes as myself. Trifling I will not call myself; for, while I have such charming disciples as you two to inform; and though acute or plodding politicians, for whom they are not meant, may condemn these pages; which is preferable, the labour of an historian who toils for fame and for applause from he knows not whom; or my careless commission to paper of perhaps insignificant passages that I remember, but penned for the amusement of a pair of such sensible and cultivated minds as I never met at so early an age, and whose fine eyes I do know will read me with candour, and allow me that mite of fame to which I aspire, their approbation of my endeavours to divert their evenings in the country? O Guicciardin! is posthumous renown so valuable as the satisfaction of reading these court-tales to the lovely B—ys?

Henrietta Hobart was daughter of sir Henry, and sister of sir John
 Qq 2 Hobart,

Hobart, knight of the bath on the revival of the order, and afterwards by her interest made a baron ; and since created earl of Buckinghamshire.

She was first married to Mr. Howard, the younger brother of more than one earl of Suffolk ; to which title he at last succeeded himself, and left a son by her, who was the last earl of that branch. She had but the slender fortune of an ancient baronet's daughter ; and Mr. Howard's circumstances were the reverse of opulent. It was the close of queen Anne's reign : the young couple saw no step more prudent than to resort to Hanover, and endeavour to ingratiate themselves with the future sovereigns of England. Still so narrow was their fortune that, Mr. Howard finding it expedient to give a dinner to the Hanoverian ministers, Mrs. Howard is said to have sacrificed her beautiful head of hair to pay for the expence. It must be recollected, that at that period were in fashion those enormous full-bottomed wigs which often cost twenty and thirty guineas. Mrs. Howard was extremely acceptable to the intelligent princess Sophia—but did not at that time make farther impression on the electoral prince, than on his father's succession to the crown to be appointed one of the bedchamber-women to the new princess of Wales.

The elder whig politicians became ministers to the king. The most promising of the young lords and gentlemen of that party, and the prettiest and liveliest of the young ladies, formed the new court of the prince and princess of Wales. The apartment of the bedchamber-woman in waiting became the fashionable evening rendezvous of the most distinguished wits and beauties. Lord Chesterfield, then lord Stanhope, lord Scarborough, Carr lord Hervey, elder brother of the more known John lord Hervey, and reckoned to have superior parts, general (at that time only colonel) Charles Churchill, and others not necessary to rehearse, were constant attendants : Miss Lepelle, afterwards lady Hervey, my mother lady Walpole, Mrs. Selwyn, mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty, Mrs. Howard, and above all for universal admiration, miss Belleuden, one of the maids of honour. Her face and person were charming ; lively she was almost to etourderie ; and so agreeable she was, that I never heard her mentioned afterwards by one of her contemporaries who did not prefer her as the most perfect creature they ever knew. The prince frequented the waiting-room, and soon felt a stronger inclination for her than he ever entertained but for his princess. Miss Belleuden by no means felt a reciprocal passion. The prince's gallantry

was

was by no means delicate ; and his avarice disgusted her. One evening sitting by her, he took out his purse and counted his money. He repeated the enumeration : the giddy Bellenden lost her patience and cried out, " Sir, I cannot bear it ! if you count your money any more I will go out of the room." The chink of the gold did not tempt her more than the person of his royal highness. In fact, her heart was engaged ; and so the prince, finding his love fruitless, suspected. He was even so generous as to promise her, that if she would discover the object of her choice, and would engage not to marry without his privacy, he would consent to the match, and would be kind to her husband. She gave him the promise he exacted, but without acknowledging the person ; and then, lest his highness should throw any obstacle in the way, married, without his knowledge, colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of his bedchamber, and who long afterwards succeeded to the title of Argyll at the death of duke Archibald. The prince never forgave the breach of her word ; and whenever she went to the drawing-room, as from her husband's situation she was sometimes obliged to do, though trembling at what she knew she was to undergo, the prince always stepped up to her, and whispered some very harsh reproach in her ear. Mrs. Howard was the intimate friend of miss Bellenden, had been the confidante of the prince's passion, and, on Mrs. Campbell's eclipse, succeeded to her friend's post of favourite—but not to her resistance.

From the steady decorum of Mrs. Howard, I should conclude that she would have preferred the advantages of her situation to the ostentatious eclat of it : but many obstacles stood in the way of total concealment ; nor do I suppose that love had any share in the sacrifice she made of her virtue. She had felt poverty, and was far from disliking power. Mr. Howard was probably as little agreeable to her as he proved worthless. The king, though very amorous, was certainly more attracted by a silly idea he had entertained of gallantry being becoming, than by a love of variety ; and he added the more egregious folly of fancying that inconstancy proved he was not governed : but so awkwardly did he manage that artifice, that it but demonstrated more clearly the influence of the queen. With such a disposition, secrecy would by no means have answered his majesty's views : yet the publicity of the intrigue was especially owing to Mr. Howard, who, far from ceding his wife quietly, went one night into the quadrangle of St. James's, and vociferously demanded her to be restored to him before the guards and other audience. Being thrust out, he sent a letter to her by the archbishop of Canterbury reclaiming her, and

the archbishop by *his* instructions consigned the summons to the queen, who had the malicious pleasure of delivering the letter to her rival.

Such intemperate proceedings by no means invited the new mistress to leave the asylum of St. James's. She was safe while under the royal roof: even after the rupture between the king and prince (for the affair commenced in the reign of the first George), and though the prince, on quitting St. James's, resided in a private house, it was too serious an enterprise to attempt to take his wife by force out of the palace of the prince of Wales. The case was altered, when, on the arrival of summer, their royal highnesses were to remove to Richmond. Being only woman of the bedchamber, etiquette did not allow Mrs. Howard the entrée of the coach with the princess. She apprehended that Mr. Howard might seize her on the road. To baffle such an attempt, her friends John duke of Argyll, and his brother the earl of Ilay, called her in the coach of one of them by eight o'clock in the morning of the day, at noon of which the prince and princess were to remove, and lodged her safely in their house at Richmond. During the summer a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife for a pension of twelve hundred a year.

These now little-known anecdotes of Mr. Howard's behaviour I received between twenty and thirty years afterwards from the mouth of lady Suffolk herself. She had left the court about the year 1735, and passed her summers at her villa of Marble-hill at Twickenham, living very retired both there and in London. I purchased Strawberry-hill in 1747; and being much acquainted with the houses of Dorset, Vere, and others of lady Suffolk's intimates, was become known to her; though she and my father had been at the head of two such hostile factions at court. Becoming neighbours, and both, after her second husband's death, living single and alone, our acquaintance turned to intimacy. She was extremely deaf, and consequently had more satisfaction in narrating than in listening; her memory both of remote and of the most recent facts was correct beyond belief. I, like you, was indulgent to, and fond of old anecdotes. Each of us knew different parts of many court-stories, and each was eager to learn what either could relate more; and thus, by comparing notes, we sometimes could make out discoveries of a 'third

¹ The same thing has happened to me by books. A passage lately read has recalled some other formerly pursued; and both together have

opened to me or cleared up some third fact, which neither separately would have expounded.

circumstance,

circumstance, before unknown to both. Those evenings, and I had many of them in autumnal nights, were extremely agreeable; and if this chain of minutæ proves so to you, you owe perhaps to those conversations the fidelity of my memory, which those repetitions recalled and stamped so lastingly.

In this narrative will it be unwelcome to you, if I subjoin a faithful portrait of the heroine of this part? Lady Suffolk was of a just height, well made, extremely fair, with the finest light brown hair; was remarkably genteel, and always well dressed with taste and simplicity. Those were her personal charms, for her face was regular and agreeable rather than beautiful; and those charms she retained with little diminution to her death at the age of 79. Her mental qualifications were by no means shining; her eyes and countenance showed her character, which was grave and mild. Her strict love of truth and her accurate memory were always in unison, and made her too circumstantial on trifles. She was discreet without being reserved; and having no bad qualities, and being constant to her connections, she preserved uncommon respect to the end of her life; and from the propriety and decency of her behaviour was always treated as if her virtue had never been questioned; her friends even affecting to suppose that her connection with the king had been confined to pure friendship.—Unfortunately, his majesty's passions were too indelicate to have been confined to Platonic love for a woman who was deaf.¹—Sentiments he had expressed in a letter to the queen, who, however jealous of lady Suffolk, had hitherto dreaded the king's contracting a new attachment to a younger rival, and had prevented lady Suffolk from leaving the court as early as she had wished to do. "I don't know," said his majesty, "why you will not let me part with an old deaf woman of whom I am weary."

Her credit had always been extremely limited by the queen's superior influence, and by the devotion of the minister to her majesty. Except a barony, a red ribband, and a good place for her brother, lady Suffolk could succeed but

¹ Lady Suffolk was early affected with deafness. Cheselden the surgeon, then in favour at court, persuaded her that he had hopes of being able to cure deafness by some operation on the drum of the ear, and offered to try the experiment on a condemned convict then in Newgate, who was deaf. If the man could be pardoned,

he would try it; and, if he succeeded, would practise the same cure on her ladyship. She obtained the man's pardon, who was cousin to Cheselden, who had feigned that pretended discovery to save his relation—and no more was heard of the experiment. The man saved his ear too—but Cheselden was disgraced at court.

in very subordinate recommendations. Her own acquisitions were so moderate, that, besides Marble-hill which cost the king ten or twelve thousand pounds, her complaisance had not been too dearly purchased. She left the court with an income so little to be envied, that, though an economist and not expensive, by the lapse of some annuities on lives not so prolonged as her own, she found herself straitened; and, besides Marble-hill, did not at most leave twenty thousand pounds to her family. On quitting court, she married Mr. George Berkeley, and outlived him.

No established mistress of a sovereign ever enjoyed less of the brilliancy of the situation than lady Suffolk. Watched and thwarted by the queen, disclaimed by the minister, she owed to the dignity of her own behaviour, and to the contradiction of *their* enemies, the chief respect that was paid to her, and which but ill-compensated for the slavery of her attendance, and the mortifications she endured. *She* was elegant; her lover the reverse, and most unentertaining, and void of confidence in her. His motions too were measured by etiquette and the clock. He visited her every evening at nine; but with such dull punctuality, that he frequently walked about his chamber for ten minutes with his watch in his hand, if the stated minute was not arrived.

But from the queen she tasted more positive vexations. Till she became countess of Suffolk, she constantly dressed the queen's head, who delighted in subjecting her to such servile offices, though always apologizing to *her good Howard*. Often her majesty had more complete triumph. It happened more than once, that the king, coming into the room while the queen was dressing, has snatched off her handkerchief, and, turning rudely to Mrs. Howard, has cried, "Because you have an ugly neck yourself, you hide the queen's."

It is certain that the king always preferred the queen's person to that of any other woman; nor ever described his idea of beauty, but he drew the picture of his wife.

Queen Caroline was said to have been very handsome at her marriage, soon after which she had the small-pox; but was little marked by it, and retained a most pleasing countenance. It was full of majesty or mildness as she pleased,
and

and her penetrating eyes expressed whatever she had a mind they should. Her voice too was captivating, and her hands, beautifully small, plump and graceful. Her understanding was uncommonly strong; and so was her resolution. From their earliest connection she had determined to govern the king, and deserved to do so; for her submission to his will was unbounded, her sense much superior, and his honour and interest always took place of her own: so that her love of power, that was predominant, was dearly bought, and rarely ill-employed. She was ambitious too of fame; but, shackled by her devotion to the king, she seldom could pursue that object. She wished to be a patroness of learned men: but George had no respect for them or their works; and her majesty's own taste was not very exquisite, nor did he allow her time to cultivate any studies. Her generosity would have displayed itself, for she valued money but as the instrument of her good purposes: but he flinted her alike in almost all her passions; and though she wished for nothing more than to be liberal, she bore the imputation of his avarice, as she did of others of his faults. Often when she had made prudent and proper promises of preferment, and could not persuade the king to comply, she suffered the breach of word to fall on her, rather than reflect on him. Though his affection and confidence in her were implicit, he lived in dread of being supposed to be governed by her; and that silly parade was extended even to the most private moments of business with my father: whenever he entered, the queen rose, curtsied and retired, or offered to retire. Sometimes the king condescended to bid her stay—on both occasions she and sir Robert had previously settled the business to be discussed. Sometimes the king would quash the proposal in question; and yield after re-talking it over with her—but then he boasted to sir Robert that he himself had better considered it.

One of the queen's delights was the improvement of the garden at Richmond; and the king believed she paid for all with her own money—nor would he ever look at her intended plans, saying, he did not care how she flung away her own revenue. He little suspected the aids sir Robert furnished to her from the treasury. When she died, she was indebted twenty thousand pounds to the king.

Her learning I have said was superficial; her knowledge of languages as little accurate. The king, with a bluff Westphalian accent, spoke English correctly. The queen's chief study was divinity; and she had rather weakened

her faith than enlightened it. She was at least not orthodox; and her confidante lady Sundon, an absurd and pompous simpleton, swayed her countenance towards the less-believing clergy. The queen however was so sincere at her death, that when archbishop Potter was to administer the sacrament to her, she declined taking it, very few persons being in the room. When the prelate retired, the courtiers in the anti-room crowded round him, crying, "My lord, has the queen received?" His grace artfully eluded the question, only saying most devoutly, "her majesty was in a heavenly disposition"—and the truth escaped the public.

She suffered more unjustly by declining to see her son, the prince of Wales, to whom she sent her blessing and forgiveness—but conceiving the extreme distress it would lay on the king, should he thus be forced to forgive so impenitent a son, or to banish him again if once recalled, she heroically preferred a meritorious husband to a worthless child.

The queen's greatest error was too high an opinion of her own address and art: she imagined that all who did not dare to contradict her, were imposed upon; and she had the additional weakness of thinking that she could play off many persons without being discovered. That mistaken humour, and at other times her hazarding very offensive truths, made her many enemies: and her duplicity in fomenting jealousies between the ministers, that each might be more dependent on herself, was no sound wisdom. It was the queen who blew into a flame the ill-blood between sir Robert Walpole and his brother-in-law lord Townshend. Yet though she disliked some of the cabinet, she never let her own prejudices disturb the king's affairs, provided the obnoxious paid no court to the mistress. Lord Hlay was the only man, who, by managing Scotland for sir Robert Walpole, was maintained by him in spite of his attachment to lady Suffolk.

The queen's great secret was her own rupture, which till her last illness nobody knew but the king, her German nurse Mrs. Mailborne, and one other person. To prevent all suspicion, her majesty would frequently stand for some

* While the queen dressed, prayers used to be made in the outward room, where hung a naked Venus. Mrs. Selwyn, bed-chamber-woman in

waiting, was one day ordered to bid the chaplain Dr. Madox (afterwards bishop of Worcester) begin the service. He said archly, "And a very

some minutes in her shift talking to her ladies; and though labouring with so dangerous a complaint, she made it so invariable a rule never to refuse a desire of the king, that every morning at Richmond she walked several miles with him; and more than once when she had the gout in her foot, she dipped her whole leg in cold water to be ready to attend him. The pain, her bulk, and the exercise, threw her into such fits of perspiration as vented the gout—but those exertions hastened the crisis of her distemper. It was great shrewdness in sir Robert Walpole, who, before her distemper broke out, discovered her secret. On my mother's death, who was of the queen's age, her majesty asked sir Robert many physical questions—but he remarked, that she ofteneft reverted to a rupture, which had not been the illness of his wife. When he came home, he said to me, "Now, Horace, I know by possession of what secret lady Sundon has preserved such an ascendant over the queen." He was in the right. How lady Sundon had wormed herself into that mystery was never known. As sir Robert maintained his influence over the clergy by Gibson bishop of London, he often met with troublesome obstructions from lady Sundon, who espoused, as I have said, the heterodox clergy; and sir Robert could never shake her credit.

Yet the queen was constant in her protection of sir Robert, and the day before she died gave a strong mark of her conviction that he was the firmest support the king had. As they two alone were standing by the queen's bed, she pathetically recommended, not the minister to the sovereign, but the master to the servant. Sir Robert was alarmed, and feared the recommendation would leave a fatal impression—but a short time after the king reading with sir Robert some intercepted letters from Germany, which said that now the queen was gone sir Robert would have no protection: "On the contrary," said the king, "you know she recommended *me* to you." This marked the notice he had taken of the expression; and it was the only notice he ever took of it: nay, his majesty's grief was so excessive and so sincere, that his kindness to his minister seemed to increase for the queen's sake.

The queen's dread of a rival was a feminine weakness: the behaviour of her eldest son was a real thorn. He early displayed his aversion to his mo-

very proper air-piece is here, madam!" Queen said, "He is stopped. The queen sent to ask why he did Anne had the same custom; and once ordering not proceed? He replied, "he would not whistle the door to be shut while she shifted, the chap-

ther, who perhaps, assumed too much at first; yet it is certain that her good sense and the interest of her family would have prevented if possible the mutual dislike of the father and son, and their reciprocal contempt. As the opposition gave into all adulation towards the prince, his ill-poised head and vanity swallowed all their incense. He even early after his arrival had listened to a high note of disobedience. Money he soon wanted: old Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, ever proud and ever malignant, was persuaded to offer her favourite grand-daughter lady Diana Spencer, afterwards duchess of Bedford, to the prince of Wales, with a fortune of an hundred thousand pounds. He accepted the proposal, and the day was fixed for their being secretly married at the duchess's lodge in the great park at Windsor. Sir Robert Walpole got intelligence of the project, prevented it, and the secret was buried in silence.

Youth, folly, and indiscretion, the beauty of the young lady, and a large sum of ready money, might have offered something like a plea for so rash a marriage, had it taken place: but what could excuse, what indeed could provoke, the senseless and barbarous insult offered to the king and queen by Frederic's taking his wife out of the palace of Hampton-court in the middle of the night when she was in actual labour, and carrying her, at the imminent risk of the lives of her and the child, to the unaired palace and bed at St. James's?

* That woman, who had risen to greatness and independent wealth by the weakness of another queen, forgot, like the duc D'Epemon, her own unmerited exaltation, and affected to brave successive courts, though sprung from the dregs of one. When the prince of Orange came over to marry the princess royal Anne, a boarded gallery with a pent-house roof was erected for the procession from the windows of the great drawing-room at St. James's cross the garden to the Lutheran chapel in the friary. The prince being indisposed and going to Bath, the marriage was deferred for some weeks, and the boarded gallery remained, darkening the windows of Marlborough-house. The duchess cried, "I wonder when my neighbour George

will take away his orange chest!"—which it did resemble. She did not want that sort of wit*, which ill-temper, long knowledge of the world, and insolence can sharpen—and envying the favour which she no longer possessed, sir R. Walpole was often the object of her satire. Yet her great friend lord Godolphin, the treasurer, had enjoined her to preserve very different sentiments. The duchess and my father and mother were standing by the earl's bed at St. Albans as he was dying. Taking sir Robert by the hand, lord Godolphin turned to the duchess and said, "Madam, should you ever desert this young man, and there should be a possibility of returning from the grave, I shall certainly appear to you."—Her grace did not believe in spirits.

* Baron Gleichen, minister from Denmark in France, being at Paris soon after the king his master had been there, and a French lady being so ill-bred as to begin censuring the king to him, saying, "Ah! monseigneur, c'est une tete!"—"Couronnée," replied he instantly, stopping her by so gentle a hint.

Had

Had he no way of affronting his parents but by venturing, to kill his wife and the heir of the crown? A baby that wounds itself to vex its nurse is not more void of reflection. The scene which commenced by unfeeling idiotism closed with paltry hypocrisy. The queen, on the first notice of her son's exploit, set out for St. James's to visit the princess by seven in the morning. The gracious prince, so far from attempting an apology, spoke not a word to his mother; but on her retreat gave her his hand, led her into the street to her coach,—still dumb!—but a crowd being assembled at the gate, he kneeled down in the dirt, and humbly kissed her majesty's hand.—Her indignation must have shrunk into contempt!

After the death of the queen, lady Yarmouth came over, who had been the king's mistress at Hanover during his latter journeys—and with the queen's privity, for he always made her the confidante of his amours; which made Mrs. Selwyn once tell him, he should be the last man with whom she would have an intrigue, for she knew he would tell the queen. In his letters to the latter from Hanover, he said, "You must love the Walmoden, for she loves me." She was created a countess, and had much weight with him, but never employed her credit but to assist his ministers, or to convert some honours and favours to her own advantage. She had two sons, who both bore her husband's name; but the younger, though never acknowledged, was supposed the king's, and consequently did not miss additional homage from the courtiers. That incense being one of the recommendations to the countenance of lady Yarmouth drew lord Chesterfield into a ridiculous distress. On his being made secretary of state, he found a fair young lad in the anti-chamber at St. James's, who seeming much at home, the earl, concluding it was the mistress's son, was profuse of attentions to the boy, and more prodigal still of his prodigious regard for his mamma. The shrewd boy received all his lordship's vows with indulgence, and without betraying himself:—at last he said, "I suppose your lordship takes me for master Louis, but I am only sir William Russell, one of the pages."

The king's last years passed as regularly as clock-work. At nine at night he had cards in the apartment of his daughters the princesses Amelia and Caroling, with lady Yarmouth, two or three of the late queen's ladies, and as many of the most favoured officers of his own household. Every Saturday in summer he carried that uniform party, but without his daughters, to dine at

Richmond : they went in coaches and six in the middle of the day, with the heavy horse-guards kicking up the dust before them, dined, walked an hour in the garden, returned in the same dusty parade ; and his majesty fancied himself the most gallant and lively prince in Europe.

His last year was glorious and triumphant beyond example ; and his death was most felicitous to himself, being without a pang, without tasting a reverse, and when his sight and hearing were so nearly extinguished, that any prolongation could but have swelled to calamities.

CHAPTER VII.

I AM tempted to drain my memory of all its rubbish, and will set down a few more of my recollections, but with less method than I have used even in the foregoing pages.

I have said little or nothing of the king's two unmarried daughters. Though they lived in the palace with him, he never admitted them to any share in his politics ; and if any of the ministers paid them the compliment of seeming attachment, it was more for the air than for the reality. The princess royal Anne, married in Holland, was of a most imperious and ambitious nature, and on her mother's death, hoping to succeed to her credit, came from Holland on pretence of ill health : but the king, aware of her plan, was so offended, that he sent her to Bath as soon as she arrived, and as peremptorily back to Holland—I think, without suffering her to pass two nights in London.

Princess Amelia, as well-disposed to meddle, was confined to receiving court from the duke of Newcastle, who affected to be in love with her, and from the duke of Grafton, in whose connection with her there was more reality.

Princess Caroline, one of the most excellent of women, was devoted to the queen, who, as well as the king, had such confidence in her veracity, that on

any disagreement amongst their children, they said, "Stay, send for Caroline, and then we shall know the truth."

The memorable lord Hervey had dedicated himself to the queen, and certainly towards her death had gained great ascendance with her. She had made him privy seal; and as he took care to keep as well with sir Robert Walpole, no man stood in a more prosperous light. But lord Hervey, who handled all the weapons of a court, had also made a deep impression on the heart of the virtuous princess Caroline; and as there was a mortal antipathy between the duke of Grafton and lord Hervey, the court was often on the point of being disturbed by the enmity of the favourites of the two princesses. The death of the queen deeply affected her daughter Caroline; and the change of the ministry four years after dislodged lord Hervey, whom for the queen's sake the king would have saved, and who very ungratefully satirised the king in a ballad as if he had sacrificed him voluptuously. Disappointment, rage, and a distempered constitution carried lord Hervey off, and overwhelmed his princess: she never appeared in public after the queen's death; and, being dreadfully afflicted with the rheumatism, never stirred out of her apartment, and rejoiced at her own dissolution some years before her father.

Her sister Amelia leagued herself with the Bedford faction during the latter part of her father's life. When he died, she established herself respectably; but enjoying no favour with her nephew, and hating the princess dowager, she made a plea of her deafness, and soon totally abstained from St. James's.

The duke of Cumberland never or very rarely interfered in politics. Power he would have liked, but never seemed to court it. His passion would have been to command the army; and he would, I doubt, have been too ready to aggrandize the crown by it. But successive disgusts weaned his mind from all pursuits; and the grandeur of his sense and philosophy made him indifferent

*He had broken with Frederick prince of Wales on having shared the favours of his mistress, miss Vane, one of the queen's maids of honour. When she fell in labour at St. James's and was delivered of a son, which she ascribed to the prince, lord Hervey and lord Harrington each

told sir Robert Walpole that he believed himself father of the child.

²The duke in his very childhood gave a mark of his sense and firmness. He had displeased the queen, and she sent him up to his chamber. When he appeared again, he was fullen. "William,"

different to a world that had disappointed all his views. The unpopularity which the Scotch and Jacobites spread against him for his merit in suppressing the rebellion, his brother's jealousy, and the contempt he himself felt for the prince, his own ill-success in his battles abroad, and his father's treacherous sacrifice of him on the convention of Closter-seven, the dereliction of his two political friends lord Holland and lord Sandwich, and the rebuffing spite of the princess dowager; all those mortifications centering on a constitution evidently tending to dissolution, made him totally neglect himself, and ready to shake off being, as an incumbrance not worth the attention of a superior understanding.

From the time the duke first appeared on the stage of the public, all his father's ministers had been blind to his royal highness's capacity, or were afraid of it. Lord Granville, too giddy himself to found a young prince, had treated him arrogantly, when the king and the earl had projected a match for him with the princess of Denmark. The duke, accustomed by the queen and his governor Mr. Poyntz to venerate the wisdom of sir Robert Walpole, then on his death-bed, sent Mr. Poyntz the day but one before sir Robert expired to consult him how to avoid the match. Sir Robert advised his royal highness to stipulate for an ample settlement. The duke took the sage council—and heard no more of his intended bride.

The low ambition of lord Hardwicke, the childish passion for power of the duke of Newcastle, and the peevish jealousy of Mr. Pelham, combined on the death of the prince of Wales to exclude the duke of Cumberland from the regency (in case of a minority), and to make them flatter themselves that they should gain the favour of the princess dowager by cheating her with the semblance of power. The duke resented the slight, but scorned to make any claim. The princess never forgave the insidious homage, and, in concurrence with lord Butc, totally estranged the affection of the young king from his uncle, nor allowed him a shadow of influence.

liam," said the queen, "what have you been doing?" "Reading."—"Reading what?" "The bible."—"And what did you read there?" "About Jesus and Mary."—"And what about them?" "Why, that Jesus said to Mary, Woman! what hast thou to do with me?"

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE done with royal personages. Shall I add a codicil on some remarkable characters that I remember? 'As I am writing for young ladies, I have chiefly dwelt on heroines of your own sex.' They too shall compose my last chapter. Enter the duchesses of Marlborough and Buckingham.

Those two women were considerable personages in their day. The first, her own beauty, the superior talents of her husband in war, and the caprice of a feeble princess, raised to the highest pitch of power; and the prodigious wealth bequeathed to her by her lord, and accumulated in concert with her, gave her weight in a free country. The other, proud of royal though illegitimate birth, was from the vanity of that birth so zealously attached to her expelled brother the pretender, that she never ceased labouring to effect his restoration: and as the opposition to the house of Brunswick was composed partly of principled jacobites, of tories, who either knew not what their own principles were, or dissembled them to themselves; and of whigs, who from hatred of the minister both acted in concert with the jacobites, and rejoiced in their assistance; two women of such wealth, rank, and enmity to the court, were sure of great attention from all the discontented.

The beauty of the duchess of Marlborough had always been of the scornful and imperious kind, and her features and air announced nothing that her temper did not confirm. Both together, her beauty and temper, enslaved her heroic lord. One of her principal charms was a prodigious abundance of fine fair hair. One day at her toilet, in anger to him, she cut off those commanding tresses and flung them in his face. Nor did her insolence stop there; nor stop till it had totally estranged and worn out the patience of the poor queen, her mistress. The duchess was often seen to give her majesty her fan and gloves and turn away her own head, as if the queen had offensive smells.

Incapable of due respect to superiors, it was no wonder she treated her children and inferiors with supercilious contempt. Her eldest daughter and she were long at variance, and never reconciled. When the younger duchess ex-

posed herself by placing a monument and silly epitaph, of her own composition and bad spelling, to Congreve in Westminster-abbey, her mother, quoting the words, said, "I know not what *pleasure* she might have in his company, but I am sure it was no *honour*." With her youngest daughter the duchess of Montagu old Sarah agreed as ill.—"I wonder," said the duke of Marlborough to them, "that you cannot agree, you are so alike!" Of her grand-daughter the duchess of Manchester, daughter of the duchess of Montagu, she affected to be fond. One day she said to her, "Duchess of Manchester, you are a good creature, and I love you mightily—but you *have* a mother!" "And she has a mother!" answered the Manchester, who was all spirit, justice and honour, and could not suppress sudden truth.

One of old Marlborough's capital mortifications sprung from a grand daughter. The most beautiful of her four charming daughters, lady Sunderland, left two * sons, the second duke of Marlborough, and John Spencer, who became her heir, and Anne lady Bateman, and lady Diana Spencer whom I have mentioned, and who became duchess of Bedford. The duke and his brother, to humour their grandmother, were in opposition, though the eldest she never loved. He had good sense, infinite generosity, and not more economy than was to be expected from a young man of warm passions and such vast expectations. He was modest and diffident too, but could not digest total dependence on a capricious and avaricious grandmother. His sister lady Bateman had the intriguing spirit of her father and grandfather earls of Sunderland. She was connected with Henry Fox the first lord Holland, and both had great influence over the duke of Marlborough. What an object would it be to Fox to convert to the court so great a subject as the duke! Nor was it much less important to his sister to give him a wife, who, with no reasons for expectation of such shining fortune, should owe the obligation to her! Lady Bateman struck the first stroke, and persuaded her brother to marry a

* Lady Sunderland was a great politician; and having like her mother a most beautiful head of hair, used while combing it at her toilet to receive men whose votes or interest she wished to influence.

* She had an elder son who died young, while only earl of Sunderland. He had parts, and all the ambition of his parents and of his family (which his younger brothers had not); but

George II. had conceived such an aversion to his father that he would not employ him. The young earl at last asked sir Robert Walpole for an ensigncy in the guards. The minister, astonished at so humble a request from a man of such consequence, expressed his surprise—"I ask it," said the young lord, "to ascertain whether it is determined that I shall never have any thing." He died soon after at Paris.

handsome

handsome young lady, who unluckily was daughter of lord Trevor, who had been a bitter enemy of his grandfather the victorious duke. The grandam's rage exceeded all bounds. Having a portrait of lady Bateman, she blackened the face, and wrote on it, "Now her outside is as black as her inside." The duke she turned out of the little lodge in Windsor park; and then pretending that the new duchess and her female cousins, eight Trevors, had stripped the house and garden, she had a puppet-show made, with waxen figures representing the Trevors tearing up the shrubs, and the duchess carrying off the chicken-coop under her arm.

Her fury did but increase when Mr. Fox prevailed on the duke to go over to the court. With her coarse intemperate humour she said, "That was the Fox that had stolen her goose." Repeated injuries at last drove the duke to go to law with her. Fearing that even no lawyer would come up to the Billingsgate with which she was animated herself, she appeared in the court of justice, and with some wit and infinite abuse treated the laughing public with the spectacle of a woman who had held the reins of empire metamorphosed into the widow Blackacre. Her grandson in his suit demanded a sword set with diamonds given to his grandfire by the emperor. "I retained it," said the beladame, "lest he should pick out the diamonds and pawn them."

I will repeat but one more instance of her insolent asperity, which produced an admirable reply of the famous lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Sundon had received a pair of diamond ear-rings as a bribe for procuring a considerable post in queen Caroline's family for a certain peer; and, decked with those jewels, paid a visit to the old duchess; who, as soon as she was gone, said, "What an impudent creature, to come hither with her bribe in her ear!" "Madam," replied lady Mary Wortley, who was present, "how should people know where wine is sold, unless a bush is hung out?"

The duchess of Buckingham was as much elated by owing her birth to James II. as the Marlborough was by the favour of his daughter. Lady Dorchester, the mother of the former, endeavoured to curb that pride, and, one
should

Lady Dorchester is well-known for her wit, and for saying that she wondered for what James chose his mistresses: "We are none of us hand-

some," said she; "and if we have wit, he has not enough to find it out."—But I do not know whether it is as public, that her style was gross and

should have thought, took an effectual method, though one few mothers would have practised: "You need not be so vain," said the old profligate, "for you are not the king's daughter, but colonel Graham's." Graham was a fashionable man of those days, and noted for dry humour. His legitimate daughter the countess of Berkshire was extremely like to the duchess of Buckingham: "Well! well!" said Graham, "kings are all-powerful, and one must not complain; but certainly the same man begot those two women." To discredit the wit of both parents, the duchess never ceased labouring to restore the house of Stuart, and to mark her filial devotion to it. Frequent were her journeys to the continent for that purpose. She always stopped at Paris, visited the church where lay the unburied body of James, and wept over it. A poor Benedictine of the convent, observing her filial piety, took notice to her grace that the velvet pall that covered the coffin was become thread-bare—and so it remained!

Finding all her efforts fruitless, and perhaps aware that her plots were not undiscovered by sir Robert Walpole, who was remarkable for his intelligence, she made an artful double, and resolved to try what might be done through him himself. "I forget how she contracted an acquaintance with him.—I do remember that more than once he received letters from the pretender himself, which probably were transmitted through her. Sir Robert always carried them to George II. who endorsed and returned them. That negotiation not succeeding, the duchess made a more home push. Learning his extreme fondness for his daughter (afterwards lady Mary Churchill), she sent for sir Robert, and asked him if he recollected what had not been thought too great a reward to lord Clarendon for restoring the royal family? He affected not to understand her—"Was not he allowed," urged the zealous duchess, "to match his daughter to the duke of York?" Sir Robert smiled, and left her.

Sir Robert being forced from court, the duchess thought the 'moment favourable,

and shameless. Meeting the duchess of Portsmouth and lady Orkney, the favourite of king William, at the drawing-room of George the first, "God!" said she, "who would have thought that we three whores should have met here?" Having after the king's abdication married sir David Collyer, by whom she had two sons, she said to them, "If any body should call

you sons of a whore, you must bear it; for you are so: but if they call you bastards, fight till you die; for you are an honest man's sons."

Susan lady Bellasis, another of king James's mistresses, had wit too and no beauty. Mrs. Godfrey had neither. Grammont has recorded why she was chosen.

I am not quite certain that, writing by memory

favourable, and took a new journey to Rome; but conscious of the danger she might run of discovery, she made over her estate to the famous Mr. Pulteney (afterwards earl of Bath), and left the deed in his custody. What was her astonishment, when on her return she re-demanded the instrument—It was mislaid—He could not find it—He never could find it! The duchess grew clamorous. At last his friend lord Mansfield told him plainly, he could never show his face unless he satisfied the duchess. Lord Bath did then sign a release to her of her estate. The transaction was recorded in print by sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a pamphlet that had great vogue, called *A congratulatory letter, with many other anecdotes, of the same personage*, and was not less acute than sir Charles's Odes on the same hero. The duchess dying not long after sir Robert's entrance into the house of lords, lord Oxford, one of her executors, told him there, that the duchess had struck lord Bath out of her will, and made him, sir Robert, one of her trustees in his room. "Then," said sir Robert laughing, "I see, my lord, that I have got lord Bath's place before he has got mine." Sir Robert had artfully prevented the last. Before he quitted the king, he persuaded his majesty to insist as a preliminary to the change, that Mr. Pulteney should go into the house of peers, his great credit lying in the other house; and I remember my father's action when he returned from court and told me what he had done—"I have turned the key of the closet on him"—making that motion with his hand. Pulteney had jumped at the proffered earldom, but saw his error when too late; and was so enraged at his own oversight, that, when he went to take the oaths in the house of lords, he dashed his patent on the floor and vowed he would never take it up—But he had kissed the king's hand for it, and it was too late to recede.

But though madam of Buckingham could not effect a coronation to her will, she indulged her pompous mind with such puppet-shows as were appropriate to her rank. She had made a funeral for her husband as splendid as that of the great Marlborough: she renewed that pageant for her only son, a weak lad who died under age; and for herself; and prepared and decorated waxen dolls of him and of herself to be exhibited in glass-cases in Westminster-abbey. It was for the procession at her son's burial that she wrote to old Sarah of

memory at the distance of fifty years, I place that it did not take place before sir Robert's fall. journey exactly at the right period, nor whether Nothing material depends on the precise period.

Marlborough to borrow the triumphal car that had transported the corpse of the duke. "It carried my lord Marlborough," replied the other, "and shall never be used for any body else." "I have consulted the undertaker," replied the Buckingham, "and he tells me I may have a finer for twenty pounds."

One of the last acts of Buckingham's life was marrying a grandson she had to a daughter of lord Hervey. That intriguing man, sore, as I have said, at his disgrace, cast his eyes every where to revenge or exalt himself. Professions or recantations of any principles cost him nothing: at least the consecrated day which was appointed for his first interview with the duchess made it presumed, that to obtain her wealth, with her grandson for his daughter, he must have sworn fealty to the house of Stuart. It was on the martyrdom of her grandfather: she received him in the great drawing-room of Buckingham-house seated in a chair of state in deep mourning, attended by her women in like weeds, in memory of the royal martyr.

It will be a proper close to the history of those curious ladies to mention the anecdote of Pope relative to them. Having drawn his famous character of Atossa, he communicated it to each duchess, pretending it was levelled at the other. The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself—and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it—And yet he left the copy behind him!

Bishop Burnet, from absence of mind, had drawn as strong a picture of herself to the duchess of Marlborough, as Pope did under covert of another lady. Dining with the duchess after the duke's disgrace, Burnet was comparing him to Belshazzar—"But how," said she, "could so great a general be so abandoned?"—"Oh! madam," said the bishop, "do not you know what a brimstone of a wife he had?"

Perhaps you know this anecdote, and perhaps several others that I have been relating—No matter—they will go under the article of my dotage—and very properly—I began with tales of my nursery, and prove that I have been writing in my second childhood.

January 13th, 1789.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES

Schah Baham ne comprenoit jamais bien que les choses absurdes & hors de toute vraisemblance.

Le Sorha, p. 5.

P R E F A C E.

AS the invaluable present I am making to the world may not please all tastes, from the gravity of the matter, the solidity of the reasoning, and the deep learning contained in the ensuing sheets, it is necessary to make some apology for producing this work in so trifling an age, when nothing will go down but temporary politics, personal satire, and idle romances. The true reason then for my surmounting all these objections was singly this: I was apprehensive lest the work should be lost to posterity; and though it may be condemned at present, I can have no doubt but it will be treated with due reverence some hundred ages hence, when wisdom and learning shall have gained their proper ascendant over mankind, and when men shall only read for instruction and improvement of their minds. As I shall print an hundred thousand copies, some, it may be hoped, will escape the havoc that is made of moral works, and then this jewel will shine forth in its genuine lustre. I was in the greater hurry to consign this work to the press, as I foresee that the art of printing will ere long be totally lost, like other useful discoveries well known to the ancients. Such were the art of dissolving rocks with hot vinegar, of teaching elephants to dance on the slack rope, of making malleable glass, of writing epic poems that any body would read after they had been published a month, and the stupendous invention of new religions, a secret of which illiterate Mahomet was the last person possessed.

Notwithstanding this my zeal for good letters, and the ardour of my universal citizenship (for I declare I design this present for all nations), there are

some small difficulties in the way, that prevent my conferring this my great benefaction on the world completely and all at once. I am obliged to produce it in small portions, and therefore beg the prayers of all good and wise men that my life may be prolonged to me, till I shall be able to publish the whole work, no man else being capable of executing the charge so well as myself, for reasons that my modesty will not permit me to specify. In the mean time, as it is the duty of an editor to acquaint the world with what relates to himself as well as his author, I think it right to mention the causes that compel me to publish this work in numbers. The common reason of such proceeding is to make a book dearer for the ease of the purchasers, it being supposed that most people had rather give twenty shillings by sixpence a fortnight, than pay ten shillings once for all. Public-spirited as this proceeding is, I must confess my reasons are more and merely personal. As my circumstances are very moderate, and barely sufficient to maintain decently a gentleman of my abilities and learning, I cannot afford to print at once an hundred thousand copies of two volumes in folio, for that will be the whole mass of Hieroglyphic Tales when the work is perfected. In the next place, being very asthmatic, and requiring a free communication of air, I lodge in the uppermost story of a house in an alley not far from St. Mary Axe; and as a great deal of good company lodges in the same mansion, it was by a considerable favour that I could obtain a single chamber to myself; which chamber is by no means large enough to contain the whole impression, for I design to vend the copies myself, and, according to the practice of other great men, shall sign the first sheet myself with my own hand.

Desirous as I am of acquainting the world with many more circumstances relative to myself, some private considerations prevent my indulging their curiosity any farther at present; but I shall take care to leave so minute an account of myself to some public library, that the future commentators and editors of this work shall not be deprived of all necessary lights. In the mean time I beg the reader to accept the temporary compensation of an account of the author whose work I am publishing.

The Hieroglyphic Tales were undoubtedly written a little before the creation of the world, and have ever since been preserved, by oral tradition, in the mountains of Crampcraggiri, an uninhabited island, not yet discovered. Of these few facts we could have the most authentic attestations of several clergymen,

men, who remember to have heard them repeated by old men long before they, the said clergymen, were born. We do not trouble the reader with these attestations, as we are sure every body will believe them as much as if they had seen them. It is more difficult to ascertain the true author. We might ascribe them with great probability to Kemanlegorpikos, son of Quat; but besides that we are not certain that any such person ever existed, it is not clear that he ever wrote any thing but a book of cookery, and that in heroic verse. Others give them to Quat's nurse, and a few to Hermes Trismegistus, though there is a passage in the latter's treatise on the harpsichord which directly contradicts the account of the first volcano, in the 114th of the Hieroglyphic Tales. As Trismegistus's work is lost, it is impossible to decide now, whether the discordance mentioned is so positive as has been asserted by many learned men, who only guess at the opinion of Hermes from other passages in his writings, and who indeed are not sure whether he was speaking of volcanos or cheesecakes; for he drew so ill, that his hieroglyphics may often be taken for the most opposite things in nature; and as there is no subject which he has not treated, it is not precisely known what he was discussing in any one of them.

This is the nearest we can come to any certainty with regard to the author. But whether he wrote the Tales six thousand years ago, as we believe, or whether they were written for him within these ten years, they are incontestably the most ancient work in the world; and though there is little imagination, and still less invention in them, yet there are so many passages in them exactly resembling Homer, that any man living would conclude they were imitated from that great poet, if it was not certain that Homer borrowed from them, which I shall prove two ways: first, by giving Homer's parallel passages at the bottom of the page; and secondly, by translating Homer himself into prose, which shall make him so unlike himself, that nobody will think he could be an original writer: and when he is become totally lifeless and insipid, it will be impossible but these Tales should be preferred to the Iliad; especially as I design to put them into a kind of style that shall be neither verse nor prose; a diction lately much used in tragedies and heroic poems, the former of which are really heroic poems from want of probability, as an antico-moderno epic poem is in fact a mere tragedy, having little or no change of scene, no incidents but a ghost and a storm, and no events but the deaths of the principal actors.

I will not detain the reader longer from the perusal of this invaluable work; but I must beseech the public to be expeditious in taking off the whole impression, as fast as I can get it printed; because I must inform them that I have a more precious work in contemplation; namely, a new Roman history, in which I mean to ridicule, detect and expose all ancient virtue and patriotism, and shew from original papers which I am going to write, and which I shall afterwards bury in the ruins of Carthage and then dig up, that it appears by the letters of Hanno the Punic ambassador at Rome, that Scipio was in the pay of Hannibal, and that the dilatoriness of Fabius proceeded from his being a pensioner of the same general. I own this discovery will pierce my heart; but as morality is best taught by showing how little effect it had on the best of men, I will sacrifice the most virtuous names for the instruction of the present wicked generation; and I cannot doubt but when once they have learnt to detest the favourite heroes of antiquity, they will become good subjects of the most pious king that ever lived since David, who expelled the established royal family, and then sung psalms to the memory of Jonathan, to whose prejudice he had succeeded to the throne.

HIEROGLYPHIC TALES.

• T A L E I .

A new Arabian Night's Entertainment.

AT the foot of the great mountain Hirgonqûu, was anciently situated the kingdom of Larbidel. Geographers, who are not apt to make such just comparisons, said it resembled a football just going to be kicked away: and so it happened; for the mountain kicked the kingdom into the ocean, and it has never been heard of since.

One day a young princess had climbed up to the top of the mountain to gather goat's eggs, the whites of which are excellent for taking off freckles.—Goat's eggs!—Yes—naturalists hold that all beings are conceived in an egg. The goats of Hirgonqûu might be oviparous, and lay their eggs to be hatched by the sun. This is my supposition; no matter whether I believe it myself or not, I will write against and abuse any man that opposes my hypothesis. It would be fine indeed if learned men were obliged to believe what they assert.

The other side of the mountain was inhabited by a nation of whom the Larbidellians knew no more than the French nobility do of Great Britain, which

which they think is an island that some how or other may be approached by land. The princess had strayed into the confines of Cucurucu, when she suddenly found herself seized by the guards of the prince that reigned in that country. They told her in few words that she must be conveyed to the capital, and married to the giant their lord and emperor. The giant, it seems, was fond of having a new wife every night, who was to tell him a story that would last till morning, and then have her head cut off—Such odd ways have some folks of passing their wedding-nights! The princess modestly asked, why their master loved such long stories? The captain of the guard replied, his majesty did not sleep well.—Well! said she, and if he does not?—Not but I believe I can tell as long stories as any princess in Asia. Nay, I can repeat Leonidas by heart; and your emperor must be wakeful indeed if he can hold out against that.

By this time they were arrived at the palace. To the great surprise of the princess, the emperor, so far from being a giant, was but five feet one inch in height; but being two inches taller than any of his predecessors, the flattery of his courtiers had bestowed the name of *giant* on him; and he affected to look down upon any man above his own stature. The princess was immediately undressed and put to bed, his majesty being impatient to hear a new story.

Light of my eyes, said the emperor, what is your name? I call myself the princess Gronovia, replied she; but my real appellation is the frow Gronow. And what is the use of a name, said his majesty, but to be called by it? And why do you pretend to be a princess, if you are not? My turn is romantic, answered she, and I have ever had an ambition of being the heroine of a novel. Now there are but two conditions that entitle one to that rank; one must be a shepherdess or a princess. Well, content yourself, said the giant; you will die an empress, without being either the one or the other! But what sublime reason had you for lengthening your name so unaccountably? It is a custom in my family, said she: all my ancestors were learned men, who wrote about the Romans. It sounded more classic, and gave a higher opinion of their literature, to put a Latin termination to their names. All this is Japanese to me, said the emperor; but your ancestors seem to have been a parcel of mountebanks. Does one understand any thing the better for corrupting one's name? Oh, said the princess, but it showed taste too. There was a time
when

when in Italy the learned carried this still farther; and a man with a large forehead, who was born on the fifth of January, called himself Quintus Januarius Fronto. More and more absurd, said the emperor. You seem to have a great deal of impertinent knowledge about a great many impertinent people; but proceed in your story: whence came you? Mynheer, said she, I was born in Holland—The deuce you was? said the emperor, and where is that? It was no where, replied the princess spritelily, till my countrymen gained it from the sea.—Indeed, moppet! said his majesty; and pray who were your countrymen, before you had any country? Your majesty asks a very shrewd question, said she, which I cannot resolve on a sudden; but I will step home to my library, and consult five or six thousand volumes of modern history, an hundred or two dictionaries, and an abridgement of geography in forty volumes in folio, and be back in an instant. Not so fast, my life, said the emperor, you must not rise till you go to execution: it is now one in the morning, and you have not begun your story.

My great grandfather, continued the princess, was a Dutch merchant, who passed many years in Japan—On what account? said the emperor. He went thither to abjure his religion, said she, that he might get money enough to return and defend it against Philip II. You are a pleasant family, said the emperor; but though I love fables, I hate genealogies. I know in all families, by their own account, there never was any thing but good and great men from father to son; a sort of fiction that does not at all amuse me. In my dominions there is no nobility but flattery. Whoever flatters me best is created a great lord, and the titles I confer are synonymous to their merits. There is Kiss-my-breech Can, my favourite; Adulation-Can, lord treasurer; Prerogative-Can, head of the law; and Blasphemy-Can, high-priest. Whoever speaks truth corrupts his blood, and is ipso facto degraded. In Europe you allow a man to be noble because one of his ancestors was a flatterer. But every thing degenerates, the farther it is removed from its source. I will not hear a word of any of your race before your father: what was he?

It was in the height of the contests about the bull Unigenitus—I tell you, interrupted the emperor, I will not be plagued with any more of those people with Latin names: they were a parcel of coxcombs, and seem to have infected you with their folly. I am sorry, replied Gronovia, that your sublime highness is so little acquainted with the state of Europe, as to take a papal ordinance

dinance for a person. Unigenitus is Latin for the Jesuits—And who the devil are the Jesuits? said the giant. You explain one nonsensical term by another, and wonder I am never the wiser. Sir, said the princess, if you will permit me to give you a short account of the troubles that have agitated Europe for these last two hundred years, on the doctrines of grace, free-will, predestination, reprobation, justification, &c. you will be more entertained, and will believe less, than if I told your majesty a long story of fairies and goblins. You are an eternal prater, said the emperor, and very self-sufficient; but talk your fill, and upon what subject you like, till to-morrow morning: but I swear by the soul of the holy Jirigi, who rode to heaven on the tail of a magpie, as soon as the clock strikes eight, you are a dead woman. Well, who was the Jesuit Unigenitus?

The novel doctrines that had sprung up in Germany, said Gronovia, made it necessary for the church to look about her. The disciples of Loyola—Of whom? said the emperor, yawning—Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, replied Gronovia, was—A writer of Roman history, I suppose, interrupted the emperor: what the devil were the Romans to you, that you trouble your head so much about them? The empire of Rome and the church of Rome are two distinct things, said the princess; and yet, as one may say, the one depends upon the other, as the new testament does on the old. One destroyed the other, and yet pretends a right to its inheritance. The temporalities of the church—What's o'clock, said the emperor to the chief eunuch? It cannot sure be far from eight—This woman has gossiped at least seven hours. Do you hear, my to-morrow night's wife shall be dumb—Cut her tongue out before you bring her to our bed. Madam, said the eunuch, his sublime highness, whose erudition passes the sands of the sea, is too well acquainted with all human sciences to require information. It is therefore that his exalted wisdom prefers accounts of what never happened, to any relation either in history or divinity—You lie, said the emperor; when I exclude truth, I certainly do not mean to forbid divinity—How many divinities have you in Europe, woman? The council of Trent, replied Gronovia, has decided—The emperor began to snore—I mean; continued Gronovia, that notwithstanding all father Paul has asserted, cardinal Palavicini affirms that in the three first sessions of that council—The emperor was now fast asleep; which the princess and the chief eunuch perceiving, clapped several pillows upon his face, and held them there till he expired. As soon as they were convinced he was dead, the princess, putting
on

on every mark of despair and concern, issued to the divan, where she was immediately proclaimed empress. The emperor, it was given out, had died of an hemorrhoidal colic; but to show her regard for his memory, her imperial majesty declared she would strictly adhere to the maxims by which he had governed. Accordingly she espoused a new husband every night, but dispensed with their telling her stories, and was graciously pleased also, upon their good behaviour, to remit the subsequent execution. She sent presents to all the learned men in Asia; and they in return did not fail to cry her up as a pattern of clemency, wisdom, and virtue: and though the panegyrics of the learned are generally as clumsy as they are fulsome, they ventured to assure her that their writings would be as durable as brass, and that the memory of her glorious reign would reach to the latest posterity.

T A L E II.

The King and his three Daughters.

THERE was formerly a king, who had three daughters—that is, he would have had three, if he had had one more—but some how or other the eldest never was born. She was extremely handsome, had a great deal of wit, and spoke French in perfection, as all the authors of that age affirm, and yet none of them pretend that she ever existed. It is very certain that the two other princesses were far from beauties; the second had a strong Yorkshire dialect, and the youngest had bad teeth and but one leg, which occasioned her dancing very ill.

As it was not probable that his majesty would have any more children, being eighty-seven years two months and thirteen days old when his queen died, the states of the kingdom were very anxious to have the princesses married. But there was one great obstacle to this settlement, though so important to the peace of the kingdom. The king insisted that his eldest daughter should be married first; and as there was no such person, it was very difficult to fix upon a proper husband for her. The courtiers all approved his majesty's resolution; but, as under the best princes there will always be a number of discontented, the nation was torn into different factions, the grumblers or patriots insisting that the second princess was the eldest, and ought to be declared heiress apparent to the crown. Many pamphlets were written pro and con; but the ministerial party pretended that the chancellor's argument was unanswerable, who affirmed, that the second princess could not be the eldest, as no princess-royal ever had a Yorkshire accent. A few persons who were attached to the youngest princess took advantage of this plea for whispering that her royal highness's pretensions to the crown were the best of all; for, as there was no eldest princess, and as the second must be the first if there was no first, and as she could not be the second if she was the first, and as the chan-
cellor

cellor had proved that she could not be the first, it followed plainly by every idea of law that she could be nobody at all; and then the consequence followed of course, that the youngest must be the eldest, if she had no elder sister.

It is inconceivable what animosities and mischiefs arose from these different titles; and each faction endeavoured to strengthen itself by foreign alliances. The court party, having no real object for their attachment, were the most attached of all, and made up by warmth for the want of foundation in their principles. The clergy in general were devoted to this, which was styled *the first party*. The physicians embraced the second; and the lawyers declared for the third, or the faction of the youngest princess, because it seemed best calculated to admit of doubts and endless litigation.

While the nation was in this distracted situation, there arrived the prince of Quifferiquimini, who would have been the most accomplished hero of the age, if he had not been dead, and had spoken any language but the Egyptian, and had not had three legs. Notwithstanding these blemishes, the eyes of the whole nation were immediately turned upon him, and each party wished to see him married to the princess whose cause they espoused.

The old king received him with the most distinguished honours; the senate made the most fulsome addresses to him; the princesses were so taken with him, that they grew more bitter enemies than ever; and the court ladies and petit-maitres invented a thousand new fashions upon his account—Every thing was to be à la Quifferiquimini. Both men and women of fashion left off rouge, to look the more cadaverous; their clothes were embroidered with hieroglyphics, and all the ugly characters they could gather from Egyptian antiquities, with which they were forced to be contented, it being impossible to learn a language that is lost; and all tables, chairs, stools, cabinets and couches were made with only three legs: the last, however, soon went out of fashion, as being very inconvenient.

The prince, who, ever since his death, had had but a weakly constitution, was a little fatigued with this excess of attentions, and would often wish himself at home in his coffin. But his greatest difficulty of all was to get rid of the youngest princess, who kept hopping after him wherever he went, and

was so full of admiration of his three legs, and so modest about having but one herself, and so inquisitive to know how his three legs were set on, that, being the best-natured man in the world, it went to his heart whenever in a fit of peevishness he happened to drop an impatient word, which never failed to throw her into an agony of tears; and then she looked so ugly that it was impossible for him to be tolerably civil to her. He was not much more inclined to the second princess.—In truth, it was the eldest who made the conquest of his affections: and so violently did his passion increase one Tuesday morning, that, breaking through all prudential considerations (for there were many reasons which ought to have determined his choice in favour of either of the other sisters), he hurried to the old king, acquainted him with his love, and demanded the eldest princess in marriage. Nothing could equal the joy of the good old monarch, who wished for nothing but to live to see the consummation of this match. Throwing his arms about the prince's neck, and watering his hollow cheeks with warm tears, he granted his request, and added, that he would immediately resign his crown to him and his favourite daughter.

I am forced for want of room to pass over many circumstances that would add greatly to the beauty of this history, and am sorry I must dash the reader's impatience by acquainting him, that notwithstanding the eagerness of the old king and youthful ardour of the prince, the nuptials were obliged to be postponed; the archbishop declaring that it was essentially necessary to have a dispensation from the pope, the parties being related within the forbidden degrees; a woman that never was, and a man that had been, being deemed first cousins in the eye of the canon law.

Hence arose a new difficulty. The religion of the Quifferiquimians was totally opposite to that of the papists. The former believed in nothing but grace; and they had a high-priest of their own, who pretended that he was master of the whole free-simple of grace, and by that possession could cause every thing to have been that never had been, and could prevent every thing that had been from ever having been. "We have nothing to do," said the prince to the king, "but to send a solemn embassy to the high-priest of grace, with a present of a hundred thousand million of ingots, and he will cause your charming no-daughter to have been, and will prevent my having died, and then there will be no occasion for a dispensation from your old fool at Rome."

How!

—How! thou impious, atheistical bag of drybones, cried the old king; dost thou profane our holy religion? Thou shalt have no daughter of mine, thou threc-legged skeleton—Go and be buried and be damned, as thou must be; for, as thou art dead, thou art past repentance: I would sooner give my child to a baboon, who has one leg more than thou hast, than bestow her on such a reprobate corpse.—You had better give your one-legged infant to the baboon, said the prince; they are fitter for one another. As much a corpse as I am, I am preferable to nobody; and who the devil would have married your no-daughter, but a dead body? For my religion, I lived and died in it, and it is not in my power to change it now if I would.—But for your part—A great shout interrupted this dialogue; and the captain of the guard, rushing into the royal closet, acquainted his majesty, that the second prince, in revenge of the prince's neglect, had given her hand to a dryfalter, who was a common-councilman; and that the city, in consideration of the match, had proclaimed them king and queen, allowing his majesty to retain the title for his life, which they had fixed for the term of six months; and ordering, in respect of his royal birth, that the prince should immediately lie in state and have a pompous funeral.

This revolution was so sudden and so universal, that all parties approved, or were forced to seem to approve it. The old king, died the next day, as the courtiers said, for joy; the prince of Quifferiquimini was buried in spite of his appeal to the law of nations; and the youngest princess, went distracted, and was shut up in a madhouse, calling out day and night for a husband with three legs.

T A L E III.

The Dice Box : A Fairy Tale.

Translated from the French Translation of the Countess D'UNOIS, for the Entertainment of
Miss CAROLINE CAMPBELL*.

THERE was a merchant of Damascus named Aboulcasem, who had an only daughter called Pissimissi, which signifies *the waters of Jordan*; because a fairy foretold at her birth that she would be one of Solomon's concubines. Azazel, the angel of death, having transported Aboulcasem to the regions of bliss, he had no fortune to bequeath to his beloved child but the shell of a pistachia-nut drawn by an elephant and a ladybird. Pissimissi, who was but nine years old, and who had been kept in great confinement, was impatient to see the world; and no sooner was the breath out of her father's body, than she got into the car, and, whipping her elephant and ladybird, drove out of the yard as fast as possible, without knowing whither she was going. Her coursers never stopped till they came to the foot of a brazen tower, that had neither doors nor windows, in which lived an old enchantress, who had locked herself up there with seventeen thousand husbands. It had but one single vent for air, which was a small chimney grated over, through which it was scarce possible to put one's hand. Pissimissi, who was very impatient, ordered her coursers to fly with her up to the top of the chimney; which, as they were the most docile creatures in the world, they immediately did: but unluckily the fore paw of the elephant lighting on the top of the chimney, broke down the grate by its weight, but at the same time stopped up the passage so entirely, that all the enchantress's husbands were stifled for want of air. As it was a collection she had made with great care and cost, it is easy to imagine her vexation and rage. She raised a storm of thunder and lightning

* Eldest daughter of lord William Campbell. She lived with her aunt the countess of Ailesbury.
that

that lasted eight hundred and four years; and having conjured up an army of two thousand devils, she ordered them to slay the elephant alive, and dress it for her supper with anchovy sauce. Nothing could have saved the poor beast, if, struggling to get loose from the chimney, he had not happily broken wind, which it seems is a great preservative against devils. They all flew a thousand ways, and in their hurry carried away half the brazen tower; by which means the elephant, the car, the ladybird, and Pissimiss got loose; but in their fall tumbled through the roof of an apothecary's shop, and broke all his bottles of physic. The elephant, who was very dry with his fatigue, and who had not much taste, immediately sucked up all the medicines with his proboscis; which occasioned such a variety of effects in his bowels, that it was well he had such a strong constitution, or he must have died of it. His evacuations were so plentiful, that he not only drowned the tower of Babel, near which the apothecary's shop stood, but the current ran fourscore leagues till it came to the sea, and there poisoned so many whales and leviathans, that a pestilence ensued, and lasted three years nine months and sixteen days. As the elephant was extremely weakened by what had happened, it was impossible for him to draw the car for eighteen months; which was a cruel delay to Pissimiss's impatience, who during all that time could not travel above a hundred miles a day; for, as she carried the sick animal in her lap, the poor ladybird could not make longer stages with no assistance. Besides, Pissimiss bought every thing she saw wherever she came; and all was crowded into the car, and stuffed into the seat. She had purchased ninety-two dolls, seventeen baby-houses, six cart-loads of sugar-plums, a thousand cels of gingerbread, eight dancing dogs, a bear and a monkey, four toyshops with all their contents, and seven dozen of bibs and aprons of the newest fashion. They were jogging on with all this cargo over mount Caucasus, when an immense humming-bird, who had been struck with the beauty of the ladybird's wings, that I had forgot to say were of ruby spotted with black pearls, sousing down at once upon her prey, swallowed ladybird, Pissimiss, the elephant, and all their commodities. It happened that the humming-bird belonged to Solomon; he let it out of its cage every morning after breakfast, and it constantly came home by the time the council broke up. Nothing could equal the surprise of his majesty and the courtiers, when the dear little creature arrived, with the elephant's proboscis hanging out of its divine little bill. However, after the first astonishment was over, his majesty, who to be sure was wisdom itself, and who understood natural philosophy that it was a charm to hear him discourse

of

of those matters, and who was actually making a collection of dried beasts and birds in twelve thousand volumes of the best fool's-cap paper, immediately perceived what had happened; and taking out of the side-pocket of his breeches a diamond toothpick-case of his own turning, with the toothpick made of the only unicorn's horn he ever saw, he stuck it into the elephant's snout, and began to draw it out: but all his philosophy was confounded, when jammed between the elephant's legs he perceived the head of a beautiful girl, and between her legs a baby-house, which with the wings extended thirty feet, out of the windows of which rained a torrent of sugar-plums, that had been placed there to make room. Then followed the bear, who had been pressed to the bales of gingerbread and was covered all over with it, and looked but uncouthly; and the monkey with a doll in every paw, and his pouches so crammed with sugar-plums that they hung on each side of him, and trailed on the ground behind like the duchess of *****'s beautiful breasts. Solomon, however, gave small attention to this procession, being caught with the charms of the lovely Pissimissi: he immediately began the song of songs extempore; and what he had seen—I mean, all that came out of the humming-bird's throat—had made such a jumble in his ideas, that there was nothing so unlike to which he did not compare all Pissimissi's beauties. As he sung his canticles too to no tune, and God knows had but a bad voice, they were far from comforting Pissimissi: the elephant had torn her best bib and apron, and she cried and roared, and kept such a squalling, that, though Solomon carried her in his arms and showed her all the fine things in the temple, there was no pacifying her. The queen of Sheba, who was playing at backgammon with the high-priest, and who came every October to converse with Solomon, though she did not understand a word of Hebrew, hearing the noise, came running out of her dressing-room; and seeing the king with a squalling child in his arms, asked him peevishly, if it became his reputed wisdom to expose himself with his bastards to all the court? Solomon, instead of replying, began singing; which so provoked the Sheban princess, that, happening to have one of the dice-boxes in her hand, she without any ceremony threw it at his head. The enchantress, whom I mentioned before, and who, though invisible, had followed Pissimissi, and drawn her into her train of misfortunes, turned the dice-box aside, and directed it to Pissimissi's nose; which being something flat, like madame de *****'s, it stuck there, and being of ivory, Solomon ever after compared his beloved's nose to the tower that leads to Damascus. The queen, though ashamed of her behaviour, was not in her heart sorry for the accident;

dent ; but when she found that it only increased the monarch's passion, her contempt redoubled ; and calling him a thousand old fools to herself, she ordered her postchaise and drove away in a fury, without leaving sixpence for the servants ; and nobody knows what became of her or her kingdom, which has never been heard of since.

T A L E IV.

The Peach in Brandy. • A Milesian Tale.

FITZ Séanlan Mac Giolla l'ha druig', king of Kilkenny, the thousand and fifty-seventh descendant in a direct line from Milesius king of Spain, had an only daughter called Great A, and by corruption Grata; who being arrived at years of discretion, and perfectly initiated by her royal parents in the arts of government, the fond monarch determined to resign his crown to her; having accordingly assembled the senate, he declared his resolution to them, and having delivered his sceptre into the princess's hand, he obliged her to ascend the throne; and, to set the example, was the first to kiss her hand, and vow eternal obedience to her. The senators were ready to stifle the new queen with panegyrics and addresses; the people, though they adored the old king, were transported with having a new sovereign; and the university, according to custom immemorial, presented her majesty, three months after every body had forgotten the event, with testimonials of the excessive sorrow and excessive joy they felt on losing one monarch and getting another.

Her majesty was now in the fifth year of her age, and a prodigy of sense and goodness. In her first speech to the senate, which she lisped with inimitable grace, she assured them that her heart was entirely Irish, and that she did not intend any longer to go in leading-strings; as a proof of which she immediately declared her nurse prime-minister. The senate applauded this sage choice with even greater encomiums than the last, and voted a free gift to the queen of a million of fugar-plums, and to the favourite of twenty thousand bottles of usquebaugh. Her majesty then jumping from her throne, declared it was her royal pleasure to play at blindman's-buff; but such a hub-bub arose from the senators' pushing, and pressing, and squeezing, and punching one another, to endeavour to be the first blinded, that in the scuffle her majesty

was

was thrown down, and got a bump on her forehead as big as a pigeon's egg, which set her a-squalling, that you might have heard her to Tipperary. The old king flew into a rage, and snatching up the mace knocked out the chancellor's brains, who at that time happened not to have any; and the queen-mother, who sat in a tribune above to see the ceremony, fell into a fit and miscarried of twins, who were killed by her majesty's fright; but the earl of Bullaboo, great butler of the crown, happening to stand next to the queen, caught up one of the dead children, and, perceiving it was a boy, ran down to the king and wished him joy of the birth of a son and heir. The king, who had now recovered his sweet temper, called him a fool and blunderer; upon which Mr. Phelim O'Torture, a zealous courtier, started up with great presence of mind and accused the earl of Bullaboo of high treason, for having asserted that his late majesty had had any other heir than their present most lawful and most religious sovereign queen Grata. An impeachment was voted by a large majority, though not without warm opposition, particularly from a celebrated Kilkennian orator, whose name is unfortunately not come down to us, it being erased out of the journals afterwards, as the Irish author whom I copy says, when he became first lord of the treasury, as he was during the whole reign of queen Grata's successor. The argument of this Mr. Killmorackill, says my author, whose name is lost, was, that her majesty the queen-mother having conceived a son before the king's resignation, that son was indubitably heir to the crown, and consequently the resignation void, it not signifying an iota whether the child was born alive or dead: it was alive, said he, when it was conceived—Here he was called to order by Dr. O'Flaharty, the queen-mother's man-midwife and member for the borough of Corbelly, who entered into a learned dissertation on embryos; but he was interrupted by the young queen's crying for her supper, the previous question for which was carried without a negative; and then the house being resumed, the debate was cut short by the impatience of the majority to go and drink her majesty's health. This seeming violence gave occasion to a very long protest, drawn up by sir Archee Mac Sarcaism, in which he contrived to state the claim of the departed fœtus so artfully, that it produced a civil war, and gave rise to those bloody ravages and massacres which so long laid waste the ancient kingdom of Kilkenny, and which were at last terminated by a lucky accident, well known, says my author, to every body, but which he thinks it his duty to relate for the sake of those who never may have heard it. These are his words:

It happened that the archbishop of Tuum (anciently called Meum by the Roman catholic clergy), the great wit of those times, was in the queen-mother's closet; who had the young queen in her lap ^{3.} His grace was suddenly seized with a violent fit of the cholick, which made him make such wry faces, that the queen-mother thought he was going to die, and ran out of the room to send for a physician, for she was a pattern of goodness, and void of pride. While she was stepped into the servants' hall to call somebody, according to the simplicity of those times, the archbishop's pains increased, when perceiving something on the mantle-piece, which he took for a peach in brandy, he gulped it all down at once without saying grace, God forgive him! and found great comfort from it. He had not done licking his lips before the queen-mother returned, when queen Grata cried out, "Mama, mama, the gentleman has eat my little brother!" This fortunate event put an end to the contest, the male line entirely failing in the person of the devoured prince. The archbishop, however, who became pope by the name of Innocent the third, having afterwards a son by his sister, named the child Fitzpatrick, as having some of the royal blood in its veins; and from him are descended all the younger branches of the Fitzpatricks of our time. Now the rest of the acts of Grata, and all that she did, are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Kilkenny?

NOTES ON TALE IV.

* Vide Lodge's Peerage of Ireland, in the Family of Fitzpatrick.

† Queen Anne in her first speech to the parliament said, her heart was entirely English.

‡ Some commentators have ignorantly supposed that the Irish author is guilty of a great anachronism in this passage; for having said that the contested succession occasioned long wars, he yet speaks of Queen Grata, at the conclusion of them, as still sitting in her mother's lap as a child. Now I can confute them from their own state of the question. *Like a child*, does not import that she actually was a child: she only sat *like a child*; and so she might though thirty years old. Civilians have declared at what period of his life a king may be of age before he is: but neither Grotius nor Puffendorff, nor any of the tribe, have determined how long a king or queen may remain infants after they are past their infancy.

T A L E V.

MI LI. *A Chinese Fairy Tale.*

MI LI, prince of China, was brought up by his godmother the fairy Hih, who was famous for telling fortunes with a tea-cup. From that unerring oracle she assured him, that he would be the most unhappy man alive unless he married a princess whose name was the same with her father's dominions. As in all probability there could not be above one person in the world to whom that accident had happened, the prince thought there would be nothing so easy as to learn who his destined bride was. He had been too well educated to put the question to his godmother, for he knew when she uttered an oracle, that it was with intention to perplex, not to inform; which has made people so fond of consulting all those who do not give an explicit answer, such as prophets, lawyers, and any body you meet on the road, who, if you ask the way, reply by desiring to know whence you came. Mi Li was no sooner returned to his palace than he sent for his governor, who was deaf and dumb, qualities for which the fairy had selected him, that he might not instil any bad principles into his pupil; however, in recompence, he could talk upon his fingers like an angel. Mi Li asked him directly who the princess was whose name was the same with her father's kingdom? This was a little exaggeration in the prince, but nobody ever repeats any thing just as they heard it: besides, it was excusable in the heir of a great monarchy, who of all things had not been taught to speak truth, and perhaps had never heard what it was. Still it was not the mistake of *kingdom* for *dominions* that puzzled the governor. It never helped him to understand any thing the better for its being rightly stated. However, as he had great presence of mind, which consisted in never giving a direct answer, and in looking as if he could, he replied, it was a question of too great importance to be resolved on a sudden. How came you to know that? said the prince.—This youthful impetuosity told the governor that there was something more in the question than

he had apprehended; and though he could be very solemn about nothing, he was ten times more so when there was something he did not comprehend. Yet that unknown something occasioning a conflict between his cunning and his ignorance, and the latter being the greater, always betrayed itself, for nothing looks so silly as a fool acting wisdom. The prince repeated his question; the governor demanded why he asked—the prince had not patience to spell the question over again on his fingers, but bawled it as loud as he could, to no purpose. The courtiers ran in, and catching up the prince's words, and repeating them imperfectly, it soon flew all over Peking, and thence into the provinces, and thence into Tartary, and thence to Muscovy, and so on, that the prince wanted to know who the princess was, whose name was the same as her father's. As the Chinese have not the blessing (for aught I know) of having family surnames as we have, and as what would be their christian-names, if they were so happy as to be christians, are quite different for men and women, the Chinese, who think that must be a rule all over the world because it is theirs, decided that there could not exist upon the square face of the earth a woman whose name was the same as her father's. They repeated this so often, and with so much deference and so much obstinacy, that the prince, totally forgetting the original oracle, believed that he wanted to know who the woman was who had the same name as her father. However, remembering there was something in the question that he had taken for royal, he always said *the king her father*. The prime minister consulted the red book or court-calendar, which was *his* oracle, and could find no such princess. All the ministers at foreign courts were instructed to inform themselves if there was any such lady; but as it took up a great deal of time to put these instructions into cypher, the prince's impatience could not wait for the couriers setting out, but he determined to go himself in search of the princess. The old king, who, *as is usual*, had left the whole management of affairs to his son the moment he was fourteen, was charmed with the prince's resolution of seeing the world, which he thought could be done in a few days, the facility of which makes so many monarchs never stir out of their own palaces till it is too late; and his majesty declared, that he should approve of his son's choice, be the lady who she would, provided she answered to the divine designation of having the same name as her father.

The prince rode post to Canton, intending to embark there on board an English man of war. With what infinite transport did he hear the evening be-

fore he was to embark, that a sailor knew the identic lady in question. The prince scalded his mouth with the tea he was drinking, broke the old china cup it was in, and which the queen his mother had given him at his departure from Pekin, and which had been given to her great great great great grandmother queen Fi by Confucius himself, and ran down to the vessel and asked for the man who knew his bride. It was honest Tom O'Bull, an Irish sailor, who by his interpreter Mr. James Hall, the supercargo, informed his highness that Mr. Bob Oliver of Sligo had a daughter christened of both his names, the fair miss Bob Oliver ! The prince by the plenitude of his power declared Tom a mandarin of the first class, and at Tom's desire promised to speak to his brother the king of Great Ireland, France and Britain, to have him made a peer in his own country, Tom saying he should be ashamed to appear there without being a lord as well as all his acquaintance.

The prince's passion, which was greatly inflamed by Tom's description of her highness Bob's charms, would not let him stay for a proper set of ladies from Pekin to carry to wait on his bride, so he took a dozen of the wives of the first merchants in Canton, and two dozen virgins as maids of honour, who however were disqualified for their employments before his highness got to St. Helena. Tom himself married one of them, but was so great a favourite with the prince, that she still was appointed maid of honour, and with Tom's consent was afterwards married to an English duke.

Nothing can paint the agonies of our royal lover, when on his landing at Dublin he was informed that princess Bob had quitted Ireland, and was married to nobody knew whom. It was well for Tom that he was on Irish ground. He would have been chopped as small as rice, for it is death in China to mislead the heir of the crown through ignorance. To do it knowingly is no crime, any more than in other countries.

As a prince of China cannot marry a woman that has been married before, it was necessary for Mi Li to search the world for another lady equally qualified with miss Bob, whom he forgot the moment he was told he must marry somebody else, and fell equally in love with somebody else, though he knew not with whom. In this suspense he dreamt, *“that he would find his destined spouse, whose father had lost the dominions which never had been his dominions, in a place where there was a bridge over no water, a tomb where nobody ever was buried nor ever would be buried, ruins that were*

more than they had ever been, a subterraneous passage in which there were dogs with eyes of rubies and emeralds, and a more beautiful menagerie of Chinese pheasants than any in his father's extensive gardens." This oracle seemed so impossible to be accomplished, that he believed it more than he had done the first; which shewed his great piety. He determined to begin his second search, and being told by the lord lieutenant that there was in England a Mr. Banks, who was going all over the world in search of he did not know what, his highness thought he could not have a better conductor, and sailed for England. There he learnt that the sage Banks was at Oxford, hunting in the Bodleian library for a MS. voyage of a man who had been in the moon, which Mr. Banks thought must have been in the western ocean, where the moon sets, and which planet if he could discover once more, he would take possession of in his majesty's name, upon condition that it should never be taxed, and so be lost again to this country like the rest of his majesty's dominions in that part of the world.

Mi Li took a hired post-chaise for Oxford, but as it was a little rotten it broke on the new road down to Henley. A beggar advised him to walk into general Conway's, who was the most courteous person alive, and would certainly lend him his own chaise. The prince travelled incog. He took the beggar's advice, but going up to the house was told the family were in the grounds, but he should be conducted to them. He was led through a venerable wood of beeches, to a menagerie commanding a more glorious prospect than any in his father's dominions, and full of Chinese pheasants. The prince cried out in ecstasy, Oh! potent Hih! my dream begins to be accomplished. The gardener, who knew no Chinese but the names of a few plants, was struck with the similitude of the sounds, but discreetly said not a word. Not finding his lady there, as he expected, he turned back, and plunging suddenly into the thickest gloom of the wood, he descended into a cavern totally dark, the intrepid prince following him boldly. After advancing a great way into this subterraneous vault, at last they perceived light, when on a sudden they were pursued by several small spaniels, and turning to look at them, the prince perceived their eyes shone like emeralds and rubies. Instead of being amazed, as Fo-Hi, the founder of his race, would have been, the prince renewed his exclamations, and cried, I advance! I advance! I shall find my bride! Great Hih! though art infallible! Emerging into light, the imperturbed gardener conducted his highness to a heap of artificial ruins, be-

neath which they found a spacious gallery or arcade, where his highness was asked if he would not repose himself; but, instead of answering, he capered like one frantic, crying out, I advance! I advance! Great Hih! I advance!—The gardener was amazed, and doubted whether he was not conducting a madman to his master and lady, and hesitated whether he should proceed;—but as he understood nothing the prince said, and perceiving he must be a foreigner, he concluded he was a Frenchman by his dancing. As the stranger too was so nimble and not at all tired with his walk, the sage gardener proceeded down a sloping valley, between two mountains clothed to their summits with cedars, firs, and pines, which he took care to tell the prince were all of his honour the general's own planting: but though the prince had learnt more English in three days in Ireland, than all the French in the world ever learnt in three years, he took no notice of the information, to the great offence of the gardener, but kept running on, and increased his gambols and exclamations when he perceived the vale was terminated by a stupendous bridge, that seemed composed of the rocks which the giants threw at Jupiter's head, and had not a drop of water beneath it.—Where is my bride, my bride? cried Mi Li—I must be near her. The prince's shouts and cries drew a matron from a cottage that stood on a precipice near the bridge, and hung over the river.—My lady is down at Ford-house, cried the good woman, who was a little deaf, concluding they had called to her to know. The gardener knew it was in vain to explain his distress to her, and thought that if the poor gentleman was really mad, his master the general would be the properest person to know how to manage him. Accordingly, turning to the left, he led the prince along the banks of the river, which glittered through the opening fallows, while on the other hand a wilderness of shrubs climbed up the pendant cliffs of chalk, and contrasted with the verdant meads and fields of corn beyond the stream. The prince, insensible to such enchanting scenes, galloped wildly along, keeping the poor gardener on a round trot, till they were stopped by a lonely tomb, surrounded by cypress, yews, and willows, that seemed the monument of some adventurous youth who had been lost in tempting the current, and might have suited the gallant and daring Leander. Here Mi Li first had presence of mind to recollect the little English he knew, and eagerly asked the gardener whose tomb he beheld before him? It is nobody's—Before he could proceed, the prince interrupted him: And will it never be any body's?—Oh! thought the gardener, now there is no longer any doubt of his phrensy—and perceiving his master and the family approaching towards them, he endeavoured to get the start: but the prince, much younger, and borne too on the wings of
love,

love, set out full speed the moment he saw the company, and particularly a young damsel with them. Running almost breathless up to lady Ailebury, and seizing miss Campbell's hand—he cried, *Who she? who she?* Lady Ailebury screamed, the young maiden squalled, the general, cool but offended, rushed between them, and, if a prince could be collared, would have collared him—Mi Li kept fast hold with one arm, but pointing to his prize with the other, and with the most eager and supplicating looks entreating for an answer, continued to exclaim, *Who she? who she?* The general, perceiving by his accent and manner that he was a foreigner, and rather tempted to laugh than be angry, replied with civil scorn, Why, *she* is miss Caroline Campbell, daughter of lord William Campbell, his majesty's late governor of Carolina—Oh, Hih! I now recollect thy words! cried Mi Li—And so she became princess of China.

NOTES ON TALE V.

¹ THERE really was such a person.

² Lady Allefbury's.

³ At Park-place there is such a passage cut through a chalk-hill: when dogs are in the middle, the light from the mouth makes their eyes appear in the manner here described.

⁴ Consequently they seem to have been larger,

⁵ The rustic bridge at Park-place was built by general Conway, to carry the road from Henley, and to leave the communication free between his grounds on each side of the road. Vide Anecdotes of Painting.

⁶ The old woman who kept the cottage built by general Conway to command a glorious prospect. Ford-house is a farm-house at the termination of the grounds.

⁷ A fictitious tomb in a beautiful spot by the river, built for a point of view: it has a small pyramid on it.

T A' L E VI.

A true Love Story.

IN the height of the animosities between the factions of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, a party of Venetians had made an inroad into the territories of the Viscontis, sovereigns of Milan, and had carried off the young Orondates, then at nurse. His family were at that time under a cloud, though they could boast of being descended from Canis Scaliget, lord of Verona. The captors sold the beautiful Orondates to a rich widow of the noble family of Grimaldi, who, having no children, brought him up with as much tenderness as if he had been her son. Her fondness increased with the growth of his stature and charms, and the violence of his passions were augmented by the signora Grimaldi's indulgence. Is it necessary to say that love reigned predominantly in the soul of Orondates? or that in a city like Venice a form like that of Orondates met with little resistance?

The Cyprian Queen, not content with the numerous oblations of Orondates on her altars, was not satisfied while his heart remained unengaged. Across the canal, over-against the palace of Grimaldi, stood a convent of Carmelite nuns, the abbess of which had a young African slave of the most exquisite beauty, called Azora, a year younger than Orondates. Jet and japan were tawney and without lustre, when compared to the hue of Azora. Afric never produced a female so perfect as Azora; as Europe could boast but of one Orondates.

The signora Grimaldi, though no bigot, was pretty regular at her devotions; but as lansquenet was more to her taste than praying, she hurried over her masses as fast as she could, to allot more of her precious time to cards. This made her prefer the church of the Carmelites, separated only by a small bridge, though the abbess was of a contrary faction. However, as both

ladies were of equal quality, and had had no altercations that could countenance incivility, reciprocal curtsies always passed between them, the coldness of which each pretended to lay on their attention to their devotions, though the signora Grimaldi attended but little to the priest, and the abbess was chiefly employed in watching and criticising the inattention of the signora.

Not so Orondates and Azora. Both constantly accompanied their mistresses to mass, and the first moment they saw each other was decisive in both breasts. Venice ceased to have more than one fair in the eyes of Orondates, and Azora had not remarked till then that there could be more beautiful beings in the world than some of the Carmelite nuns.

The seclusion of the abbess, and the aversion between the two ladies, which was very cordial on the side of the holy one, cut off all hopes from the lovers. Azora grew grave, and pensive, and melancholy; Orondates surly and intractable. Even his attachment to his kind patroness relaxed. He attended her reluctantly but at the hours of prayer. Often did she find him on the steps of the church ere the doors were opened. The signora Grimaldi was not apt to make observations. She was content with indulging her own passions, seldom restrained those of others; and though good offices rarely presented themselves to her imagination, she was ready to exert them when applied to, and always talked charitably of the unhappy at her cards, if it was not a very unlucky deal.

Still it is probable that she never would have discovered the passion of Orondates, had not her woman, who was jealous of his favour, given her a hint; at the same time remarking, under affectation of good will, how well the circumstances of the lovers were suited, and, that as her ladyship was in years, and would certainly not think of providing for a creature she had bought in the public market, it would be charitable to marry the fond couple, and settle them on her farm in the country.

Fortunately madame Grimaldi always was open to good impressions, and rarely to bad. Without perceiving the malice of her woman, she was struck with the idea of a marriage. She loved the cause, and always promoted it when it was honestly in her power. She seldom made difficulties, and never apprehended them. Without even examining Orondates on the state of his inclinations, without recollecting that madame Capello and she were of dif-

ferent parties, without taking any precautions to guard against a refusal, she instantly wrote to the abbess to propose a marriage between Orondates and Azora.

The latter was in madame Capello's chamber when the note arrived. All the fury that authority loves to console itself with for being under restraint, all the asperity of a bigot, all the acrimony of party, and all the fictitious rage that prudery adopts when the sensual enjoyments of others are concerned, burst out on the helpless Azora, who was unable to divine how she was concerned in the fatal letter. She was made to endure all the calumnies that the abbess would have been glad to have hurled at the head of madame Grimaldi, if her own character and the rank of that offender would have allowed it. Impotent menaces of revenge were repeated with emphasis; and as nobody in the convent dared to contradict her, she gratified her anger and love of prating with endless tautologies. In fine, Azora was strictly locked up, and bread and water were ordered as sovereign cures for love. Twenty replies to madame Grimaldi were written and torn, as not sufficiently expressive of a resentment that was rather vociferous than eloquent; and her confessor was at last forced to write one, in which he prevailed to have some holy cant inserted, though forced to compound for a heap of irony that related to the antiquity of her family, and for many unintelligible allusions to vulgar stories which the Ghibelline party had treasured up against the Guelfs. The most lucid part of the epistle pronounced a sentence of eternal chastity on Azora, not without some sarcastic expressions against the promiscuous amours of Orondates, which ought in common decorum to have banished him long ago from the mansion of a widowed matron.

Just as this fulminatory mandate had been transcribed and signed by the lady abbess in full chapter, and had been consigned to the confessor to deliver, the portress of the convent came running out of breath, and announced to the venerable assembly, that Azora, terrified by the abbess's blows and threats, had fallen in labour and miscarried of four puppies: for be it known to all posterity, that Orondates was an Italian greyhound, and Azora a black spaniel.

P O S T S C R I P T.

THE foregoing Tales are given for no more than they are worth : they are mere whimsical trifles, written chiefly for private entertainment ; and for private amusement half a dozen copies only are printed. They deserve at most to be considered as an attempt to vary the stale and beaten class of stories and novels, which, though works of invention, are almost always devoid of imagination. It would scarcely be credited, were it not evident from the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which contains the fictitious adventures that have been written in all ages and all countries, that there should have been so little fancy, so little variety, and so little novelty, in writings in which the imagination is fettered by no rules, and by no obligation of speaking truth. There is infinitely more invention in history, which has no merit if devoid of truth, than in romances and novels, which pretend to none.

MISCELLANEOUS PIÈCES

IN

P R O S E

VOL. IV.

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A
P A R O D Y
OF
LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS
TO
H. I. S. S O. N.

INTRODUCTION.

IT can never be sufficiently lamented by philosophers, that the late earl of Chesterfield, who was so perfect a master of all the decorations of which the human mind or body is susceptible, should not have left us a system of education for a daughter as well as for a son: or rather may we not regret that his lordship's amours were not crowned with a perfect exemplar of each sex? No man, by his lordship's own account, was more intimately acquainted with the fairer part of the creation: and sensible as he seems to have been of their defects, who could have better chalked out a dispensatory of remedies? His whole study seems to have been to have imposed upon mankind by specious qualities—undoubtedly, for no reason, but because he thought external qualifications were all that mankind could judge of, or that could procure their esteem. As his appetite for fame and approbation was both intense and indefatigable, he would assuredly not have omitted all the virtues of the heart, had he not been convinced that virtue was never rewarded with public applause. He, who in forty years never uttered a word without stopping to search for a

better, could not have been so indolent as not to cultivate the duties of humanity, had he discovered that they tended to recommend the possessor. When he enjoins his pupil to be *aimable*, and *d'avoir des attentions*, is it not evident he knew that generosity, patriotism, charity, and friendship, were useless attributes? It is plain he thought so, for he has never mentioned them in the list of attractions. For friendship, he seems rather to have warned his disciple against it—a caution imbibed from ambassadors, the profession to which he dedicated his son, and who, being trained to be spies, are rather incompatible with friends. To hear and see, only to tell and betray, is not an intercourse proper for Orestes or Pylades.

To supply this want of a female education, whither can we go so judiciously as to the same source? Having perused his lordship's tractate as often as Rapin read over Livy before he composed his History of England (which is so unlike Livy), I am persuaded that his lordship's system will answer the purpose. Nay, I do not know whether it is not itself, *mutatis mutandis*, more properly a system of female than male education, and may, not with some slight alterations serve as well to bring up a fine lady as a fine gentleman. *The Graces, the Graces!* on them alone is founded his lordship's whole plan. Are not the Graces as essential to a maid of honour or a duchess (I do not mean a pun) as to an ambassador or a senator? To write French letters, to speak languages, to be acquainted with ribbands, stars, orders of knighthood, religious orders, the ceremonies of the Romish church, to dance well, come into a room well, carve well, would sit as well on a woman of quality as on sir Joseph Y—— or sir Joseph M——. To tell fibs, to pick the nose or ears, to cruciate, to be absent in company, to be as unhandy as lord Lyttelton, to write bad grammar or spell message-cards ill, would as little become the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting as the first minister. For a woman of fashion to intrigue with her footman is as disgraceful and as dangerous as a lad's frequenting common women. Drams and champagne disorder both sexes. Gallantry in both is genteel; and an affair with Mr. F—— may be as creditable as one with madame de Blot. When a daughter comes home from the boarding-school, would not a tender mother be as much shocked at the young lady's bursting into the room without a curtsy, as lord Chesterfield declared he should be if Mr. Stanhope's *premier abord*, on his return from his travels, was not graceful? Would it not give the signora madre an equal fever?

PARODY OF LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS. 357

Let us run a parallel a little farther. Elocution and style his lordship pronounces the chief ingredients of eloquence. Every body's matter, he declares, is the same. If words, style and manner are all, and matter is nothing, who can deny but under the character of a complete orator his lordship has drawn the portrait of an empty, loquacious, but agreeable woman? No matter what she says, if she says it politely.

As his lordship unquestionably, for the picture he has drawn of a fine gentleman, may not his lordship's example be adopted into the system with the highest propriety; and with equal propriety be recommended to fine ladies? Ought not a matron, on such a precedent, to write to miss her daughter all the scandal she hears or invents? May she not depend upon her daughter's discretion for its being spread? or to her daughter's husband for its being published while the parties are living? Parental fondness and prudence will justify the propagation of any cruelty, as to furnish one's child with any instance of successful futility, will justify advising that child to copy the capital triflers of every age. No century can be barren in marshal Richelieu's of the female sex.

This then is the plan I mean to pursue. Without deviating from the sacred text, I shall paraphrase every letter for the use of young ladies, making none but the necessary alterations—dilating the author's sense when too compressed; but never presuming to abridge the abundant repetitions, as it is impossible to beat the graces into a young head too often. If the version I have presumed to give of the three first letters should meet with success, I shall continue with equal fidelity to adapt the rest to the meanest capacities; and though the present age seems as it were by intuition to have educated itself on his lordship's plan, I shall still have the satisfaction of transmitting to posterity a faithful delineation of the system of education necessary to form a complete *Macaronese*,

THE
NEW WHOLE DUTY OF WOMAN,

In a SERIES of LETTERS from a MOTHER to a DAUGHTER

BEING

A COUNTER-PART

TO

The Earl of CHESTERFIELD'S "System of Education."

LETTER I.

THEY tell me, miss, that you are disposed to travel, and that your first airing will be to Hammersmith. Wherefore I think it my duty to wish you a good journey and fine weather. You will be so kind, I flatter myself, as to inform me of your arrival; and if you meet with any good buns or cheese-cakes, pray bring me some.

Hammersmith is a smaller town than Brentford, but not so ugly or dirty. In its neighbourhood are other villages; as Ealing, Acton, Kew, and Turnham Green. The latter carries on a great commerce in pigeons. They are better eating than turtle-doves, which only last in season during the honey-moon.

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As Kew is governed by a king, there is generally in the lanes about Brentford a nation called gipsies, governed by a queen. They tell your fortune, and pick your pocket. Their faces are extremely brown, but their teeth are finer than those of ladies who wear white.

You are going to have a great many holidays; so pray, play your bellyfull. When you come back, you must stick closer to your horn-book than ever.

Adieu.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR CHILD,

AS you will all in good time read Dryden's Virgil and Pope's Homer, it is good in the first place to have some tincture of poetry, and to know in general the fibs to which poets often make allusion. You have heard the Bellman's verses at Christmas, and you have already perused Jack the Giant-killer and Mother Goose's Tales. You have heard of fairies, hobgoblins, ghosts, gods and goddeses, and jack o'lanthorns, and I hope you remember them. These are old stories, yet modern poets have never done with them; in particular, they always call upon Apollo and the Muses, though they are sure of never finding them at home, nor of having any notice taken of their visit. It is for this reason I send you the history of Apollo and the nine Muses; for, if you use yourself to leave your name for those who never visit you again, you will certainly never neglect those who are well bred and punctilious in returning visits. It is a charming thing so make visits and verses, and I hope you will have a talent for both. It is harder to make verses than visits; but the more difficult a thing is, the better: consequently, if you could do any thing that is impossible, it would be still more glorious.

Adieu.

LETTER III.

APOLLO was the son of Jupiter and Latona, a god and a woman, who, as the heathens thought, breed as easily together as animals of different species. Latona was delivered of him in the isle of Delos without the assistance of a midwife; for a god's children always come into the world when people don't think of it. He is the god of day; and thence, when verses have more tinsel than sense, it is called *phebus* or *cliquant*. He had a famous temple at Delphi, which delivered oracles. An oracle is an ambiguous account of something that is to happen, and consequently has not happened, and therefore impossible to be known. A prophecy is more certain, because it is generally made after the event.

The Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Memory; that is, he remembered he had daughters, but forgot by whom. They are the goddesses of poetry, history, music, and of all the arts and sciences: of poetry, because it has nothing to do with memory, but with invention; of history, because they are ancient maidens, who always invent scandal or remember it; of music, because poetry is akin to sound; and of arts and sciences, because ladies who were invented, must have invented them likewise; for the ancients, who were wiser than we, never gave a reason, that could be a reason, for any thing.

The Muses have three mountains, two fountains, and one horse, which compose a territory about as large as that of a German prince.

GENERAL CRITICISM.

ON

DR. JOHNSON'S WRITINGS.

DR. Johnson's works have obtained so much reputation, and the execution of them, from partiality to his abilities, has been rated so far above their merit, that, without detracting from his capacity or his learning, it may be useful to caution young authors against admiration of his *style* and *manner*, both of which are uncommonly vicious, and unworthy of imitation by any man who aims at excellence in writing his own language.

A marked *manner*, when it runs through all the compositions of any master, is a defect in itself, and indicates a deviation from nature. The writer betrays his having been struck by some particular tint, and his having overlooked nature's variety. It is true that the greatest masters of composition are so far imperfect, as that they always leave some marks by which we may discover their *hand*. He approaches the nearest to universality, whose works make it difficult for our quickness or sagacity to observe certain characteristic touches which ascertain the specific author.

'Dr. Johnson's works are as easily distinguished as those of the most affected writer; for exuberance is a fault as much as quaintness. There is meaning in almost every thing Johnson says; he is often profound, and a just reasoner—I mean, when prejudice, bigotry, and arrogance do not cloud or debase his logic. He is benevolent in the application of his morality; dogmatically uncharitable in the dispensation of his censures; and equally so, when he differs with his antagonist on general truths or partial doctrines.

The first criterion that stamps Johnson's works for his, is the loaded style. I will not call it verbose, because verbosity generally implies unmeaning verbiage; a censure he does not deserve. I have allowed and do allow, that most

of his words have an adequate, and frequently an illustrating purport, the true use of epithets; but then his words are indiscriminately select, and too forcible for ordinary occasions. They form a hardness of diction and a muscular toughness that resist all ease and graceful movement. Every sentence is as high-coloured as any: no paragraph improves; the position is as robust as the demonstration; and the weakest part of the sentence (I mean, in the effect, not in the solution) is generally the conclusion: he illustrates till he fatigues, and continues to prove, after he has convinced. This fault is so usual with him, he is so apt to charge with three different set of phrases of the same calibre, that, if I did not condemn his laboured coinage of new words, I would call his threefold inundation of synonymous expressions, *triptology*.

He prefers learned words to the simple and common. He is never simple, elegant or light. He destroys more enemies with the weight of his shield than with the point of his spear, and had rather make three mortal wounds in the same part than one. This monotony, the gricuous effect of pedantry and self-conceit, prevents him from being eloquent. He excites no passions but indignation: his writings send the reader away more satiated than pleased. If he attempts humour, he makes your reason smile, without making you gay; because the study that his learned mirth requires, destroys cheerfulness. It is the clumsy gambol of, a lettered elephant. We wonder that so grave an animal should have strayed into the province of the ape; yet admire that practice should have given the bulky quadruped so much agility.

Upon the whole, Johnson's style appears to me so encumbered, so void of ear and harmony, that I know no modern writer whose works can be redde aloud with so little satisfaction. I question whether one should not read a page of equal length in any modern author, in a minute's time less than one of Johnson's, all proper pauses and accents being duly attended to in both.

His works are the antipodes of taste, and he a schoolmaster of truth, but never its parent; for his doctrines have no novelty, and are never inculcated with indulgence either to the froward child or to the dull one. He has set nothing in a new light, yet is as diffuse as if we had every thing to learn. Modern writers have improved on the ancients only by conciseness. Dr. Johnson, like the chymists of Laputa, endeavours to carry back what has been digested, to its pristine and crude principles. He is a standing proof that the Muses leave works unfinished, if they are not embellished by the Graces.

STRANGE OCCURRENCES:

BEING

A CONTINUATION OF BAKER'S CHRONICLE.

Dec. 28, 1782.

THERE are few men, who, if they live long, might not contribute something to the history of mankind. I do not mean here collective wisdom, or such remarks as might tend to assist in the improvement of the mind or conduct. •On the contrary, I allude to such events as are foreign to the common march of causes and consequences. I mean such accidents as will probably always remain singular, and are rather deviations from, and exceptions to, the ordinary course of things, than the result of design and foresight. They answer in the moral world to the *lufus naturæ* in the natural; and as the latter are deposited in collections as curiosities, so the former are entitled to a place in an historical museum on the same foot.

That solemn recorder of prodigies and of celestial phenomena, which did, or were believed by devout credulity to happen, sir Richard Baker, wound up the conclusion of every reign with a catalogue of the battles that had been fought in the air, and of heavenly meteors, which, though conspicuous to half the globe, had no reference but to what had passed or was passing in England.

The extraordinary events I am going to relate, in imitation of sir Richard, shall have no applicatory comment—not but perhaps they did announce, or register, many of the wonderful revolutions that have happened in my time: but I think it is more generous, by not appropriating them, to leave every sooth-sayer or old gentlewoman to apply them as shall seem good to their religion, prejudices, or politics, the most infallible expounders of judgments.

A a a 2

Without

Without farther preface, I shall mention some half-dozen or more of those eccentric events that have fallen out within my own memory and observation. They are rather memorabilia than anecdotes, and, when once recorded, will probably sink to their proper place, the list of remarkable occurrences at the end of an almanac.

1st. George the first could speak no English; his prime minister, sir Robert Walpole, neither German nor French; they always conversed in Latin. It implied some parts to govern a prince in a dead language which neither spoke well; and which was little flexible to modern usages, and to a very intricate constitution, of which his majesty could have little idea when he did not even understand its language. It must have increased the minister's difficulties, and kept his abilities on the full stretch, that the duchess, of Kendal the mistress, and the Hanoverian ministers, were his constant enemies.

2d. The first duke of Chandos built the superb palace of Canons at such an enormous expence, and inhabited it with such profuse state, that he wasted the prodigious fortune he had raised; and the pile itself, built for ages, was pulled down the moment he died, and the materials and site were bought by Hallet the cabinet-maker, who built a house for himself on the spot.

3d. The descendants of Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell married in the fourth generation;

Charles II.	Lady Falconberg,
Lady Litchfield	Lady Ruffel,
Earl of Litchfield	Sir Thomas Frankland,
Earl of Litchfield	= Diana Frankland.

4th. The

Though the extraordinary circumstance I am going to mention did not happen in my time, but three or four years before my birth, it is worthy of entering into this list, and is as little likely to be paralleled in a similar way as any event here recorded.

Richard Cromwell, second protector, it is

well known, was produced as a witness at the age of near ninety, in Westminster-hall, in a civil suit. It is said that the counsel of the opposite party reviled the good old man with his father's crimes, but was reproved by the judge, who ordered a chair to be brought for the venerable ancient; and that queen Anne, to her honour,

4th. The baron de Neuhoff, a German gentleman and adventurer, was elected king of Corsica, was driven out by the Genoese, became a prisoner for debt in England, and recovered his liberty by giving up his effects to his creditors according to the act of insolvency; and all the effects he had to give up were his right to the kingdom of Corsica, which was registered accordingly for the benefit of his creditors.

5th and 6th. Wilkes and the female chevalier D'Eon were phenomena too. Niccolò Rienzi, Massaniello and others attained greater elevation than the first; but their precipitate catastrophes were the natural consequences of their folly, ignorance and intoxication. That Wilkes, after equal rashness, without the semblance of disguising a most profligate character, and after provoking and insulting the whole Scottish nation, should not only have escaped their various attempts to destroy him, but should, after emerging from a prison, have risen, still without any pretence to gravity and decorum, to all the steps of magistracy like the most sober citizen, and then to the first dignity of the city, and afterwards to its most lucrative employment—such a termination of such an outset baffles all reasoning, and will for ever discriminate Wilkes from other meteors of his class.

D'Eon, by the confusion of sexes, and who is certainly an hermaphrodite of a new kind, as nothing but the gender in her is feminine, is still more remarkable; nor can her history be complete, without taking in another extraordinary character, her master Louis Quinze. While she was insulting, and betraying, and exposing his most confidential ministers; the king kept up a private correspondence with her, and apprised her of all their plots for seizing her, and consequently of recovering the secrets in her power, which were his own secrets; and his fear of her disclosing which, might have been supposed the cause of his management. Shall we say, that he had more pleasure in disappointing his ministers than letting them serve him?

honour, commended the judge for his conduct. From Westminster-hall, Richard had the curiosity to go into the house of lords; and standing at the bar, and it being buzzed that so singular a personage was there, lord Bathurst, then one of the twelve new created peers, went to the bar

and conversed with Mr. Cromwell. Happening to ask how long it was since Mr. Cromwell had been in that house—"Never, my lord," answered Richard, "since I sat in that chair"—pointing to the throne.

The

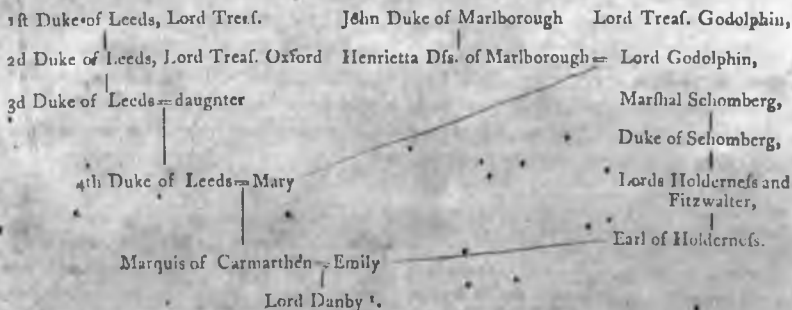
The impunity of Wilkes and D'Eon is a striking contrast to the ages in which poison and assassination revenged the slightest offences, and were called in aid to the furtherance of the most trifling politics.

7th. The duke of Riperda was a Dutchman, became prime minister of Spain, took refuge in England, learnt English in hopes of becoming prime minister here, went to Morocco, turned Mahometan, and died there in high credit.

8th and 9th. William Pitt, lord Chatham, was a second son, and became prime minister of England. His rival and antagonist was Henry Fox lord Holland, a second son likewise. Lord Holland's second son Charles Fox, and lord Chatham's second son William Pitt, are now rivals and antagonists: Fox has as great or greater parts than his father, with much better elocution, and equal power of reasoning. Mr. Pitt has not the dazzling commanding eloquence of his father, but argues much better. Perhaps there is not on record an instance of two statesmen who were rivals, being succeeded in equal rivalry by their sons—certainly not with so many concurrent circumstances.

10th. The two great houses of Campbell and Hamilton were long hostile and rivals for power in Scotland. At last the same woman married the two heads of those families, the dukes of Hamilton and Argyll, and has given an heir to each.

11th. This is the remarkable pedigree of lord Danby, eldest son of the present marquis of Carmarthen, only son of the present duke of Leeds:



^a Now marquis of Carmarthen.

So that lord Danby will be the representative of lord treasurer Leeds, of lord treasurer Godolphin, of the great duke of Marlborough, of marshal Schomberg, and of the earls of Holderness, and descends from lord treasurer Oxford too:—an extraordinary assemblage of descents from so many great men in a period of fourscore years.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

It is said that Congreve had too much wit in his comedies. It is a pity that no comic author has had the same fault.

A Gothic cathedral strikes one like the enthusiasm of poetry; St. Paul's, like the good sense of prose.

I would never dispute about any thing but at law; for there one has as much chance as another of getting the better without reason.

A dead language is the only one that lives long: and it is unlike the dead; for, by being dead, it avoids corruption.

In former ages, men were afraid of nothing but cowardice. Even riches, which now make men fond of life, and consequently timid, then made men brave; for every body was forced to defend his own property, or the stronger would have invaded it.

Of all the virtues, gratitude has the shortest memory.

There are playthings for all ages: the plaything of old people is to talk of the playthings of their youth.

Man is an avaricious animal.

History is a romance that is believed; romance, a history that is not believed.

Montaigne pleased, because he wrote what he thought—other authors think what they shall write.

This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel.

Our passions and our understandings agree so ill, that they resemble a Frenchman of quality and his wife, who, though they live in the same house together, have separate apartments, separate beds, go different ways, are seldom together, but are very civil to each other before company: and then the passions, like the lady, affect to have great deference for their husband the understanding.

It is idle to attempt to *talk* a young woman in love out of her passion: love does not lie in the ear.

Whoever expects pity by complaining to his physician, is as foolish as they who, having lost their money at cards, complain of their ill-luck to their companions the winners. If none were ill, or unfortunate, how would physicians or gamblers get money?

Beauty after five-and-thirty is like a forfeited peerage, the title of which is given by the courtesy of the well-bred to those who have no legal claim to it.

Albano's boy-angels and cupids are all so alike, that they seem to have been the children of the Flemish countess who was said to be delivered of three hundred and sixty-five at a birth.

Persons extremely reserved are like old enamelled watches, which had painted covers that hindered your seeing what o'clock it was.

Many new pieces please on first reading—if they have more novelty than merit. The second time they do not please, for surprise has no second part.

An author without originality is like a courtier, who is always dressed in the fashion: nobody minds the colour or make of his coat: if it is ill made, it is criticised; if not, what can be said on it? hundreds are dressed as well. Booksellers and salesmen lay up the book or the coat, the moment the fashion of it is passed, till they can sell either into the country.

If a man's eyes, ears, or memory decay, he ought to conclude that his understanding decays also; for the weaker it grows the less likely he is to perceive it.

Envy deserves pity more than anger, for it hurts nobody so much as itself. It is a distemper rather than a vice; for nobody would feel envy if he could help it. Whoever envies another, secretly allows that person's superiority.

When flatterers compliment kings for virtues that are the very reverse of their characters, they remind me of the story of a little boy who was apt to tell people of any remarkable defect in their persons. One day a gentleman who had an extraordinarily large nose being to dine with the boy's parents, his mother charged him not to say any thing of the gentleman's large nose. When he arrived, the child stared at him, and then, turning to his mother, said, "Mamma, what a pretty little nose that gentleman has!"

Experience becomes prescience.

Nothing is more vain than for a woman to deny her age; for she cannot deceive the only person that cares about it, herself. If a man dislikes a woman because he thinks her of the age she is, he will only dislike her the more for being told she is younger than she seems to be, and consequently looks older than she ought to do. The *anno Domini* of her face will weigh more than that of her register.

Censorious old women betray three things: one, that they have been galant; the next, that they can be so no longer; and the third, that they are always wishing they could be.

No woman ever invented a new religion; yet no new religion would ever have been spread but for women. Cool heads invent systems, warm heads embrace them.

Posterity always degenerates till it becomes our ancestors.

It is unfortunate to have no master but our own errors. If we profit ever

so much under them, the unjust public always recollect the master, more than they take notice of the improvement of the scholar.

Men are often capable of greater things than they perform. They are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

Warburton, in his ridiculous edition of Pope's works, quotes a passage from Winwood's Memorial, in which archbishop Abbot mentions Grotius with great contempt, who, being sent to England by the States, fatigued even that pedant king James with his pedantry and babbling dissertations on Arminianism and other foolish theological questions. He was warned that he would tire the scholastic monarch; but, to no purpose. Warburton laughs at the bishop of Ely, *who wondered what a man he had there*, and seems astonished that they were not charmed with such profusion of misplaced literature. Oxenstierna was so unlucky as to think like the bishop of Ely: but Mr. Warburton thought it very sensible in an ambassador to shock a prince and minister with whom he was to treat, and of course with whom he ought to have ingratiated himself, by venting all he knew or imagined about grace, free-will, and predestination! Let us suppose that Warburton was archbishop of Canterbury, and commissioned to treat with the ambassador of the States on entering into a league for the restitution of the Palatinate: Grotius might then have written the following letter to his masters.

High and mighty lords,

After having delivered my credentials, and been admitted to a private audience of the king, in which I complimented his majesty on his profound knowledge of the question of the irremissibility of super-efficient grace working to the non-effectivity of original sin, I received his majesty's commands to treat with my lord's grace of Canterbury on the several points of my commission. Accordingly, by appointment, I waited on his grace at Whitehall: and having slightly touched upon the disposition of your high mightinesses to concur under-hand with his majesty of Great Britain for the restoration of his son-in-law, I laid aside matters merely temporal; and, with all the ability I was master of, I began to sift his grace, what might be his opinions with regard to the late proceedings of the synod against the followers of Arminius. I am confident I talked a good two hours and half on the single point of

retro-active grace, and endeavoured to convince his grace, that St. Austin never understood that a saving faith was necessary *in ordine ad*, but only *in ordine ab*; a point which the English Separatists have always confounded. His grace heard me with singular pleasure and good will; and in his answer, and my replies we wasted four hours more, or somewhat better. His grace is a man of notable acuteness and irrefrangibility; and, bating certain light and wanton gallieisms in his expressions, is a very Chrysostom; and though he be reckoned a man of aspiring towardness, he truly loves good literature, and readily passeth himself of such discourses as only tend to the settling of kingdoms, or dispatching of the intricacies of state-affairs. I can assure your high mightinesses, that if no good end comes of my embassy, yet at least the notions of grace and predestination will have been more amply discussed than they could have been even in a general council; and by the grace of God I trust, in convenient time after my return, to present your high mightinesses with the subject of our discourses reduced into such a method, as I may boast will tend to instruct and edify; the promulgation of good literature and abstract divinity being the sole end of all my labours, and the greatest piece of service which I think I can do my country.

Yours, &c. &c. &c.

HUGO GROTIUS.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

THEY are simply called verses, because their author pretends not to be a poet : and though rhymes that do not rise to the merit of poetry want their chief recommendation, and consequently are not worth being preserved ; those given here are added only because many of them have appeared in print, and that the author cannot now deny what he has once avowed ; but means as much to submit them to censure, as to receive any small degree of approbation to what may appear to deserve it. For any pieces that now appear for the first time, he judges them not himself ; but gives them up to be condemned or tolerated as his readers shall think fit.

HOR. WALPOLE.

THE FUNERAL OF THE LIONESS:

A FABLE.

IMITATED FROM LA FONTAINE.



THE savage nation plung'd in crimes,
(As write the doctors of the times,
Who know exact what passions move
The breast-supreme of angry Jove),
The Thund'rer dipp'd his lightnings keen
In vials of small-pox and spleen,

And flew their gracious tawny queen.

The widow'd monarch much was griev'd,

Yet compliments in form receiv'd;

And to acquit at once his duty

To regal state and his dead beauty,

VOL. IV.

Coc

A solemn

The stag was never near to groan,
And he had reason, some folks say;
His wife and son had fall'n a prey
To her imperial highness' claws.
His wife and son!—Was that a cause
To stagger his allegiance? Then
Were royal appetite in vain;
And kings and queens of lion-blood
Might hunger for delicious food,
While subjects, calling life their own,
To grass and herbs would flint the throne.

A flatterer (good Delawar,
Such one has heard in courts thet ate)
Dropp'd somewhere near the monarch's ears,
That few had seen the stag in tears;
Nay, that a smile, ill-stifled, own'd
He joy'd for what the public groan'd.

• Boh! What, not sorrow for the queen!
• Was ever such a traitor seen?

Call all my guards, my grenadiers,
 Call my own regiment of bears!
 He dies this hour, and, piece-meal torn,
 Shall teach rebellion how to mourn.

The stag, who heard the thunder roll,
 And death pronounc'd by royal growl,
 With artful tale for grace implor'd:
 Great sir, he added, prince ador'd,
 Vain is the mockery of woe,
 Nor what to saints and queens we owe,
 Who, far remov'd from earthly cares,
 Or know not, or deride our tears.
 'Twas thus to my enraptur'd sight,
 Her mane and whiskers streaming light,
 Like sainted Francis, late appear'd
 Your gracious spouse, our queen rever'd:
 Her flapping tail and purr sedate
 Bespoke her soul's Elysian state;
 When thus she said: My friend, beware,
 Lest what the king's connubial care
 Of pomp intends, betray thy eye
 To drop the tear, or breast to sigh;
 While my ecstatic soul, refin'd
 From grosser cares of mortal kind,
 Nor meditates the Libyan chase,
 Nor mourns to leave my orphan race;
 But, where Elysian waters glide,
 With Clarke and Newton by my side,
 Purrs o'er the metaphysic page,
 Or ponders the prophetic rage
 Of Merlin, who mysterious sings
 Of men, and lions, beasts and kings

The crowd with shouts the welkin rent;
 The monarch lion growl'd content,
 Stood on four tiptoes, grasp'd his sword,
 Strutted, prepar'd to be ador'd,

And gave the stag to kiss, the paw
He fancied held the world in awe.

The moral of the fable faith,
Flatt'ry will please, where truth is death.



V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN APRIL 1750.

CELIA now had completed some fifty campaigns,
 And for new generations was hammering chains;
 When, whetting those terrible weapons her eyes,
 To Jenny her handmaid in anger she cries,
 Careless creature, did mortal e'er buy such a glass?
 To see one in this, who would guess what I was?
 Lord, madam, says Jane, you're so hard to be pleas'd!
 Ev'ry glass-man in town I am sure I have teas'd;
 I've rummag'd each shop from Pall-mall to Cheapside,
 Both miss Carpenter's man and miss Barks's I've tried.
 Don't tell me of those girls—All I know, to my cost,
 Is, the looking-glass-art must be certainly lost!
 One us'd to have glasses so smooth and so bright,
 They did one's eyes justice, they heighten'd one's white,
 And fresh roses diffus'd o'er one's bloom: but, alas!
 In the mirrors made now, one scarce knows one's own face;
 They pucker one's cheeks up, and furrow one's brow,
 And one's skin looks as yellow as that of miss ——.

▪ Afterwards countess of Egremont.

▪ Afterwards married to the hon. Henry Grenville, brother to earl Temple.

THE PARISH REGISTER OF TWICKENHAM.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1758.

WHERE silver Thames round Twit'nam meads
 His winding current sweetly leads;
 Twit'nam, the Muses' fav'rit^e seat,
 Twit'nam, the Graces' lov'd retreat;
 There polish'd Essex¹ wont to sport,
 The pride and victim of a court!
 There Bacon² tun'd the grateful-lyre
 To soothe Eliza's haughty ire;
 —Ah! happy had no meaner strain
 Than friendship's dash'd his mighty vein!
 Twit'nam, where Hyde³, majestic sage,
 Retir'd from folly's frantic stage,
 While his vast soul was hung on tepters
 To mend the world, and vex dissenters:
 Twit'nam, where frolic Wharton⁴ revel'd,
 Where Montague⁵ with locks dishevel'd
 (Conflict of dirt and warmth divine)
 Invok'd—and scandaliz'd the Nine;
 Where Pope in moral music spoke
 To th' anguish'd soul of Bolingbroke,
 And whisper'd, how true genius errs,
 Preferring joys that pow'r confers;
 Bliss, never to great minds arising
 From ruling worlds, but from despising:
 Where Fielding⁶ met his bunter muse,
 And, as they quaff'd the fiery juice,

¹ Robert Devereux, earl of Essex.² Sir Francis Bacon.³ Lord Clarendón.⁴ The duke of Wharton.⁵ Lady Mary Wortley Montague.⁶ Henry Fielding, author of Tom Jones, &c.
&c. &c.

Droll Nature stamp'd each lucky hit
 With unimaginable wit:
 Where Suffolk¹ fought the peaceful scene,
 Resigning Richmond to the queen,
 And all the glory, all the teasing,
 Of pleasing one not worth the pleasing:
 Where Fanny², ever-blooming fair,
 Ejaculates the graceful pray'r,
 And, 'scap'd from sense, with nonsense smit,
 For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's³ wit:
 Amid this choir of sounding names
 Of statesmen, bards, and beauteous dames,
 Shall the last trifier of the throng
 Enroll his own such names among?
 —Oh! no—Enough if I consign⁴
 To lasting types their notes divine:
 Enough, if Strawberry's humble hill
 The title-page of fame shall fill.

P O S T S C R I P T, . . .

ADDED 1. 1784.

HERE Genius in a later hour
 Selected its sequester'd bow'r,
 And threw around the verdant room
 The blushing lilac's chill perfume.
 So loose is flung each bold festoon,
 Each bough so breathes the touch of noon;
 The happy pencil⁴ so deceives,
 That Flora, doubly jealous, cries,
 "The work's not mine—yet trust these eyes,
 "'Tis my own Zephyr waves the leaves."

¹ Henrietta Hobart, countess of Suffolk.

² Lady Fanny Shirley.

³ Philip Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield.

⁴ Of lady Diana Beauclerc.

Countess TEMPLE appointed POET LAUREATE to the KING of
the FAIRIES.

Written at the desire of Lady SUFFOLK, January 3, 1763.

BY these presents be it known,
To all who bend 'before' our throne,
Fays and fairies, elves and sprites,
Beauteous dames and gallant knights,
That we Oberon the grand,
Emperor of Fairy-land,
King of moonshine, prince of dreams,
Lord of Aganippe's streams,
Baron of the dimpled isles,
That lie in pretty maidens' smiles,
Arch-treasurer of all the graces
Dispers'd through fifty lovely faces;
Sovereign of the slipper's order,
With all the rites thereon that border,
Defender of the sylphic faith,
Declare—and thus your monarch's faith:

Whereas there is a noble dame,
Whom mortals countess Temple name,
To whom ourself did erst impart
The choicest secrets of our art,
Taught her to tune th' harmonious line
To our own melody divine,
Taught her the graceful negligence,
Which, scorning art and veiling sense,
Achieves that conquest o'er the heart
Sense seldom gains, and never art;
This lady, 'tis our royal will
Our laureate's vacant seat should fill;

Anna Chamber, countess Temple, a collection of whose poems were printed at Strawberry-hill.

A chaplet

A chaplet of immortal bays
 Shall crown her brows, and guard her lays;
 Of nectar-sack, an acorn cup
 Be at her board each year fill'd up;
 And, as each quarter feast comes round,
 A silver-penny shall be found
 Within the compass of her shoe—
 And so we bid you, all adieu.

Given at our palace, of Cowslip-tastle, the shortest night
 of the year.

OBERON.

PORTRAIT DE MADAME LA MARQUISE DU DEFFAND.

1766.

WHERE do Wit and Memory dwell?
 Where is Fancy's favourite cell?
 Where does Judgment hold her court,
 And dictate laws to Mirth and Sport?
 Where does Reason—not the dame,
 Who arrogates the sage's name,
 And, proud of self-conferr'd degree,
 Esteems herself Philosophy!
 But the Reason that I mean,
 Slave of Truth, and Passion's queen,
 Who doubts, not dictates, seeks the best,
 And to Presumption leaves the rest:
 With whom resides the winning Fair?
 With Rousseau?—No; nor with Voltaire;
 Nor where leaf-gold of eloquence,
 Adorning less than veiling sense,

VOL. IV.

Ddd

Dazzles

Dazzles the passions it can heat,
 And makes them party to the cheat.
 Where does Patience (tell who know)
 Bear irremediable woe;
 And, though of life's best joy bereft,
 Smile on the little portion left?

Lastly, tell where boundless flows
 The richest stream that Friendship knows?
 That neither laves the shores of Love,
 Nor bathes the feet of Pride above;
 But, rolling 'twixt parted coasts,
 Impartial glides through rival hosts;
 And, like St. Charity, divides
 To Gaul and Albion equal tides?

Together all these virtues dwell:
 St. Joseph's convent¹ is their cell:
 Their sanctuary, Du Deffand's mind——
 Censure, be dumb! she's old² and blind.

¹ The convent at Paris, within whose precincts the marquise du Deffand had apartments.

² In the year 1766 she was 65 years old. She died at the age of 83.

To Lady ———, when about Five Years old, with a Present
of Shells. 1772.

O NYMPH, compar'd with whose young bloom
Hebe's herself an ancient, fright;
May these gay shells find grace and room
Both in your baby-house and sight!
Shells! What are shells? you ask, admiring
With stare half pleasure half surprise;
And fly with nature's art, enquiring
In dear mamma's all-speaking eyes.
Shells, fairest Anne, are playthings, made
By a brave god call'd Father Ocean,
Whose frown from pole to pole's obey'd,
Commands the waves, and stills their motion:
From that old sire a daughter came,
As like mamma, as blue to blue;
And, like mamma, the sea-born dame
An urchin bore, not unlike you.
For him fond grand-papa compels
The floods to furnish such a state
Of corals and of cockleshells,
Would turn a little lady's pate.
The chit has tons of bawbles more;
His nurs'ry's stuff'd with doves and sparrows;
And litter'd is its azure floor
With painted quivers, bows, and arrows.
Spread, spread your frock; you must be friends;
His toys shall fill your lap and breast:
To-day the boy this sample sends,
—And some years hence he'll send the rest.

THE THREE VERNONS!.

HENRIETTA's serious charms
 Awe the breast, her beauty warms.
 See, she blushes; Love presumes—
 See, she frowns; he drops his plumes.
 Dancing, lighter o'er the ocean
 Was not Cytherea's motion:
 Spectring, Art repines to see
 The triumph of Simplicity.

Lips that smile a thousand meanings,
 Humid with Hyblean gleamings;
 Eyes that glitter into wit;
 Wanton mirth with fancy smit;
 Arch naiveté, that wanders
 In each dimpling cheek's meanders,
 Shedding roses, shifting graces
 Through a face that's twenty faces;
 Sweet assemblage! all combine
 In 'pretty playful Caroline.

Sober as the matron's air,
 Modest as the cloister'd fair;
 Patient till new springs disclose
 The bud of promis'd beauty's rose;
 Waving praise's perfum'd breath
 Ensures it young Elizabeth.

Lovely three! whose future reign
 Shall sing some younger, sweeter swain;

' Daughters of Richard Vernon, esq. by lady Evelyn Leveson, widow of John Fitzpatrick first earl of Upper Ossory.

For me suffice, in Ampthill's¹ groves,
 Cradle of Graces and of Loves,
 'I first announc'd in artless page
 The glories of a rising age,
 And promis'd; where my Anna² shone,
 Three Ossorys as bright as one.

E P I T A P H .

ON TWO PIPING-BULLFINCHES OF LADY OSSORY'S, BURIED UNDER
 A ROSE-BUSH IN HER GARDEN.

ALL flesh is grass, and, so are feathers too:
 Finches must die, as well as I and you.
 Beneath a damask rose, in good old age,
 Here lies the tenant of a noble cage.
 For forty moons he charm'd his lady's ear,
 And pip'd obedient oft as she drew near,
 Though now stretch'd out upon a clay-cold bier.
 But when the last shrill flageolet shall sound,
 And raise all dickybirds from holy ground,
 His little corpse again its wings shall plume,
 And sing eternally the self-same tune,
 From everlasting night to everlasting noon.

¹ Ampthill-park in Bedfordshire, the seat of the earls of Ossory. At this time, besides the Vernons, were there, lady Anne Fitzpatrick, the earl's only child, and lord William Russell

(youngest brother of the duke of Bedford), each about five years old. H. W.

² Anne Liddel countess of Ossory, wife of John the second earl.

ON THE OTHER BULLFINCH, BURIED IN THE SAME PLACE.

BENEATH the same bush rests his brother—
What serves for one will serve for t'other'.

In case this little jeu d'esprit should subject the author to misrepresentation, as touching with unbecoming levity upon serious subjects, an extract of a letter from Mr. Walpole to Mr. Mason, who it seems had thus misconceived his meaning, is here subjoined. It not only completely vindicates the innocent playfulness of his muse, but is a serious profession of serious opinions, which, it is presumed, all his readers will see with pleasure. E.

TO MR. MASON.

Nov. 1783.

—You amaze me by even supposing that the epitaph I sent you could allude to the immortality of the soul. Believe me, I think it as serious a subject as you do; nor, I am sure, did you ever hear me drop a hint of doubting it. The three last lines, which reasonably offended you, if you so interpreted them, were intended to laugh at that absurd idea of the beatified sitting on golden thrones, and chanting eternal hallelujahs to golden harps. When men ascribe their own puerile conceptions to the Almighty Author of every thing, what do they,

but prove that their system is of human invention?—What can be more ridiculous, than to suppose that Omnipotent Goodness and Wisdom created and selected the most virtuous of its creatures to sing his praises to all eternity? It is an idea that I should think could never have entered but into the head of a king, who might delight to hear them chant birth-day odes for ever.

Pray be assured that I never trifle on so solemn and dear an interest as the immortality of the soul, though I do not subscribe to every childish or fantastic employment that silly people have chalked out for it. There is no word in any language expressive enough of the adoration and gratitude we owe to the Author of all Good. An eternity of praises and thanks is due to him—but thence are we to infer, that that is the sole tribute in which he will delight, and the sole occupation he destines for beings on whom he has bestowed thought and reason?

The epitaph did not deserve half a line to be said on it; but your criticism, indeed misconception of it, will excuse my saying so much in my own justification.—

A CARD TO LADY BLANDFORD.

WHERE silver Thame from Twitnam's emerald-meads
 To Teddington his winding current leads;
 Where at an obelisk three highways meet,
 There stands an ancient ivy-mantled seat,
 Yet still less ancient than its ancient lord
 (If Rafton's true and Catherine Clive record).
 With storied windows is the mansion dight,
 That half enrich and half exclude the light:
 Shields, sares, spears of Saxons, Goths and Gauls,
 Trophies of better days, adorn the walls;
 With many a portrait sav'd from time and flames,
 Of sages, warriors, and their beauteous dames;
 Fair dames, who govern'd those who govern'd all.
 Within this castle's antiquated hall,
 On Monday next, when Phœbus sinks beneath
 The western boundary of Hounslow-heath,
 Will meet five matrons of unspotted fame,
 Of gentle blood, and lovers of the game,
 Of cribbage. First, of hapless Monmouth's race,
 Jane, aunt and daughter of Buccleugh his grace;
 Next, Margaret, Northampton's high-born daughter:
 Three victims then to hymeneal slaughter,
 By prose-men widows hight: of these, the first,
 In Ireland wedded, though in England nurs'd,
 To Strafford's noble blood asserts her claim,
 And drew from royal Anne her christian name.
 The fourth, twice clad in Hymen's saffron gown,
 Whom men once Farmor call'd, and now call Browne.

The

The last, not least, but of the castle niece,
 And pleas'd her uncle and his guests to please,
 Would feel her joys in number fix complete,
 If lady Blandford would these ladies meet.

Strawberry-hill,
 Aug. 15, 1778.

This was written for the diversion of Maria Catherina de Jonghe, widow of the marquis of Blandford, only son of Henrietta duchess of Marlborough. The marchioness was then 84. The other ladies were, lady Jane Scott, lady Margaret Compton, lady Anne Conolly, eldest daughter of Thomas Wentworth earl of Strafford and widow of William Conolly, esq. Hester Edwards, widow of George Cholmondeley vis-

count Malpas, eldest son of George earl of Cholmondeley, by Mary daughter of sir Robert Walpole; and Frances Sheldon, first married to Mr Farmor and afterwards to sir George Browne. Mrs. Clive and Mr. Raftor, comedians, lived in a house belonging to Mr. Walpole, near Strawberry-hill, and came thither the year after him, and were witnesses to his buildings in the Gothic style there. H. W.

THE ADVICE:

A SONG.

I.

THE business of woman, dear Chloe, is pleasure ;
 And by love ev'ry fair one her minutes should measure.
 Oh ! for love we're all ready, you cry—Very true ;
 Nor would I rob the gentle' fond god of his due.
 Unless in the sentiments Cupid has part,
 And dips in the amorous transport, his dart,
 'Tis tumult, disorder, 'tis loathing and hate,
 Caprice gives it birth, and contempt 's its fate.

II.

True passion insensibly leads to the joy,
 And grateful esteem bids its pleasures ne'er cloy. .
 Yet here you should stop—but your whimsical sex
 Such romantic ideas to passion annex,
 That poor men, by your visions and jealousy worried,
 To nymphs less ecstatic, but kinder, are hurried.
 In your heart, I consent, let your wishes be bred ;
 Only take care your heart don't get into your head.

SONG.

I.

WHAT a rout do you make for a single poor kiss !
 I seiz'd it, 'tis true, and I ne'er shall repent it :
 May he ne'er enjoy one, who shall think 'twas amiss !
 But for me, I thank dear Cytherea, who sent it.

E c c

II.

You may pout, and look prettily cross; but I pray,
 What business so near to my lips had your cheek?
 If you will put temptation so far in one's way,
 Saints, resist if ye can; but for me, I'm too weak.

III.

But come, my sweet Fanny, our quarrel let's end;
 Nor will I by force what you gave not, retain:
 By allowing the kiss, I'm for ever your friend—
 If you say that I stole it, why take it again.

T O L O V E.

The Idea suggested by the second Sonnet of PETRARCH.

I.

O H! 'tis no triumph to subdue
 A heart so apt to yield as mine:
 And mighty conquerors like you
 Should higher feats, O Love! design.

II.

No nymph, if moderately fair,
 But sets my glowing breast on flame:
 An eye can fill me with despair;
 A neck—with what I dare not name.

III.

Then why before my ravish'd sight
 Present Clorinda's angel-form?
 Oh! steel my bosom for the fight,
 Or the cold maid with passion warm.

IV.

A vanquish'd wretch can fall no lower;
 Defenceless foes no hero braves:
 In arms Clorinda dares your power;
 Subdue her—and make both your slaves.

TO LADY C—. 1778.

WITH eyes black as floes, and a beautiful nose,
 And with lips that would make folly charming,
 Shall Chloe be taught by the bright god of thought
 To make all those arrows more harming?

Shall the Muses combine to aid her to shine
 Against time half her beauties efface?
 No: we ne'er can be free, slaves for life we shall be
 If the Muses succeed to the Graces.

PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUES.

PROLOGUE TO THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER.

FROM no French model breathes the muse to-night ;

The scene she draws is horrid, not polite.

She dips her pen in terror. Will ye shrink ?

Shall foreign critics teach you how to think ?

Had Shakspeare's magic dignified the stage,

If timid laws had school'd th' insipid age ?

Had Hamlet's spectre trod the midnight round ?

Or Banquo's issue beech in vision crown'd ?

Free as your country, Britons, be your scene !

Be Nature now, and now Invention, queen !

Be Vice alone corrected and restrain'd.

Can crimes be punish'd by a bard enchain'd ?

Shall the bold censor back be sent to school,

And told, This is not nice ; That is not rule ?

The French no crimes of magnitude admit ;

They seldom startle, just alarm the pit.

At most, when dire necessity ordains

That death should sluice some king's or lover's veins,

A tedious confident appears, to tell

What dismal woes behind the scenes befall.

Chill'd with the drowsy tale, his audience fret,
While the starv'd piece concludes like a gazette..

The tragic Greeks with nobler licence wrote;
Nor veil'd the eye, but pluck'd away the mote.
Whatever passion prompted, was their game;
Not delicate, while chastisement their aim.
Electra now a parent's blood demands;
Now parricide distains the Theban's hands,
And love incestuous knots his nuptial bands.
Such is our scene; from real life it rose;
Tremendous picture of domestic woes.
If terror shake you, or soft pity move,
If dreadful pangs o'ertake unbridled love;
Excuse the bard, who from your feelings draws
All the reward he aims at, your applause.

EPILOGUE, to be spoken by, Mrs. CLIVE.

OUR bard, whose head is fill'd with Gothic fancies,
And teems with ghosts and giants and romances,
Intended to have kept your passions up,
And sent you crying out your eyes, to sup.
Would you believe it—though mine all the vogue,
He meant his nun should speak the epilogue.
His nun! so pious, pliant and demure—
Lord! you have had enough of her, I'm sure!
I storm'd—for, when my honour is at stake,
I make the pillars of the green-room shake.
Heroes half-drest, and goddesses half-lac'd,
Avoid my wrath, and from my thunders haste.
I vow'd by all the gods of Rome and Greece,
'Twas I would finish his too doleful piece.

L. Gush'd

I, flush'd with comic roguery—said I,
 Will make 'em laugh, more than you make 'em cry;
 Bless me! said he—among the Greeks, dear Kat'rine,
 Of smutty epilogues I know no pattern.
 Smutty! said I—and then I stamp'd the stage
 With all a turkey-cock's majestic rage—
 When did you know in public—or in private,
 Doubtless entendres my strict virtue drive at?
 Your muses, sir, are not more free from ill
 On mount Parnassus—or on Strawberry-hill.
 And though with her repentance you may hum one,
 I would not play your countess—to become one.
 So *very* guilty, and so *very* good,
 An angel, with such errant flesh and blood!
 Such sinning, praying, preaching—I'll be kist,
 If I don't think she was a rectorist!

Saints are, the produce of a vicious age:
 Crimes must abound, ere sectaries can rage,
 His mask no canting confessor assumes;
 With acted zeal no flaming bigot fumes;
 Till the rich harvest nods with swelling grain,
 And the sharp sickle can assure his gain.
 But soon shall hypocrites their sights deplore,
 Nor grim enthusiasts vex Britannia more:
 Virtue shall guard her daughters from their arts,
 Shine in their eyes, and blossom in their hearts.
 They need no lectures in fanatic tone:
 Their lesson lives before them—on the throne.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by MRS. CLIVE, on her quitting the Stage,
April 24, 1769.

WITH glory I retire, from the bustling stage,
Still in his prime—and much about my age—
Imperial Charles (if Robertson says true)
Retiring, bid the jarring world adieu!

Thus I, long honour'd with your partial praise,
A debt my swelling heart with tears repays,
—Scarce can I speak—forgive the grateful pause—
Resign the noblest triumph, your applause:
Content with humble means, yet proud to own
I owe my pittance to your smiles alone;
To private shades I bear the glorious prize,
The meed of favour in a nation's eyes;
A nation brave, and sensible, and free—
Poor Charles! how little, when compar'd to me!
His mad ambition had disturb'd the globe,
And sanguine, which he quitted, was the robe.

Too blest, could he have dar'd to tell mankind,
When Pow'r's full goblet he forbore to quaff,
That, conscious of benevolence of mind,
For thirty years he had but made them laugh.

Ill was that mind with sweet retirement pleas'd:
The very cloister that he sought, he teas'd;

'And

And sick at once both of himself and peace,
He died a martyr to unwelcome ease.

Here ends the parallel—My generous friends,
My exit no such tragic fate attends;
I will not die—let no vain panic seize you—
If I repent—I'll come again and please you.

INSCRIPTION under a 'VASE erected in the Garden of
the Villa of Mrs. CATHERINE CLIVE, near Twickenham.

YE, Smiles and Jests, still hover round!
This is Mirth's consecrated ground.
Here liv'd the laughter-loving dame,
A matchless actress, Clive her name.
The Comic Muse with her retir'd,
And shed a tear when she expir'd.

EPILOGUE to BRAGANZA, written in February 1775.

If it permitted, in this age severe,
For female softness to demand a tear?
Is it allowed, in such censorious days,
For female virtue to solicit praise?
Dares manly sense, beneath a tender form,
Presume to dictate, and aspire to warm?

May

May so unnatural a being venture
 As a true heroine on the stage to enter?
 No, says a wit, made up of French grimaces,
 Yet self-ordain'd the high-priest of the Graces:
 Women are playthings for our idle hours,
 Their souls unfinish'd, and confin'd their powers;
 Loquacious, vain, by slight attentions won,
 By flattery gain'd, and by untuths undone.
 Or should some grave great plan engage their minds,
 The first caprice can give it to the winds;
 And the chief stateswoman of all the sex
 Grows nervous, if a fop or pimple vex.

Injurious flanders!—In Louisa's air
 Behold th' exemplar, of a perfect fair;
 Just, though aspiring; merciful, though brave;
 Sincere, though politic; though fond, no slave;
 In danger calm, and smiling in success,
 But as securing ampler means to bless.

Nor think, as Zouxis, for a faultless piece,
 Cull'd various charms from various nymphs of Greece,
 Our bard has centred in one beautiful whole
 The rays that gleam through many a separate soul.
 On Britain's and Ierne's shores he saw
 The models of the fair he dar'd to draw:
 True virtue in these isles has fix'd her throne,
 And many a bright Louisa is our own.

' Lord Chesterfield.

EPILOGUE to The TIMES, a Comedy, by Mrs. GRIFFITH,
October 1779.

A WIFE so very bad—and yet so chaste!
 'So easily reform'd—though drunk with taste!
 Her spouse so fashionable—yet so tender
 That he had rather starve himself, than mend her!
 An old rich knight, as upright as a steple,
 Yet melting for the woes of younger people
 —Strange times, good folks!—and whence your author drew,
 I'll take my oath I know no more—than you.

It could not be from this dear town, where vice
 If with one virtue stain'd will bear no price.
 Loose as the buxom air, the youth from College
 Comes fraught with all Newmarket's solid knowledge;
 Pants to have lost th' estate—not yet his own—
 And, ere his beard is grown, be quite undone.
 Then when to foreign climes he spreads the sail,
 'Tis not to enlarge his mind, but 'scape a jail.

Our sex—but shall I load the weaker kind?
 Or can she fail to stray, whose guide is blind?
 Let men reform themselves; let holy truth
 And orient honour stamp each glowing youth:
 Let sage œconomy restrain his waste,
 Discretion rule his pleasures, sense his taste:
 Let him the gamester like the coward shun,
 Nor hug a Jew, though 'to avoid a dun':
 Be he to England's cause and freedom's true,
 Nor, fashion-led, with like indifference view
 The venal many, and the virtuous few:

Then will soft woman, easy mould, receive
 Each just impression he shall deign to give;

Will aim by correspondent arts to gain
The virtuous heart in which the sighs to reign;
And, taught by no domestic faults to roam,
Shall find, and fix, enjoyment all at home.

EPIGRAMS.

On the new Archbishop of CANTERBURY. March 1758.

THE bench hath oft 'posed us, and set us a-scoffing,
By signing Will, London, John Sarum, John Roffen;
But *this* head of the church no expounder will want,
For his grace signs his own proper name, Thomas Cant.

Left on the Duchess of QUEENSBERRY's Toilet, the Author,
finding her from Home.

TO many a Kitty, Love his car
Would for a day engage;
But Prior's Kitty, ever fair,
Retains it for an age.

On the TRANSLATION, of ANACREON.

ON gay Anacreon's joy-inspiring line
 Pour'd all his juice the glowing god of wine.
 But in the poet's bowl 'his tame translator
 Has mix'd such suffocating draughts of water,
 That yawn to yawn, and nod to nod succeeds,
 And Drunkenness grows sober as she reads.

WHEN Theseus from the fair he ruin'd fled,
 The nymph accepted Bacchus in his stead.
 The allegory, to my humble thinking,
 Means, that deserted ladies take to drinking.

R I D D L E S.

T O - D A Y.

BEFORE my birth I had a name,
 But soon as born I chang'd the same;
 And when I'm laid within the tomb,
 I shall my father's name assume.
 I change my name three days together,
 Yet live but one in any weather.

• A LOOKING-

A LOOKING-GLASS.

I COUNTERFEIT all bodies, yet have none;
 Bodies give shadows, shadows give me one.
 Lov'd for another's sake, that person yet
 Is my chief enemy whene'er we meet;
 Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth;
 And, like a monarch, hates my speaking truth.

A. S U N'-D I A L.

THOUGH made by art, 'tis nature gives me voice.
 I answer all, yet never speak by choice.
 One only language I can talk, yet should
 In every country be understood.
 Unless peculiarly inspir'd—I'm dumb,
 Yet know not what is past, or what's to come.
 What I said yesterday, to-day is new;
 And will be so to-morrow, yet be true.

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to Miss MARY and Miss
AGNES —. 1788.

TO Mary's lips has ancient Rome
Her purest language taught;
And from the modern city home
Agnes its pencil brought.

Rome's ancient Horace sweetly chants
Such maids with lyric fire;
Albion's old Horace sings nor paints—
He only can—admire.

Still would his prefs their fame record,
So amiable the pair is!
But, ah! how vain to think *his* word
Can add a straw to B——!

The PRESS at STRAWBERRY HILL to his Royal Highness
WILLIAM DUKE of CLARENCE. 1790.

SIR,

WHEN you condescend to grace
An ancient printer's dwelling,
He such a moment must embrace
Your virtues to be spelling.

MISCELLANEOUS VERSES.

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Your naval talents, spirit, zeal
 Shall other types record:
 He but one sentiment can feel,
 —And Gratitude's the word.

Condemn not, sir, the truths he speaks,
 Though homely, his address:
 A prince of Brunswick never checks
 The freedom of the press.

EPITAPHIUM VIVI AUCTORIS. 1792.

AN estate and an earldom at seventy-four!
 Had I sought them or wish'd them, 'twould add one fear more,
 That of making a countess when almost four-score. }
 But Fortune, who scatters her gifts out of season,
 Though unkind to my limbs, has still left me my reason;
 And whether she lowers or lifts me, I'll try }
 In the plain simple style I have liv'd in, to die;
 For ambition too humble, for meanness too high.

L E T T E R S
FROM
THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE
TO
RICHARD WEST, ESQ.
FROM THE YEAR 1735 TO THE YEAR 1742:
WITH
SOME LETTERS IN ANSWER
FROM MR. WEST.

LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE

AND

RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

From the Year 1735 to the Year 1742.

LETTER I.

DEAR WEST,

YOU expect a long letter from me; and have said in verse all that I intended to have said in far inferior prose. I intended filling three or four sides with exclamations against an university life, but you have showed me how strongly they may be expressed in three or four lines. I can't build without straw; nor have I the ingenuity of the spider to spin fine lines out of dirt: a master of a college would make but a miserable figure as a hero of a poem, and Cambridge sophs are too low to introduce into a letter that aims not at punning:

Haud equidem invideo vati, quem pulpitâ pascunt.

But why mayn't we hold a classical correspondence? I can never forget the many agreeable hours we have passed in reading Horace and Virgil; and I think they are topics will never grow stale. Let us extend the Roman empire, and cultivate two barbarous towns o'er-run with rusticity and mathematics. The creatures are so used to a circle, that they plod on in the same eternal round, with their whole view confined to a punctum, *typus nulla est pars*:

Their time a moment, and a point their space.

Richard West was the only son of the right honourable Richard West, lord chancellor of Ireland, by Elizabeth; daughter of the celebrated Dr. Burnet bishop of Salisbury.

When this correspondence commences, Mr. West was nineteen years old, and Mr. Walpole one year younger. E.

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Orabunt causas melius, cœlique meatus
Describere radio, et surgentia sidera dicent :
Tu cœluisse novem musas, Romane, memento ;
Hæ tibi erunt artes.—

We have not the least poetry stirring here ; for I can't call verses on the 5th of November and 30th of January by that name, more than four lines on a chapter in the New Testament is an epigram. Tydeus rose and set at Eton : he is only known here to be a scholar of King's. Orosmades and Almanzor are just the same ; that is, I am almost the only person they are acquainted with, and consequently the only person acquainted with their excellencies. Plato improves every day : so does my friendship with him. These three divide my whole time—though I believe you will guess there is no quadruple alliance : that was a happiness which I only enjoyed when you was at Eton. A short account of the Eton people at Oxford would much oblige,

My dear West,

Your faithful friend,

King's College,
Nov. 9, 1735.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II.

DEAR SIR,

POETRY, I take it, is as universally contagious as the small-pox ; every one catches it once in their life at least, and the sooner the better ; for methinks an old rhymester makes as ridiculous a figure as Socrates dancing at four score. But I can never agree with you that most of us succeed alike ; at least I'm sure few do like you : I mean not to flatter, for I despise it heartily ; and I think I know you to be as much above flattery, as the use of it is beneath every honest, every sincere man. Flattery to men of power is analogous with hypocrisy to God, and both are alike mean and contemptible ; nor is the one more an instance of respect, than the other is a proof of de-

* Tydeus, Orosmades, Almanzor and Plato, were names which had been given by them to some of their Eton school-fellows. E.

* Thus as boys they had called the intimacy formed at Eton between Walpole, Gray, West, and Asheton. E.

votion. I perceive I am growing serious, and that is the first step to dulness : but I believe you won't think that in the least extraordinary, to find me dull in a letter, since you have known me so often dull out of a letter.

As for poetry, I own, my sentiments of it are very different from the vulgar taste. There is hardly any where to be found (says Shaftesbury) a more insipid race of mortals, than those whom the moderns are contented to call poets—but methinks the true legitimate poet is as rare to be found as Tully's orator, *qualis adhuc nemo fortasse fuerit.* Truly, I am extremely to blame to talk to you at this rate of what you know much better than myself : but your letter gave me the hint, and I hope you will excuse my impertinence in pursuing it. It is a difficult matter to account why, but certain it is that all people, from the duke's coronet to the thresher's flail, are desirous to be poets : Penelope herself had not more suitors, though every man is not Ulysses enough to bend the bow. The poetical world, like the terraqueous, has its several degrees of heat from the line to the pole—only differing in this, that whereas the temperate zone is most esteemed in the terraqueous, in the poetical it is the most despised. Parnassus is divisible in the same manner as the mountain Chimæra.

—————mediis in partibus hircum,
Pectus & ora, leæ, caudam serpentis habebat.

The medium between the rampant lion and the creeping serpent is the filthy goat—the justest picture of a middling poet, who is generally very bawdy and lascivious, and, like the goat, is mighty ambitious of climbing up the mountains, where he does nothing but browse upon weeds. Such creatures as these are beneath our notice. But whenever some wondrous sublime genius arises, such as Homer or Milton, then it is that different ages and countries all join in an universal admiration. Poetry (I think I have read somewhere or other) is an imitation of Nature: the poet considers all her works in a superior light to other mortals; he discerns every secret trait of the great mother, and paints it in its due beauty and proportion. The moral and the physical world all open fairer to his enthusiastic imagination: like some clear-flowing stream, he reflects the beauteous prospect all around, and, like the prism-glass, he separates and disposes nature's colours in their justest and most delightful appearances. This sure is not the talent of every dauber: art, genius, learning, taste, must all conspire to answer the full idea I have of a poet; a character

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character which seldom agrees with any of our modern miscellany-mongers—
But

Quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quæ mentem infania mutat?

I am got into enchanted ground, and can hardly get out again time enough to finish my letter in a decent and laudable manner. Dear sir, excuse and pardon all this rambling criticism—I writ it out of pure idleness; and I can assure you, I wish you idle enough to read it through.

I am, my dear Walpole,

Yours most sincerely,

R. WEST.

I wish you a happy new year.

Christchurch,
Jan. 12, 1736-7.

LETTER III.

MY DEAR WALPOLE,

IT seems so long to me since I heard from Cambridge, that I have been reflecting with myself what I could have done to lose any of my friends there. The uncertainty of my silly health might have made me the duller companion, as you know very well; for which reason Fate took care to remove me out of your way: but my letters, I am sure, at least carry sincerity enough in them to recommend me to any one that has a curiosity to know something concerning me and my amusements. As for Asheton, he has thought fit to forget me entirely; and for Gray, if you correspond with him as little as I do (wherever he be, for I know not), your correspondence is not very great.—Full in the midst of these reflections came your agreeable letter. I read it, and wished myself among you. You can promise me no diversion, but the novelty of the place, you say, and a renewal of intimacies. Novelty, you must know, I am sick of; I am surrounded with it, I see nothing else. I could tell you strange things, my dear Walpole, of anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders. I have seen Learning dress'd in

old frippery, such as was in fashion in Duns Scotus' days: I have seen Taste in changeable, feeding like the chameleon on air: I have seen Stupidity in the habit of Sense, like a footman in the master's clothes: I have seen the phantom mentioned in The Dunciad, with a brain of feathers and a heart of lead: it walks here, and is called Wit. Your other inducement you suggested had all its influence with me; and I had before indulged the thought of visiting you all at Cambridge this next spring—But Fate obstant— I am unwillingly obliged to follow much less agreeable engagements. In the mean time I shall pester you with quires of correspondence, such as it is: but remember, you were two letters in my debt—though indeed your last letter may fully cancel the obligation. You may recollect my last was a sort of a criticism upon poetry; and this will present you with a sort of poetry which nobody ever dreamt of but myself.

I am, dear sir,

Yours very sincerely,

R. WEST.

Christchurch,
February 27, 1736-7.

LETTER IV.

DEAR WEST,

Aug. 1736.

GRAY is at Burnham, and, what is surprising, has not been at Eton. Could you live so near it without seeing it? That dear scene of our quadruple alliance would furnish me with the most agreeable recollections. 'Tis the head of our genealogical table, that is since sprouted out into the two branches of Oxford and Cambridge. You seem to be the eldest son, by having got a whole inheritance to yourself; while the manor of Granta is to be divided between your three younger brothers, Thomas of Lancashire, Thomas of London, and Horace. We don't wish you dead to enjoy your seat,

This poetry does not appear.

Lincoln's inn. It is to him Mr. Walpole addressed a poetical epistle from Florence, first published in Doddsley's collection of poems. E.

Thomas Ashton. He was afterwards, fellow of Eton college, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-street, and preacher to the Society of

Thomas Gray, the poet.

but

but your seat dead to enjoy you. I hope you are a mere elder brother, and live upon what your father left you, and in the way you were brought up in, poetry: but we are supposed to betake ourselves to some trade, as logic, philosophy, or mathematics. If I should prove a mere younger brother, and not turn to any profession, would you receive me, and supply me out of your stock, where you have such plenty? I have been so used to the delicate food of Parnassus, that I can never condescend to apply to the grosser studies of alma mater. Sober cloth of syllogism colour suits me ill; or, what's worse, I hate clothes that one must prove to be of no colour at all. If the Muses cœlique vias & sidera monstrant, and quæ vi maria alta tumescant; why accipiant: but 'tis thrashing, to study philosophy in the abstruse authors. I am not against cultivating these studies, as they are certainly useful; but then They quite neglect all polite literature, all knowledge of this world. Indeed such people have not much occasion for this latter; for they shut themselves up from it, and study till they know less than any one. Great mathematicians have been of great use: but the generality of them are quite unconvertible; they frequent the stars, sub pedibusque vident nubes, but they can't see through them. I tell you what I see; that by lying amongst them, I write of nothing else; my letters are all parallelograms, two sides equal to two sides; and every paragraph an axiom, that tells you nothing but what every mortal almost knows. By the way, your letters come under this description; for they contain nothing but what almost every mortal knows too, that knows you—that is, they are extremely agreeable, which they know you are capable of making them:—no one is better acquainted with it than

Your sincere friend,

HOR. WALPOLE.

King's College,

August 17, 1736.

LETTER V.

MY DEAREST WALPOLE,

Aug 1736.

YESTERDAY I received your lively—agreeable—gilt—epistolary—parallelgram, and to-day I am preparing to send you in return as exact a one as my little compass can afford you. And so far, sir, I am sure we and our letters hear some

some resemblance to parallel lines, that, like them, one of our chief properties is, seldom or never to meet. Indeed, lately my good fortune made some *inclination* from your university to mine; but whether I can reciprocate or no, I leave you to judge, from hence—

I sent Asheton word that I should more than probably make an expedition to Cambridge this August; but Printer, who was to have been my fellow-traveller, and would have gone with me to Cambridge, though not to King's, is unhappily disappointed; and therefore my measures are broke, and I am very much in the spleen—else by this time I had flown to you with all the wings of impatience;

Ocyor cervis, & agente nimbo
Ocyor Euro.

But now, alas! as Horace said on purpose for me to apply it,

Sextilem totum mendax desideror—

This melancholy reflection would certainly infect all the rest of my letter, if I were not revived by the sal volatile of your most entertaining letter. I am afraid the younger brother will make much the better gentleman, and so far verify the proverb: and indeed all my brothers are so very forward, that, like the first and heaviest element, I shall have nothing but mere dirt for my share:—and so fully such is the case of most of your landed elder brothers, while the younger run away with the more fine and delicate elements. As for my patrimony of poetry, my dearest Horace, ut semper eris derisor! what little I have I borrowed from my friends, and, like the poor ambitious jay in the trite fable, I live merely on the charity of my abounding acquaintance. Many a feather in my stock was stolen from your treasures; but at present I find all my poetical plumes moulting apace, and in a small time I shall be nothing further than, what nobody can be more, or more sincerely,

Your humble servant and obliged friend,

R. WEST,

Gray at Burnham, and not so Eton? I am Asheton's ever, and intend him an answer soon. I beg pardon for what's over leaf; but as I am moulting my poetry, it is very natural to send it you, from whom and my other friends it originally came. I translated, and now I have ventured to imitate the divine lyric poet.

O D E. TO MARY MACDALENE.

SAINT of this learned awful grove,
While slow along thy walks I rove,
The pleasing scene, which all that see
Admire, is lost to me.

The thought, which still thy breast invades,
Nigh yonder springs, nigh yonder shades,
Still, as I pass, the memory brings
Of sweeter shades and springs.

Lost and inwraught in thought profound;
Absent I tread Etonian ground;
Then starting from the dear mistake,
As disenchantèd, wake.

What though from sorrow free, at best
I'm thus but negatively blest;
Yet still, I find, true joy I miss;
True joy's a social bliss.

Oh! how I long again with those,
Whom first my boyish heart had chose,
Together, through the friendly shade,
To stray, as once I stray'd!

Their presence would the scene endear,
Like paradise would all appear,
More sweet around the flowers would blow,
More soft the waters flow.

Adieu!

LETTER VI.

DEAR WEST,

YOU figure us in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find: cards and eating are so universal, that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas indeed are much frequented three times a week; but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre: their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony. We have not yet been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which in some parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have: but then to this nobody goes, if it is not one of the fashionable nights, and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Moliere's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the *Avare* to-night: I cannot at all commend their performance of it. Last night I was in the *place de Louis le grand* (a regular octagon, uniform, and the houses handsome, though not so large as Golden-square), to see what they reckoned one of the finest burials that ever was in France. It was the duke de Tresmes, governor of Paris and marshal of France. It began on foot from his palace to his parish-church, and from thence in coaches to the opposite end of Paris, to be interred in the church of the Celestins, where is his family vault. About a week ago we happened to see the grave digging, as we went to see the church, which is old and small, but fuller of fine ancient monuments than any except St. Denis, which we saw on the road, and excels Westminster; for the windows are all painted in mosaic, and the tombs as fresh and well preserved as if they were of yesterday. In the Celestins' church is a votive column to Francis II. which says, that it is one assurance of his being immortalized, to have had the martyr Mary Stuart for his wife. After this long digression I return to the burial, which was a most vile thing. A long procession of flambeaux and friars; no plumes, trophies, banners, led horses, scutcheons, or open chariots; nothing but

friars,
White, black, and grey, with all their trumpery.

This goodly ceremony began at nine at night, and did not finish till three this

Mr. Walpole left Cambridge towards the end of the year 1738, and in March 1739 began his travels, by going to Paris, accompanied by Mr. Gray. E.

H. h 2

morning:

morning; for, each church they passed, they stopped for a hymn and holy water. By the bye, some of these choice monks, who watched the body while it lay in state, fell asleep one night, and let the tapers catch fire of the rich velvet mantle lined with ermine and powdered with gold flower-de-luces, which melted the lead coffin, and burnt off the feet of the deceased before it wakened them. The French love show; but there is a meanness reigns through it all. At the house where I stood to see this procession, the room was hung with crimson damask and gold, and the windows were mended in ten or a dozen places with paper. At dinner, they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscariage of a dish. None, but Germans, wear fine clothes; but their coaches are racydry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would laugh extremely at their signs: some live at the Y grec, some at Venus's toilette, and some at the sucking cat. You would not easily guess their notions of honour: I'll tell you one: it is very dishonourable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the King's service as they call it, and it is no dishonour to keep public gaming-houses: there are at least an hundred and fifty people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night, and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard-table at the duke de Gesvres' pay him twelve guineas each night for sine privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly.

The weather is still so bad, that we have not made any excursions to see Versailles and the environs, not even walked in the Thuilleries; but we have seen almost every thing else that is worth seeing in Paris; though that is very considerable. They beat us vastly in buildings, both in number and magnificence. The tombs of Richelieu and Mazarine, at the Sorbonne and the College de quatre nations are wonderfully fine, especially the former. We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play, and speak the language leadily. There are many English here: lord Holderness, Conway and Clinton; and

It is to be lamented that this disgraceful circumstance is no longer peculiar to France.

lord

lord George Bentinck; Mr. Brand, Offley, Frederic, Frampton, Bonfoy, &c. Sir John Cotton's son and a Mr. Vernon of Cambridge passed through Paris last week. We shall stay here about a fortnight longer, and then go to Rheims with Mr. Conway for two or three months. When you have nothing else to do, we shall be glad to hear from you; and any news. If we did not remember there was such a place as England, we should know nothing of it: the French never mention it, unless it happens to be in one of their proverbs. Adieu!

Yours ever,

Paris,

April 21, N. S. 1739.

H. W.

To-morrow we go to the Cid. They have no farces, but petites pieces like our Devil to Pay.

LETTER VII.

DEAR WEST,

From Paris, 1739.

I SHOULD think myself to blame not to try to divert you, when you tell me I can. From the air of your letter you seem to want amusement, that is, you want spirits. I would recommend to you certain little employments that I know of, and that belong to you, but that I imagine bodily exercise is more suitable to your complaint. If you would promise me to read them in the Temple garden, I would send you a little packet of plays and pamphlets that we have made up, and intend to dispatch to Dick's the first opportunity. —Stand by, clear the way, make room for the pompous appearance of Versailles le grand! —But no: it fell so short of my idea of it, mine, that I have resigned to Gray the office of writing its panegyric. He likes it. They say I am to like it better next Sunday; when the sun is to shine, the king is to be fine, the water-works are to play, and the new knights of the Holy Ghost are to be installed! Ever since Wednesday, the day we were there, we have done nothing but dispute about it. They say, we did not see it to advantage, that we ran through the apartments, saw the garden en passant, and slubbered over Trianon. I say, we saw nothing. However, we had time to see that the great front is a lumber of litteneſſes, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails. The rooms are all small, except the great gallery,

gallery, which is noble, but totally wainscoted with looking-glasses. The garden is littered with statues and fountains, each of which has its tutelary deity. In particular, the elementary god of fire solaces himself in one. In another, Enceladus, in lieu of a mountain, is overwhelmed with many waters. There are avenues of water-pots, who disport themselves much in squirting up cascadelins. In short, 'tis a garden for a great child. Stuck was Louis quatorze, who is here seen in his proper colours; where he commanded in person, unassisted by his armies and generals, and left to the pursuit of his own puerile ideas of glory.

We saw last week a place of another kind, and which has more the air of what it would be, than any thing I have yet met with: it was the convent of the Chartreux. All the conveniencies, or rather (if there was such a word) all the *adaptments* are assembled here, that melancholy, meditation, selfish devotion, and despair would require. But yet 'tis pleasing. Soften the terms, and mellow the uncouth horror that reigns here, but a little, and 'tis a charming solitude. It stands on a large space of ground, is old and irregular. The chapel is gloomy: behind it, through some dark passages, you pass into a large obscure hall, which looks like a combination-chamber for some hellish council. The large cloister surrounds their burying-ground. The cloisters are very narrow, and very long, and lead into the cells, which are built like little huts detached from each other. We were carried into one, where lived a middle-aged man not long initiated into the order. He was extremely civil, and called himself Dom Victor. We have promised to visit him often. Their habit is all white: but besides this, he was infinitely clean in his person; and his apartment and garden, which he keeps and cultivates without any assistance, was neat to a degree. He has four little rooms, furnished in the prettiest manner, and hung with good prints. One of them is a library, and another a gallery. He has several canary-birds disposed in a pretty manner in breeding-cages. In his garden was a bed of good tulips in bloom, flowers and fruit-trees, and all neatly kept. They are permitted at certain hours to talk to strangers, but never to one another, or to go out of their convent. But what we chiefly went to see was the small cloister, with the history of St. Bruno, their founder, painted by Le Sœur. It consists of twenty-two pictures: the figures a good deal less than life. But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have

* Lord Orford always continued to think that in these pictures Le Sœur had rivalled, if not excelled, Raphael. E.

seen in Paris and England. The figure of the dead man who spoke at his burial, contains all the strongest and horriest ideas, of ghastliness, hypocrisy discovered, and the height of damnation; pain and cursing. A Benedictine monk, who was there at the same time, said to me of this picture: *C'est une fable, mais on la croyoit autrefois.* Another, who showed me relics in one of their churches, expressed as much ridicule for them. The pictures I have been speaking of are ill preserved, and some of the finest heads defaced, which was done at first by a rival of the Scots. — Adieu! dear West, take care of your health; and some time or other we will talk over all these things with more pleasure than I have had in seeing them.

Yours ever.

LETTER VIII.

DEAR WEST,

Rheims, June 18, 1739, N. S.

HOW I am to fill up this letter is not easy to divide. I have consented that Gray shall give you an account of our situation and proceedings; and have left myself at the mercy of my own invention—a most terrible resource, and which I shall avoid applying to, if I can possibly help it. I had prepared the ingredients for a description of a ball, and was just ready to serve it up to you, but he has plucked it from me. However, I was resolved to give you an account of a particular song and dance in it, and was determined to write the words and sing the tune just as I folded up my letter: but as it would, ten to one, be opened before it gets to you, I am forced to lay aside this thought, though an admirable one. Well, but now I have put it into your head, I suppose you won't rest without it. For that individual one, believe me, do nothing without the tune and the dance; but to stay your stomach, I will send you one of their vaudevilles or ballads, which they sing as the comedy after their petites pieces.

¹ Mr. Walpole was now removed to Rheims, principally to acquire the French language. E. where, with his cousin Henry Seymour Conway and Mr. Gray, he resided three months.

² This ballad does not appear.

You

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You must not wonder if all my letters resemble dictionaries, with French on one side, and English on t'other; I deal in nothing else at present, and talk a couple of words of each language alternately from morning till night. This has put my mouth a little out of tune at present; but I am trying to recover the use of it, by reading the news-papers aloud at breakfast, and by chewing the title-pages of all my English books. Besides this, I have paraphrased half the first act of your new *Cassius*, which was sent us to Paris: a most dainty performance, and just what you say of it. Good night, I am sure you must be tired: if you are not, I am.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER II

DEAR WALPOLE,

Temple, June 21, 1739.

YOUR last letter puts me in mind of some good people, who, though they give you the best dinner in the world, are never satisfied with themselves, but—wish they had known sooner—quite ashamed—a little unprepared—hope you'll excuse, and so forth: for you tell me, you only send me this to stay my stomach against you are better furnished, and at the same time you treat me, *ut nunquam in vita melius*. Nor is it now alone I have room to say so, but 'tis always; and I know I had rather gather the crumbs that fall from under your table, than be a prime guest with most other people. Sincerely, sir, nobody in Great Britain, nor, I believe, in France, keeps a more elegant table than yourself: mistake me not, I mean a metaphorical one, for else I should lie confoundedly; for you know you did not use to keep a very extraordinary one, at least when I had the honour to dine with you:—boiled chickens and roast legs of mutton were your highest effort. But, with the metaphor, the case is quite altered: 'tis no longer *chapon toujours bouilli*: 'tis *varium & mutabile semper* enough, I am sure: 'tis *Italo perfusus aceto*: 'tis *totū merum sal*: you see too, it has a particularity, which perhaps you did not know before, that it is of all genders, and is masculine, feminine, or neuter, which you please. Your feasts are like Plato's: one feeds upon them for two or three days together, & *à contivio sapientiores resurgimus quam accubimus*. So it is with

me;

re; and I never receive any of your tables, or *tabulae*, for you know 'tis the same thing, but I exclaim to myself,

Di magni! salicinium disertum!

If you don't understand this line, you must consult with doctor Bentley's nephew, who thinks nobody can understand it without him; when after all it does not signify a brass farthing whether you understand it or no. But, sir, this is not all: you not only treat me with a whole bushel of attic salt, and a gallon of Italian vinegar, but you give me some English-French music—a vaudeville in both languages!

Doctæ sermones turque lingua—

But now I talk of music at a feast; I'll tell you of a feast and music too. About a fortnight ago, walking through Leicester-fields, I ran full-butt against somebody. Upon examination, who should it be but Mr. A——? I mean the nephew of the lord of ———. So we saluted very amicably, and I engaged to sup with him Thursday next. To his lodgings I went on Thursday, and there I found Plato, Puffendorf, and Prato (can't you guess who they be?). A very good supper we had, and Plato gave your health. I believe he is in love. Did you ever hear of Nanby Bunder? But I forget our music. We had, sir, for an hour or two, an Ethiopian, belonging to the duchess of Athol, who played to us upon the French-horn. A—— made me laugh about him very much. I said, I suppose you give this Ethiopian something to drink? Upon which he ordered him half a crown. I said, *So much?* Oh! he's only Black, answered he. Puffendorf (who you know says good things sometimes) said, not amiss. Oh, sir, if he had been a White, he'd have given him a crown. I don't pretend to compare our supper with your *parlé de cabaret* at Rheims; but at least, sir, our materials were more sterling than yours. You had a *gouté* forsooth composed of *des fraises, de la creme, du vin, des gateaux*, &c. We, sir, we supped à l'Angloise. Imprimis, we had buttock of beef, and Yorkshire ham; we had chicken, too, and a gallon bowl of salad, and a gooseberry pye as big as any thing. Now, sir, notwithstanding (Do you know what this notwithstanding relates to? I'll mark the cue for you—'tis —notwithstanding, I say, *leam neither soletis cibaria, neque musæ deditus illi,*

as you are yet, as I am very vain, and apt to have a high opinion of my own poetry, I have a mind to treat you as elegantly as you have treated me—as you remember a certain doctor at King's college did the duke of Devonshire—and so have prepared you a little sort of musical accompanimento for your entertainment. 'Tis true, I said to myself very often—

An quodcunque facit Mæcenas, Te quoque velum est,
Tanto dissipilem, & tanto cessare minorem?

Then I reflected——

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
Et frustum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt; poterat duci quia coena sine illis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvenis,
Si paulum summo discessit, vergit ad imum.

Yet in spite of these two long quotations (which I made no other use of than what you see) I still determined to scrape a little, and accordingly have sent you, in lieu of your vau de ville, a miserable elegy¹.

I dare say, you wish you could shake the pen out of my hand. But I don't know how it is; I am at present in a vein to make up for the dryness of most of my former letters, since you have been abroad, and I can't tell but I may fill up this sheet, if not another, with more such trumpery. I forget all this while to thank you for the packet, which I have received, and which was more welcome to me than an Amiens-pye; for I can't help running on upon this metaphor I set out with; and you know I always was a heluo librorum. The first thing I pitched upon was Crebillon's love-letters, allured by the gar- nishing, I fancy; that is, the red leaves and the blue silk calendar. 'Tis an ingenious account of the progress of love in a very virtuous lady's heart, and how a fine gentleman may first gain her approbation, then her esteem, then her heart, and then her——you know what. But don't, you think it ends a little too tragically? For my part, I protest, I was very sorry the last letter made the cry. But the passions are charmingly described, all through, and the

¹ This elegy does not appear.

language is fine. After this I would have read the *Amusement Philosophique*; but Allistop has run away with it—

*Callidus, quicquid placuit jocosus
Condere furto.*

Very jocosus indeed to rob a body! So I ha'n't seen it since. Gustave is no bad thing, as far as I can judge. One may see the author was young when he wrote it, and it looks to me like a first play of an author. But the language is natural, and in many places poetical. The plot is very entertaining, only I don't like the conclusion. It ends abrupt, and Lordor comes in at last too much like an apparition. The rest of the piece I have not read; but from what I can discover by a transient view, I fancy they are better seen than read.

I am now at the eighth page: 'tis time to have done, and wish you adieu. I hear sir Robert is very well. My lord Conway is reckoned one of the prettiest persons about town.

Yours ever,

R. WEST.

LETTER X.

Rheims, July 20. 1739.

ORAY says, Indeed you ought to write to West. Lord, child, so I would if I knew what to write about. If I were at London and he at Rheims, I would send him volumes about peace and war, Spaniards, casups and convolutions; but d'ye think he cares sixpence to know who's gone to Compiègne, and when they come back, or who won and lost four livres at quadrille last night at Mr. Cockbert's?—No, but you may tell him what you have heard of Compiègne; that they have balls twice a week after the play, and that the count d'Eu gave the king a most flaming entertainment in the camp, where the Polygohe was represented in flowering shrubs. Dear West, these are the things I must tell you; I don't know how to make 'em look significant, unless you will be a Rhemois for a little moment. I wonder you can stay out of the

The three following paragraphs are a literal translation of French expressions to the same import. L.

city so long, when we are going to have all manner of diversions. The comedians return hither from Compiegne (in eight days, for example;) and in a very little of time one attends the regiment of the king, three battalions, and a hundred of officers; all men of a certain fashion, very amiable, and who know their world. Our women grow more gay, more lively from day to day in expecting them; mademoiselle la Reine is viewing a wash of a finer dye, and brushing up her eyes for their arrival. La Barone already counts upon fifteen of them; and madame Leli, fading her linen robe conceals too many beauties, has bespoke one of gaze.

I won't plague you any longer with people you don't know, I mean French ones; for you must absolutely hear of an Englishman that lately appeared at Rheims. About two days ago, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and about an hour after dinner; from all which you may conclude we dined at two o'clock, as we were picking our teeth round a littered table, and in a crumby room, Gray in an undress, Mr. Conway in a morning grey coat, and I in a plain white night-gown and slippers, every much out of order, with a very little cold; a message discomposed us all of a sudden, with a service to Mr. Walpole from Mr. More, and that, if he pleased, he would wait on him. We scuttled up stairs in great confusion, but with no other damage than the flinging down two or three glasses, and the dropping a slipper by the way. Having ordered the room to be cleaned out, and sent a very civil response to Mr. More, we began to consider who Mr. More should be. Is it Mr. More of Paris? No. Oh, 'tis Mr. More, my lady Tenham's husband? No, it can't be he. A Mr. More then that lives in the Halifax family? No. In short, after thinking of ten thousand names, Mr. Mores, we concluded it could be never a one of 'em. By this time Mr. More arrives; but such a Mr. More! a young gentleman out of the wilds of Ireland, who has never been in England, but has got all the ordinary language of that kingdom; has been two years at Paris, where he dined at an ordinary with the refugee Irish, and learnt fortifications, which he does not understand at all, and which yet is the only thing he knows. In short, he is a young strain of very uncouth phrase, inarticulate speech, and no ideas. This hopeful child is riding post into Lorrain, or any where else, he is not certain; for if there is a war he shall go home again: for we must give the Spaniards another drubbing, you know; and if the Dutch do but join us, we shall blow up all the ports in Europe; for our ships are our bastions, and our ravelines, and our hornworks; and there's a devilish

wide

wide ditch for a to pass, which they can't fill up with things. — Here Mr. Conway helped him to fascines. By this time I imagine you have laughed at him as much, and were as tired of him as we were; but he's gone. This is the day that Gray and I intended for the first of a southern circuit; but as Mr. Selwyn and George Montagu design us a visit here, we have put off our journey for some weeks. When we get a little farther, I hope our memoirs will brighten: at present they are but dull, dull as

Your humble servant ever,

H. W.

P. S. I thank you ten thousand times for your last letter: when I have as much wit and as much poetry in me, I'll send you as good an one. Good night, child!

LETTER XL.

From a Hamlet among the Mountains of Savoy, Sept. 28, 1739, N. S.

PRECINCTS, mountains, torrents, wolves, rumblings, Salvator Rosa — the pomp of our park and the meekness of our palace! Here we are, the lonely lords of glorious desolate prospects. I have kept a sort of resolution which I made, of not writing to you as long as I staid in France: I am now a quarter of an hour out of it, and write to you. Mind, 'tis three months since we heard from you. I begin this letter among the clouds; where I shall finish, my neighbour heaven probably knows: 'tis an odd wish in a mortal letter, to hope not to finish it on this side the atmosphere. You will have a billet tumble to you from the stars when you least think of it; and that I should write it too! Lord, how potent that sounds! But I am to undergo many transmutations before I come to "yours ever." Yesterday, I was a shepherd of Dauphiné; to-day an Alpine savage; to-morrow a Carthusian monk; and Friday a Swiss calvinist. I have one quality which I find remains with me in all worlds and in all others; I brought it with me from your world, and am admired for it in this; 'tis my esteem for you: this is a common thought

thought among you, and you will laugh at it, but it is new here; as new to remember one's friends in the world one has left, as for you to remember those you have lost.

Aix in Savoy, Sept. 10th.

WE are this minute come in here, and here's all awkward at this minute come in to us. I asked him if he would sit down. Out, oui, oui. He has ordered a radish soup for supper, and has brought a chess-board to play with Mr. Conway. I have left 'em in the ad, and am set down to write to you. Did you ever see any thing like the *prolog* we saw yesterday? I never did. We rode three leagues to see the Grande Chartreuse; expected bad roads, and the finest convent in the kingdom. We were disappointed pro and con. The building is large and plain, and has nothing remarkable but its primitive simplicity: they entertained us in the neatest manner, with eggs, pickled salmon, dried fish, preserves, cheese, butter, grapes and figs, and pressed us mightily to lie there. We tumbled into the hands of a lay-brother, who, untuckily having the charge of the meat and beer, showed us little besides. They desired us to set down our names in the list of strangers, where, among others, we found two mottoes of our countrymen, for whose stupidity and brutality we blushed. The first was of Sir J — D —, who had wrote down the first stanza of *Iustum & tenacem*, altering the last line to *Mente quatit Carthusianam*. The second was of one D —, *Callidissime petimus Stultitiam; & hic ventriculodico bellum*. The Goth! — But the road, West, the road! winding round a prodigious mountain, and surrounded with others, all cragged with hanging woods, oblied with pines or lost in clouds! Below, a torrent breaking through cliffs, and tumbling through fragments of rocks! Sheets of cascades forcing their silver speed down channelled precipices, and hastening into the roughened river at the bottom! Now and then an old foot-bridge, with broken rail, a leaning cross, a cottage, or the ruin of an hermitage! This sounds too bonapast and too romantic to one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this noble roaring scene, as you were reading it. Admire on the summit, upon a fine verdure, but without any prospect, stands the Chartreuse. We staid there two hours, rode back through this charming picture, wished for a painter, wished to be poets! Need I tell you we wished for you?

Good night!

Geneva,

Geneva, Oct. 2.

By beginning a new date, I should begin a new letter; but I have seen nothing yet, and the post is going out: 'tis a strange tumbled dab, and dirty too. I am sending you; but what can I do? There is no possibility of writing such a long history over again. I find there are many English in the town; Lord Brook, lord Mantel, lord Hervey's eldest son, and a son of — of Mars and Venus, one of Antony and Cleopatra, or in short, of —. This is the boy in the bow whose hat Mr. Hedges pinned a pretty epigram: I don't know if you ever heard it. I'll suppose you never did, because it will fill up my letter:

Give but Cupid's dart to me,
Another Cupid I shall be;
No more distinguish'd from the other,
Than Venus would be from my mother.

Scandal says, Hedges thought the two last very like; and it says too, that he was not invidiously for thinking so.

Adieu! Gray and I return to Lyons in three days. Harry stays here. Perhaps at our return we may find a letter from you: it ought to be very full of excuses, for you have been a lazy creature; I hope you have, for I would not owe your silence to any other reason.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XII.

Turin, Nov. 11, 1739, N. S.

SO, as the song says, we are in fair Italy! I wonder we are; for on the very highest precipice of mount Cenis, the devil of discord in the similitude of four wine had got amongst our Alpine savages, and set them fighting.

Mr. Conway.

with

with Gray and me in the chairs: they rushed him by me on a point where there was scarce room for a cloven foot. The least slip had tumbled us into such a fog and such an eternity, as we should never have found our way out of again. We were eight days in coming hither from Lyons, the four last in crossing the Alps. Such uncouth rocks and such uncouthly inhabitants; my dear West, I hope I shall never see them again! At the foot of mount Cenis we were obliged to quit our chaise, which was taken all to pieces and loaded on mules; and we were carried in low arm-chairs on poles, swathed in beaver bonnets, beaver gloves, beaver stockings, muffs, and bear-skins. When we came to the top, behold the snows fallen in such quantities, and conducted by such heavy clouds that hung glowering, that I thought we could never have waded through them. The descent is two leagues, but steep, and rough as O—— father's face, over which, you know, the devil walked with hobnails in his shoes. But the dexterity and nimbleness of the mountaineers is inconceivable; they run with you down steep and frozen precipices, where no man, as men are now, could possibly walk. We had twelve men and nine mules to carry us, our servants and baggage, and were above five hours in this agreeable jaunt! The day before, I had a cruel accident, and so extraordinary, an one, that it seems to touch upon the traveller. I had brought with me a little black spaniel, of king Charles's breed; but the prettiest, fastest, dearest creature! I had let it out of the chaise for the air, and it was waddling along close to the head of the horses, on the top of one of the highest Alps, by the side of a wood of firs. There darted out a young wolf, seized poor dear Tory by the throat; and, before we could possibly prevent it, sprung up on the side of the rock and carried him off. The postillion jumped off and struck at him with his whip, but in vain. I saw it and screamed, but in vain; for the road was so narrow, that the servants that were behind could not get by the chaise to shoot him. What is the extraordinary part is, that it was but two o'clock, and broad sun-shine. It was shocking to see any thing one loved run away with to so horrid a death.

Just coming out of Chamberri, which is a little nasty old hole, I copied an inscription, set up at the end of a great road, which was practised through an immense solid rock by bursting it asunder with gun-powder: the Latin is pretty enough, and so I send it you:

Carolus Emanuel II. Sab. dux, Pedem. princeps, Cypri rex, publica felicitate partem, suorum commodis intentus, brevioris securioremque viam regiam,

giam, natura cecidit, Romanis intentam, cæteris desperatam, dejectis scopulorum rotagulis, aquata montium iniquitatibus, quæ cervicibus imminébant precipitiæ pedibus subsistens, æternis populi commercii patefecit. A. D. 1670.

We passed the Pas de Suze, where is a strong fortress on a rock, between two very neighbour mountains; and then, through a wide avenue of three leagues, we at last discovered Turin.

E' un a l'altro mont. Se in tanto oblia
La noia, e l'hai tutta passata via.

'Tis really by far one of the prettiest cities I have seen—not one of your large straggling ones that can afford to have twenty dirty suburbs, but clean and compact, very new and very regular. The king's palace is not of the proudest without, but of the richest within; painted, gilt, looking-glassed, very costly, but very tidy; in short, a very popular palace. We were last night at the Italian comedy—the devil of a trifle, and the devil of actors. Besides this, there is a sort of an heroic tragedy, called *La rappresentazione dell' anima dannata*. A woman, a sinner, comes in and makes a solemn prayer to the Trinity: enter Jesus Christ and the Virgin; he scolds, and exit: she tells the woman her son is very angry, but she don't know, she will see what she can do. After the play, we were introduced to the assembly, which they call the *Conversazione*: there were many people playing at ombre, pharaoh, and a game called throe, with cards to *high*, to the number of seventy-eight. There are three or four English here; lord Lincoln, with Spence, your professor of poetry; a Mr. B—, and a Mr. C—, a man that never utters a syllable. We have tried all stratagems to make him speak. Yesterday he did at last open his mouth, and said *Bec*. We all laughed to at the novelty of the thing, that he shut it again, and will never speak more. I think you can't complain now of my not writing to you. What a volume of trifles! I wrote just the fellow to it from Geneva; had it you? Farewell!

Thine

HOR. WALPOLE.

² In the manuscript, the writing of this word is extraordinarily tall.

LETTER XII.

DEAR WALPOLE,

BEC! for I have not spoke to-day, and therefore I am resolved to speak to you first. Asheton is of opinion you have read Herodotus; but I imagine no such thing, and verily believe the gentleman to be a Phœnician. I can't forgive Mont Cenis poor Tomy's adieu! I can't dare how I'll never sing her panegyric, unless she serves all her widows as well as the Peaceable did. It did touch a little upon the traveller. What do you think it put me in mind of? Not a tit like, but it put me in mind of poor Mrs. Rider in Cleveland, where she's torn to pieces by the savages. I can't say I much like your Alps by the description you give; but I have a strange ambition to be where Hannibal was: it must be a pretty thing to fetch a walk in the clouds, and to have the snow up to one's ears. But I am really surpris'd at your going two leagues in five hours: a'n't it prodigious quick, to go down such a terrible descent? The inscription you mention is very pretty Latin. I see already you like Italy better than France and all its works. When shall you be at Rome? Middleton, I think, says, you find there every thing you find every where else. I expect volume upon volume there. Do you never write folios as well as quartos? You know I am a heluo of every thing of that kind, and I am never so happy as when—verbosa & grandis epistola venit—We have strange news here in town, if it be but true: we hear of a sea-fight between six of our men of war and ten Spanish; and that we sunk one and took five. I should not forget, that Mr. Pelham has lost two only children at a stroke: it is a terrible loss: they died of a sort of fore-throat. To muster up all sort of news: Glover has put out on this occasion a new poem, called London, or The progress of Commerce; wherein he very much extols a certain Dutch poet, called Janus Douza, and compares him to Sophocles: I suppose he does it to make interest upon 'Change. Plays we have none, or damned ones. Handel has had a concerto this winter. No opera, no nothing. All for war and admiral Ha'dock. Farewell and adieu!

Yours,

R. WEST.

Temple,
Decr. 3, 1739.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

From Bologna, 1739.

I DON'T know why I told Aetion I would send you an account of what I saw; don't believe it, I don't intend it. Only think what a vile employment 'tis, making catalogues! And then one should hear that odious Curl get at one's letters, and publish them like Whitfield's Journal, or for a supplement to the Traveller's Pocket-companion. Dear West, I protest against having seen any thing but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not some of the most curious things; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of sights; don't go a-staring after crooked towers and conusdrum stair-cases. Don't you hate too a jingling epithet of one Procul and one Proculus that is here? Now and then we drop in at a procession, or a high-mass, hear the music, enjoy a strange attire, and hate the foul monkhood. Last week was the feast of the Immaculate Conception. On the eve we went to the Franciscans' church to hear the academical exercises. There were moult and moult of song, about two dozen dames, that treated one another with *illustrissima* and brown kisses, the vice-legat, the gonfalonier, and some senate. The vice-legat, whose conception was not quite so immaculate, is a young personable person, of about twenty, and had on a mighty pretty cardinal-kind of habit; 'twou'd make a delightful masquerade dress. We asked his name. Spinola. What, a nephew of the cardinal-legat? *Signor, no? ma creda che gli sia qualche cusa.* He sat on the right-hand with the gonfalonier in two purple fauceus. Opposite was a throne of crimson damask, with the device of the Academy, the Gelati; and trimmings of gold. Here sat a table, in black, the head of the academy, between the orator and the first poet. At two semicircular tables on either hand sat three poets and three; silent among many candles. The chief made a little introduction, the orator a long Italian vile harangue. Then the chief, the poet, the poets, who were a Franciscan, an Olivetan, an old abbe, and three lay, read their compositions; and to-day they are pasted up in all parts of the town. As we went out of the church, we found all the convent and neighbouring houses lighted all over with lanterns of red and yellow paper, and two bonfires. But you are sick of this foolish ceremony.

*Si procul a Pideculo Proculi campana fuisset,
Jam procul a Proculo Proculi caule foret.*

A. D. 1392.

Epitaph on the outside of the wall of the church of St. Proculo. E.

Kkk 2

I'll carry you to no more: I will only mention, that we found the Dominicans' church here in mourning for the iniquitous; 'twas all hung with black cloth, furbelowed and festooned with yellow gauze. We have seen a furniture here in a much prettier taste; a gallery of count Caprera's: in the panes between the windows are pendent trophies of various arms taken by one of his ancestors from the Turks. They are whimsical, romantic, and have a pretty effect. I looked about, but could not perceive the portrait of the lady at whose feet they were indisputably offered: In coming out of Genoa we were more lucky; found the very spot where Horatio and Lothario were to have fought, "*West of the town, while among the rocks.*"

My dear West, in return for your epigrams of Prior, I will transcribe some old verses too, ~~on~~ which I fancy I can show you in a sort of a new light. They are no newer than Virgil, and what is more odd, are in the second Georgic. 'Tis, that I have observed that he not only excels when he is like himself, but even when he is very like inferior poets: you will say that they rather excel by being like him; but still they are all near one another:

Si non ingentem solibus domus alta superbis
M'ne salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam:

And the ~~our~~ next lines, are they not just like Martial? In the following he is as much Claudian;

Illum non populi fasces, non purpura regum
Flexit, & infidos agitans discordia fratres;
Aut confurato d'ice deus Dacus ab Istro.

Then ~~who~~ are these like?

—nec ferrea jura,

Insanumque forum, aut populi tabularia vidit,
Solicitant alii remis freta cæca, ruuntque
In ferrum, penetrant aulas & limina regem.
His sit excidiis urbem miserosque Penates,
Ut gemmâ bibat, & Sarrano indormiat ostro.

Don't they seem to be Juvenal's? —There are some more, which to me resemble Horace; but perhaps I think so from his having some on a parallel subject. Tell me if I am mistaken; these are they:

Interca

- Anterea, dulces pendent circum oscula nati:
Casta iudicium fert atq; dolus

inclusively to the end of their

Hanc, olim veteres vitam coluere Saloni;
Hanc Remus, et frater: sic fortis Etruria curat,
Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.

If the imagination is whimsical: why at least 'tis like me to have imagined it. Adieu, child! We leave Bologna to-morrow. You know 'tis the third city in Italy for pictures: knowing that, you know all. We shall be three days crossing the Apennines to Florence; would it were over!

My dear West, I am yours from St. Peter's to St. Paul.

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

Jan. 23, 1740.

IT thaws, it thaws, it thaws! A'n't you glad of it? I can assure you we are: we have been this four weeks a-freezing: our Thames has been in chains, our streets almost unpassable with snow, and dirt, and ice, and all our vegetables and animals in distress. Really, such a frost as ours has been is a melancholy thing. I don't wonder now that whole nations have worshipped the sun: I am almost inclined myself to be a Quebre; tell Orosinades I let you think I'm mad; but you would not if you knew what it was to want the sun as we do: 'tis a general delivery. Heaven grant the thaw may last! for 'tis a question.

Your last letter, my dear Walpole, is welcome. I thank you for its longitude, and all its parallel lines. You have rather transcribed too many lines out of Virgil: but your criticism I agree with, without any hesitation. Whimsical, quotha! 'tis just and new. You might have added Ovjo—

Quos rami fructus, quos ipsa—

and Statius—

At secusa quies—

and what follows down to

Non absunt—

Mr. Gray

But what do you think? Your observations have set me translating, and Affeton has told me it was worth sending. Excuse it, 'tis a tramontane. I shall certainly publish your letters. But now I think on't, I won't: I should make Pope quite angry. Addio, mio caro, addio! Love sei? Ritorna, ritorna, amato bene!

Yours from St. Paul's to St. Peter's !

R. WEST. •

I believe you must send my translation to the academy of the Gelati.

My love to Gray, and pray tell him from me—

Ψυχὸς δὲ ἡνίκα χρόνῳ ἀπολαμβάνεται.

DEAR WEST.

Florence, Jan. 24, 1904 N. S.

"I DON'T know what volumes I may send you from Rome; from Florence I have little inclination to send you any. I see several things that please me calmly, but à force d'en avoir vu I have lost all screaming; Lord! this! and Lord! that! To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than anything I have seen since. I collected the joy I used to propose if I could but once see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's. The statues are a congregation of good sort of people; that I have a great deal of unruffled regard for. The farther I travel, the less I wonder at any thing; a few days reconcile one to a new spot, or an unseen custom; and men are so much the same every where, that one scarce perceives any change of situation. The same weakness, the same passions that in England plunge men into elections, drinking, whoring, exist here, and inow themselves in the shapes of Jesuits, Cicisbeos, and Gorydon arabat Alexins. The most remarkable thing I have observed since I came abroad, is, that there are no people so obviously mad as the English. The French, the Italians, have great

¹ This translation does not appear.

“ Cold is extremely inimical to thin habits of body.”

A fragment of Euripides quoted by Cicero. Vide let. 8, lib. 16, Epist. ad Fam. c. 6.

follicle.

follies, great faults; but then they are so national, that they cease to be striking. In England, temers vary so excessively, that almost every one's faults are peculiar to himself. I take this diversity to proceed partly from our climate, partly from our government: the first is changeable, and makes us queer; the latter permits our queernesses to operate as they please. If one could avoid contracting this queerness, it must certainly be the most entertaining to live in England, where such a variety of incidents continually amuse. The five subjects of a week in London, would furnish an Italy with news for a twelvemonth. The only two circumstances of moment in the life of an Italian, that ever give occasion to their being mentioned, are, being married, and in a year after taking a cicisbeo. Ask the name, the husband, the wife or the cicisbeo of any person, & voilà qui est fini. This child, 'tis dull dealing here. Methinks your Spanish war is little more lively. By the gravity of the proceedings, one would think both nations were Spasmodic. Adieu! Do you remember my maxim, that you used to laugh at? *Every body does every thing, and nothing comes on't.* I am more convinced of it now than ever. I don't know whether S—— was not still better, *It is, gain, there is nothing in nothing.* You see how I still all my speculations and improvements, that they may lie in a small compass. Do you remember the story of the prince, that after travelling three years brought home nothing but a nut? They cracked it: in it was wrapped up a piece of silk, painted with all the kings, queens, kingdoms, and every thing in the world: after many unfoldings, out stooped a little dog, shook his ears, and fell to dancing a Saraband. There is a fairy tale for you. If I had any thing as good as your old song, I would send it too; but I can only thank you for it, and bid you good night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. Upon reading my letter, I perceive still plainer the sameness that persons here; for I find I have said the same things ten times over. I don't care; I have made out a letter, and that was all my affair.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Florence, February 27, 1740, N. S.

WE'VE, Well, have found a little unmasqued moment to write to you; but for this week past I have been so muffled up in my domino, that I have not had the command of my elbows. But what have you been doing all the mornings? Could you not write then? No, I was masqued too; I have done nothing but slip out of my domino into bed, and out of bed into my domino. The end of the Carnival is frantic, bacchanalian; all the morning makes parties fromisque to the shops and coffee-houses, and all the evening to the operas and balls. *Then I have danced, good gods, how I have danced!* The Italians are fond, to a degree of our country dances: *Cold and raw* they only know by the tune; *Blowzy-belt* is almost Italian, and *Buttered peas* is *Pizzelli al buro!* There are but four days more; but the two last are to have balls all the morning at the fine unfinished palace of the Strozzi; and the Tuesday night a masquerade after supper: they sup first, to eat gras, and not encroach upon Ash Wednesday. What makes masquerading more agreeable here than in England, is the great deference that is showed to the disguised. Here they do not catch at those little dirty opportunities of saying any ill-natured thing they know of you, do not abuse you because they may, or talk gross bawdy as a woman of quality. I found the other day by a play of Etheridge's, that we have had a sort of Carnival even since the Reformation; 'tis in *She would if she could*, they talk of going to swimming in Shrove-tide. After talking so much of diversions, I fear you will attribute to them the fondness I own I contract for Florence; but it has so many other charms, that I shall not want excuses for my taste. The freedom of the Carnival has given me opportunities to make several acquaintances; and if I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes. I can give you a comical instance of their great prejudice about nobility; it happened yesterday. While we were at dinner at Mr. Mann's, word was brought by his secretary, that a cavalier demanded audience of him upon an affair of honour. Gray and I flew behind the curtain of the door. An elderly gentleman, whose attire was not certainly correspondent to the greatness of his birth,

birth, entered, and informed the British minister that one Martin an English painter had sent a challenge for him at his house, for having said Martin was no gentleman. He would by no means have spoke of the duel before the transaction of it, but that his honour, his blood, his &c. would never permit him to fight with one who was no cavalier; which was what he came to enquire of his excellency. We laughed loud laughs, but unheard: his fright or his nobility had closed his ears. But mark the sequel: the instant he was gone, my very English curiosity hurried me out of the gate St. Gallo; 'twas the place and hour appointed. We had not been driving above ten minutes, but out popped a little figure, pale but close, with beard unshaved and hair uncombed, a slouched hat, and a considerable red cloak, in which was wrapped, under his arm, the fatal sword that was to revenge the highly injured Mr. Martin, painter and defendant. I darted my head out of the coach, just ready to say "Your servant, Mr. Martin," and talk about the architecture of the triumphal arch that was building there; but he would not know me, and walked off. We left him to wait for an hour, to grow very cold and very valiant the more it grew past the hour of appointment. We were figuring all the poor creature's huddle of thoughts and confused hopes of victory, or fame, of his unfinished pictures, or his situation upon bouncing into the next world. You will think us strange creatures; but 'twas a pleasant sight, as we knew the poor painter was fast. I have thought of it since, and am inclined to believe that nothing but two English could have been capable of such a jaunt. I remember 'twas reported in London that the plague was at a house in the city, and all the town went to sea it.

I have this instant received your letter. I pray! I am glad I thought of those parallel passages, since it made you translate them. 'Tis excessively near the original; and yet, I don't know, 'tis very easy too. It snows here a little to-night, but it never lies but on the mountains.

Adieu!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

P. S. What is the history of the theatres this winter?

LETTER XVIII

DEAR WEST,

Siena, March 22d, 1746, N. S.

PROBABLY now you will hear something of the Conclave; we have left Florence, and are got hither on the way for a pope. In three hours time we have seen all the good contents of the city: it is old, and very snug, with very few inhabitants. You must not believe it. Addison about the wonderful Gothic nicety of the dome: the materials are finer, but the workmanship and taste not near so good as in several I have seen. We saw a college of the Jesuits, where there are taught to ~~train~~ ^{about} fifty boys: they are disposed in long chambers in the manner of ~~London~~ but cleaner. N. B. We were not *bolstered*, so we wished you with us. Our Cicerone, who has less classic knowledge and more superstition than a collegier, upon showing us the she-wolf, the arms of Siena told us that Romulus and Remus were nursed by a wolf, *per la volontà di Dio, si può dire*; and that one might see by the arms, that the same founders built Rome and Siena. Another dab of Romish superstition, not unworthy of presbyterian divinity, we met with in a book of drawings: 'twas the Virgin standing on a tripod composed of Adam, Eve and the Devil, to express her immaculate conception.

You can't imagine how pretty the country is between this and Florence; millions of little hills planted with trees, and tipped with villas or castles. We left unseen the Great Duke's villas and several palaces in Florence till our return to Rome: the weather had been so cold, how could one go to them? In Italy they seem to have found out how hot their climate is, but not how cold; for there are scarce any chimneys, and most of the apartments painted in fresco; so that one has the additional horror of freezing with imaginary marble. The men hang little earthen pans of coals upon their wrists, and the women have portable stoves under their petticoats to warm their nakedness, and carry silver snovels in their pockets, with which their Cicisbeos stir them. ~~Hush!~~ by them, I mean their stoves. I have nothing more to tell you; I'll carry my letter to Rome and finish it there.

An Eton phrase.

R2

Rome, Cossano, March 23, where lived one of the three kings.

THE king of Cossano carried presents of myrrh, gold, and frankincense. I don't know where the devil he found them, for in all his dominions we have not seen the value of a shrub. We have the honour of lodging under his roof to-night. Lord! such a place, such an extent of ugliness! A lone inn upon a black mountain, by the side of an old fortress! no curtains or windows, only shutters; no testers to the beds! no earthly thing to eat but some eggs and a few little fishes! This lovely spot is now known by the name of Radicofani. Coming down a steep hill with two miserable hackneys, one fell under the chaise; and while we were disengaging him, a chaise came by with a person in a red cloak, a white handkerchief on its head, and black hat: we thought it a fat old woman; but it spoke in a shrill lady's pipe, and proved itself to be Seneca!

I forgot to tell you an inscription I copied from the portal of the domus of Siena:

Agus centenus Romæ semper ostubilenus;
Crimina laxanter si pœnisset ista donantur;
Sic ordinavit Bonifacius et roboravit.

Rome, March 26.

WE are this instant wrived, tired and hungry! O! the charming city—I believe it is. For I have not seen a syllable yet, only the Pons Milvius and an obelisk. The Cassian and Flaminian ways were terrible disappointments; not one Rome tomblest? their very ruins ruined. The English are numbered. My dear West, I know at Rome you will not have a grain of pity for one; but indeed 'tis dreadful, dealing with school-boys who broke loose, or old fools that are come abroad at forty to see the world, like sir Wilful W. would. I don't know whether you will receive this, or any other I write; but though I shall write often, Mr. and Mrs. Asheton must not wonder if none come to you; for though I am harmless in my nature, my name has some mystery in it. Good night! I have no more time or paper. Asheton, child, I'll write to you next post. Write us no treasons, be sure!

He means the name of Walpole at Rome, where the Pretender and many of his adherents resided. L

LETTER XIX.

Rome, April 16, 1740, N.S.

I'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad, every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surpris'd, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to you to write of Westminster-abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travel in one's hand, and sees every thing particularized there, it would appear transcribing, to write upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when any body serv'd me so that was calling. — Well, I will tell you something, if you will love me. You have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall easily hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there. 'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottoes, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining; and in one of them, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling with paintings in grotesque. Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St. Maria Maggiore, besides other churches; the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists: before a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay: the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp. At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth: — the man that showed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The cardinal Corsini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is

reckoned

reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you, that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a restoon a day; eighteen pence: there are some extend their expence to five pauls, or half a crown: cardinal Albani is talled extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never have any company. The princesses and duchesses particularly lead the dismallest of lives. Being the posterity of popes, though of worse families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater respect than my ladies the countesses and marquises will pay them; consequently they consort not, but more in a vast palace with two miserable tapers, and two or three monsignori, whom they are forced to court and honour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do issue forth in a vast unwieldy coach to the Corso.

In short, child, after sunset one passes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wish for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! in many English I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap. And then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations swarm here. You will have a great fat French cardinal garnished with thirty abbés roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn short, and talk of the chapel of Versailles. I heard one of them say t'other day, he had been at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—*Ab! il y a assez de belles choses.*

Tell Althea I have received his letter, and will write next post; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time; so Gray finishes this delicately—

NOT so delicate; nor indeed would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received *de vos nouvelles*, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it; which may seem an odd reason—but they say how it's fulsome, and every body does it (and I suppose every body says the same thing); else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colisee, if you don't know what it is, the prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for: "They say 'twas for Christians to fight with tigers in." We are just come from adoring a great piece of the true cross, St. Longinus's spear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening exposed to view in St. Peter's.

In

In the same place, and on the same occasion last night, Walpole saw a poor creature naked to the waist discipline himself with a scourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himself a raw double, that he took for red satin torn, and showing the skin through. I should tell you, that he fainted away three times at the sight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this is performed by the light of a vast fiery cross, composed of hundreds of little candle lamps, which appears through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as it hanging by itself in the air. All the confraternities of the city resort thither in solemn procession, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to see through. Some of these are all black, others parti-coloured and white: and with these masqueraders that vast church is filled, who are seen thumping their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing:—'tis an ill habit; but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Astor had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the admiral. Adieu!

Ever yours,

T. GRAY.

LETTER XX.

DEAR WEST,

Rome, May 7, 1740, N. S.

"TWO'D be quite rude and unpardonable in one not to wish you joy upon the great conquests that you are all committing all over the world. We heard the news last night from Naples, that admiral Haddock had met the Spanish convoy going to Majorca, and taken it all, all; three thousand men, three columns, and a Spanish grandee. We conclude it is true, for the Neapolitan majesty mentioned it at dinner. We are going thither in about a week to wish him joy of it too. 'Tis with some apprehensions we go too, of having a pope chosen in the interim: that would be cruel, you know. But, thank our stars, there is no great probability of it. Feuds and contentions run high among the Eminences. A notable one happened this week. Cardinal

dinal Zinzendorf and two more had given their votes for the General of the Capucins: he is of the Barberini family, not a cardinal, but a worthy man. Not effecting any thing, Zinzendorf voted for Coscia, and declared it publicly. Cardinal Petra reproved him; but the German replied, he thought Coscia as fit to be pope as any of them. It seems, his pique to the whole body is, their having decided a daily admission of a pig into the conclave for his eminence's use; who being much troubled with the gout, was ordered by his mother to bathe his leg in pig's blood every morning.

Who should have a vote to-day but the *Cardinalino* of Toledo? Were he older, the queen of Spain might possibly procure more than one for him, though scarcely enough.

Well, but we won't talk politics; shall we talk antiquities? Gray and I discovered a considerable curiosity lately. In an unfrequented quarter of the Colonna garden lie two small fragments of marble, formerly part of a frieze to some building; 'tis not known of what. They are of Pælian marble; which may give one some idea of the magnificence of the rest of the building, for these pieces were at the very top. Upon enquiry, we were told they had been measured by an architect, who declared they were larger than any member of St. Peter's. The length of one of the pieces is above sixteen feet. They were formerly sold to a stone-cutter for five thousand crowns; but Clement XI. would not permit them to be sawed, annulled the bargain, and laid a penalty of twelve thousand crowns upon the family if they parted with them. I think it was a right judged thing. Is it not amazing that so vast a structure should not be known of, or that it should be so entirely destroyed? But indeed at Rome this is a common surprise; for, by the remains one sees of the Roman grandeur in their structures, 'tis evident that there must have been more pains taken to destroy those piles than to raise them. They are more demolished than any time or chance could have effected. I am persuaded that in an hundred years Rome will not be worth seeing; 'tis less so now than one would believe. All the public pictures are decayed or decaying; the few ruins cannot last long; and the statues and private collections must be sold from the great poverty of the families. There are now remaining no less than three of the principal collections, the Barberini, the Sacchetti, and Ottoboni: the latter belonged to the cardinal who died in the conclave. I must give you an instance of his generosity, or rather ostentation. When

lord

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lord Carlisle was here last year, who is a great virtuoso, he asked leave to see the cardinal's collection of cameos and inglings. Ottoboni gave leave, and ordered the person who showed them to observe which my lord admired most. My lord admired many: they were all sent him the next morning. He sent the cardinal back a fine gold repeater, who returned him an agate snuff-box, and more cameos of ten times the value. *Voilà qui est fini!* Had my lord produced more golden repeaters, it would have been begging more cameos.

Adieu, my dear West! You see I write ~~often~~ and much, as you desired it. Do answer me now and then with any little job that is done in England. Good-night.

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXI.

DEAR WEST,

Naples, June 14, 1740, N. S.

ONE hates writing descriptions that are to be found in every book of travels; but we have seen something to-day that I am sure you never read of, and perhaps never heard of. Have you ever heard of the subterraneous town? a whole Roman town with all its edifices remaining under ground? Don't fancy the inhabitants buried it there to save it from the Goths: they were buried with it themselves, which is a caution we are not told they ever took. You remember in Titus's time there were several cities destroyed by an eruption of Vesuvius, attended with an earthquake. Well, this was one of them, not very considerable, and then called Herculaneum. Above it has since been built Portici, about three miles from Naples, where the king has a villa. This under-ground city is perhaps one of the noblest curiosities that ever has been discovered. It was found out by chance about a year and half ago. They began digging, they found statues; they dug farther, they found more. Since then they have made a very considerable progress, and find continually. You may walk the compass of a mile; but by the misfortune of the modern town being overhead, they are obliged to proceed with great caution, lest they destroy both one and t'other. By this occasion the path is very narrow, just wide enough and high enough for one man to walk upright. They have

hollowed

hollowed as they found it easiest to work, and have carried their streets not exactly where were the ancient ones, but sometimes before houses, sometimes through them. You would imagine that all the fabrics were crèssed together; on the contrary, except some columns, they have found all the edifices standing upright in their proper situation. There is one inside of a temple quite perfect, with the middle arch, two columns, and two pilasters. It is built of brick plastered over, and painted with architecture: almost all the insides of the houses are in the same manner; and what is very particular, the general ground of all the paintings is red. Besides this temple, they make out very plainly an amphitheatre; the stairs, of white marble, and the seats are very perfect; the inside was painted in the same colour with the private houses, and great part paved with white marble. They have found among other things some fine statues, some human bones, some rings, medals, and a few paintings extremely fine. These latter are preferred to all the ancient paintings that have ever been discovered. We have not seen them yet, as they are kept in the king's apartment, whither all these curiosities are transplanted, and 'tis difficult to see them—but we shall, I hope, to tell you, that in several places the beams of the houses remain, but burnt to charcoal; so little damaged that they retain visibly the grain of the wood, but upon touching crumble to ashes. What is remarkable, there are no other marks or appearance of fire, but what are visible on these beams.

There might certainly be collected great light from this reservoir of antiquities, if a man of learning had the inspection of it; if he directed the working, and would make a journal of the discoveries. But I believe there is no judicious choice made of directors. There is nothing of the kind known in the world; I mean a Roman city entire of that age, and that has not been corrupted with modern repairs. Besides scrutinizing this very carefully, I should be inclined to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin. 'Tis certainly an advantage to the learned world, that this has been laid up so long. Most of the discoveries in Rome were made in a barbarous age, where they only ransacked the ruins in quest of treasure, and had no regard to the form and being of the building; or to any circumstance that might give light into its use and history. I shall finish this long account with a passage which Gray has observed in Statius, and which directly pictures out this latent city:

Pompeia was not then discovered,

VOL. IV.

M m m

Hæc.

Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
 Littoribus, fractas ubi Vestius egeris iras,
 Æmula Trinacriis volvens incendia flammis.
 Mita fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
 Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebant,
 Infra ubæ populosque premi?

SYLV. lib. iv. epist. 4.

Adieu, my dear West! and believe me,

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXX

DEAR WEST,

Florence, July 31, 1749, N. S.

I HAVE advis'd with the most notable antiquarians of this City on the meaning of *Thurgut Luethis*. I can get no satisfactory interpretation. In my own opinion 'tis Welsh. I don't love putting conjectures on a language in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will trust you with my explication. You know the famous Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwallador, was renowned for her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency, by her express order, to the memory of her lord, and that the inscription *Thurgut Luethis* means no more than *Dear Llewelyn or Llew-llin*.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device a horse; the motto, *Equus regni*. This curious piece is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is, a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting; the motto, *Seipsum*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the tak-
 ing

ing Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon will shine in our medallie history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthage, and the taking Chagre. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the Squadron under sir John Norris: we are told the Duke is to be of the expedition; is it true? All the letters too talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be obliged to return through Germany.

The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two popes, they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more, the Camerlingo having engaged his faction, to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect. I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying.

On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the ladies P—— and W—— are to be joined by the lady M—— W—— M——. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance; we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiments, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all, except the second, understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journal of this nocturnal academy. Adieu, my dear West!

Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE

Though far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour basquiller une page de 7 pouces et demie en hauteur, et 5 en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city, I say, and the capital of Tuscany: the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a prince called Great-duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus O, and the motto *Nihilistum*, which

M m m 2

take

452 LETTERS BETWEEN THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.

I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larum nostrum,
Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto:
Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus, tantis.
Quid solatis est beatius curis?

We shall never come home again; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out; all castles will be in at us. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you, that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun? Have you learned to say Ha! ha! and is your neck clothed with thunder? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder? Adieu, noble captain!

T. GRAY.

LETTER XXIII.

DEAR WEST,

Brecon, Oct. 2, 1740, N. S.

TWO night as (you know who *we* are) were walking on the charming bridge just before going to a wedding assembly, we said, "Lord, I wish, just as we are got into the room, they would call us out, and say, West is arrived! We would make him dress instantly, and carry him back to the entertainment. How he would stare and wonder at a thousand things, that no longer strike us as odd!" Would not you? One agreed that you should have come directly by sea from Dover, and be set down at Leghorn, without setting foot in any other foreign town, and so land at *Us*, in all your first full attire; for you are to know, that astonishment rubs off violently; we did not cry out Lord! but so much at Rome as at Calais, which to this hour I look upon as one of the most surprising cities in the universe. My dear child, what if you

were

were to take this little sea-joint? One would recommend Sir John Norris's convoy to you, but one should be laughed at now for supposing that he is ever to sail beyond Torbay. The Italians take Torbay for an English town in the hands of the Spaniards, after the fashion of Gibraltar, and imagine it is a wonderful strong place, by our fleet's having retired from before it so often, and so often returned.

We went to this wedding that I told you of; 'twas a charming party; a large palace finely illuminated; there were all the beauties, all the jewels, and all the sugar-plums of France. Servants loaded with great chargers full of comfits heap the tables with them, the women fall on with both hands, and stuff their pockets and every crack and corner about them. You would be as much amazed at us as at any thing you saw, instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idlenesses and amusements of the town. For me, I am grown so lazy, and so tired of seeing sights, that, though I have been at Florence six months, I have not seen Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, or Pistoia; nay, not so much as one of the Great Duke's Villas. I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and postchaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see any more 'of a foreign land; and when I return, I will not visit Welsh mountains, like Mr. Williams. After Mount Cenis, the Brechetto, the Giogo, Radicofani, and the Appian Way, we have mighty little hunger after travelling. I shall be mighty apt to set up my staff at Hyde-park-corner: the alehouse-keeper there at Hercules's Pillars was certainly returned from his travels into foreign parts.

Now I'll answer your questions.

I have made no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets, and not through Italy; for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions, and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are. I am very well acquainted with doctor Coccei; he is a good sort of man, rather than a great man; he is a plain honest creature with quiet

The sign of the Hercules's Pillars remained part of the ground now occupied by the houses in Piccadilly till very lately. It was situated on of Mr. Drummond Smith and his brother, E.

Knowledge,

knowledge, but I dare say all the English have told you, he has a very particular understanding: I really don't believe they meant to impose on you, for they thought so. As to Bordenprie, he is much less; he is a low mimic; the brightest cast of his parts attains to the composition of a sonnet: he talks in religion with English boys, sentiments with my sister, and bad French with any one that will hear him. I will transcribe you a little song that he made the other day: 'tis pretty enough; Gray turned it into Latin, and I into English; you will honour him highly by putting it into French, and Aethon into Greek. Here 'tis:

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D'amistà ride, e s'asconde;
Poi si mischia, e si confonde
Con lo sdegno, e col rancor.

In pietade sì si trasforma;
Par trattullo e par d'importo;
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto,
Sempre c'è l'istesso amor.

Risit amicitia interdum velat amictu,
Et bestit composita veste scillit amor:
Mox ira assumpsit cultus faciemque minantem,
Inque odium versus, versus & in lacrymas:
Sudentem fuge; nec lacrymanti aut crede furenti;
Idem est di simili semper in ore deus.

Love often in the comely mien
Of friendship fancies to be seen;
Soon again he shifts his dress,
And wears disdain and rancour's face.

To gentle pity then he changes;
Thro' wantonness, thro' piques he ranges;
But in whatever shape he move,
He's still himself, and still is love.

Margaret Rolle, wife of Robert Walpole, eldest son of Sir Robert Walpole, created Lord Walpole during the lifetime of his father. E.

See

See how we trifle! but one can't pass one's youth too amusingly; for due must grow old, and that in England; two most serious circumstances, either of which makes people grey in the twinkling of a bedstaff; for know you, there is not a country upon earth where there are so many old fools, and so few young ones.

Now I proceed in my answers.

I made but small collections, and have only bought some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures: one of my busts is to be mentioned; 'tis the famous Vespasian in touch-stone, reckoned the best in Rome except the Caracalla of the Larnese: I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is a great a curiosity: 'tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in bust; this reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a *medagliuncino*, or small medallion, and the only one with this reverse known in the world: 'twas found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for six pence to an antiquarian, to whom I paid for it seven guineas and an half: but to virtuous 'tis worth any sum.

As to Tartini's musical compositions, ask Gray: I know but little in music.

But for the Academy, I am not of it, but frequently in company with it: 'tis all disjointed. Magam — who, though a learned lady, has not lost her modesty and character, is extremely scandalized with the other two dames, especially with Miss Worthless, who knows no bounds. She is at rivalry with lady W. for a certain Mr. — whom perhaps you know at Oxford. If you did not, I'll tell you: he is a grave young man by temper, and a rich one by constitution; a shallow creature by nature, but by the grace of our women here, whom he deals with as of old with the Oxford toasts. He fell into sentiments with my lady W. and was happy to catch her a Platonic love: but she seldom stops there, the poor man will be frightened out of his senses, when she shall break the matter to him; for he never dreamt that her purposes were so naught. Lady Mary is so far gone, that — him from the mouth of her antagonist, she literally took him out to dance country dances last night at a formal hall, where there was no measure kept in laughing at her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at prince's Craven's, where she cheats horribly.

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foot. She is really entertaining: I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish; I like few of her performances. I forgot to tell you a good answer of lady P—— to Mr. —, who asked her if she did not approve Platonic love? Lord, sit, says she, I am sure any one that knows me, never heard that I had any love but one, and there sit two proofs of it: pointing to her two daughters.

I have given you a sketch of your employments, and answered your questions, and will with pleasure do as much more as you have about you.

Adieu! Was ever such a long letter? But 'tis nothing to what I shall have to say to you. I shall scold you for never telling us any news, public or private, no deaths, marriages, or misadventures; no account of new books: Oh, you are wondrous! I could find in my heart to hate you, if I did not love you so well; but we will quarrel now, that we may be the better friends when we meet: there is no danger of that, is there? Good night, whether friend or foe! I am most sincerely

Yours,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXIV.

From Florence, Nov. 1750.

CHLOE, I am going to let you see your shocking proceedings with us. On my conscience, I believe in three months since you wrote to either Gray or me. If you had been ill, Asheton would have said so; and if you had been dead, the gazettes would have said it. If you had been angry,—but that's impossible; how can one quarrel with folks three thousand miles off? We are neither divines nor commentators, and consequently have not hated you on paper. 'Tis to show that my charity for you cannot be interrupted at this distance. I write to you, though I have nothing to say, for 'tis a bad time for small news; and when emperors and czarinas are dying all up and down Europe, one can't pretend to tell you of any thing that happens within our sphere. Not but that we have our accidents too. If you have had a great wind in England, we have had a great water at Florence. We have been trying to let

E

cut

out every day, and pop upon you! *** It is fortunate that we staid, for I don't know what had become of us! Yesterday, with violent rains, there came flouncing down from the mountains such a flood, that it floated the whole city. The jewellers on the Old Bridge removed their commodities, and in two hours after the bridge was cracked. The torrent broke down the quays, and drowned several coach-horses, which are kept here in stables under ground. We were moated into our house all day, which is near the Arno, and had the miserable spectacles of the ruins that were washed along with the hurricane. There was a cart with two oxen not quite dead, and four men in it drowned. But what was ridiculous, there came riding along a fat hay-cock, with a hen and her eggs, and a cat. The torrent is considerably abated; but we expect terrible news from the country, especially from Pisa, which stands so much lower and nearer the sea. There is a stone here, which when the water overflows, Pisa is entirely flooded. The water rose two ell yesterday above that stone. Judge!

For this last month we have passed our time but dully; all diversions silenced on the emperor's death, and every body out of town. I have seen nothing but cards and dull pairs of cicisbeos. I have literally seen so much love and pharrah since being here, that I believe I shall never love either again as long as I live. Then I am got into a horrid dazy way of a morning. I don't believe I should know seven o'clock in the morning again, if I was to see it. But I am returning to England, and shall grow very solemn and wise! Are you wife? Dear West, have pity on one, who have done nothing of gravity for these two years, and do laugh sometimes. We do nothing else, and have contracted such formidable ideas of the good people of England, that we are already nourishing great black eye-brows, and great black beards, and tearing our countenances into wrinkles. Then for the common talk of the times we are quite at a loss, and for the dress. You would oblige us extremely by forwarding to us the votes of the houses, the king's speech, and the magazines; or if you had any such thing as a little book called the Foreigner's Guide, through the city of London and the liberties of Westminster; or a Letter to a Freeholder; or the Political Companion: then 'twould be an infinite obligation, if you would neatly bandbox-up a baby dressed after the newest Temple fashion now in use at both play-houses. Alack-a-day! We shall just arrive in the tempest of elections!

As our departure depends entirely upon the weather, we cannot tell you to

! A part of the manuscript is here torn away. E.

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a day when we shall say, Dear West, how glad I am to see you! and all the many questions and answers that we shall give and take. Would the day were come! Do but figure to yourself the journey we are to pass through first! But you can't conceive Alps, Apennines, Italian inns, and postchaises. Tremble at the thought. They were just sufferable while new and unknown, and as we met them by the way in coming to Florence, Rome, and Naples; but they are passed, and the mountains remain! Well, write to me in the interim; direct to me addressed to *mon sieur Selwyn chez monsieur Alexandre, rue St. Apolline à Paris*. If Mr. Alexandre is not there, the street is, and I believe that will be sufficient. Adieu, my dear child!

Yours, ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

LETTER XXV.

DEAR WEST,

Reggio, May 10, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE received the end of your first act, and now will tell you sincerely what I think of it. I was not so pleased with the beginning as I usually am with your compositions, believe me the part of Pausanias has charmed me. There is all imaginable art joined with all requisite simplicity and a simplicity, I think, much preferable to that in the scenes of Cleodora and Argilla.

The first act of a tragedy called *Stabatani*, he calls Mr. West. We see the face of the first act, all this was probably ever written, in a subsequent letter. Of the transcript he sent to Mr. Walpole, as only the latter part is to be found, it was judged not expedient to print what could only be considered as the fragment of a fragment, and which seems to be certainly liable to all the criticisms of his friends, while it seems hardly to deserve the name his partiality bestows upon it. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. West, in which he thus expresses himself on the subject of his tragedy: &c.

My dear Walpole, March 29, 1740.

SINCE I had finished the first act, I send you now the rest of it. Whether I shall go on with

it is to me a doubt; I find you all make the same objections to my style: but change my manner now I can't, for it would not be all of a piece, and to begin afresh goes against my stomach; so I believe I must even break it off and bequeath it to my grand-children to be finished with other old pieces of family work. I have another objection to it and that is, the unlucky affair of an impeachment in the play. For, supposing the thing public, which it was never intended to be, every blockhead of the faction would swear Pausanias was Greek for sir Robert, though it may as well stand for Bolingbroke. But the truth is, the Greek word signifies neither one nor t'other, as you may find in Scapula, Suidas, and other lexicographers.

Forgive

Forgive me, if I say they do not talk laconic but low English; in her, who is Persian too, there would admit more heroic. But for the whole part of Paulanias, 'tis great and well worked up, and the art that is seen seems to proceed from his head, not from the author's. As I am very desirous you should continue, so I own I wish you would improve or change the beginning: those who know you not so well as I do, would not wait so much patience for the entrance of Paulanias. You see I am frank; and if I tell you I do not approve the first part, you may believe me as sincere when I tell you I admire the latter extremely.

My letter has an odd date. You would not expect I should be writing in such a dirty little place as Reggio: but the air is charming; and there come all the nobility of Lombardy, and all the broken dialects of Genoa, Milan, Venice, Bologna, &c. You never heard such a ridiculous confusion of tongues. All the morning one goes to the fair undressed, as to the walks at Tibridiget 'tis just in that manner, with lottery, &c. After dinner all the company return in their coaches, and make a kind of corps, with the ducal family, who go to the opera, where you talk to 'em, from thence to the opera, in mask if you will, and afterwards to the ridotto. This five nights in the week. Fridays there are masquerades, and Tuesdays balls at the Rivalta, a villa of the duke's. In short, one diverts oneself. I pass most part of the opera in the duchess's box, who is extremely civil to me and extremely agreeable. A daughter of the regent's, that could please him, must be so. She is not young, though still handsome, but fat; but has given up her gallantries cheerfully, and in time, and lives easily with a dull husband, two dull sisters, and a dull court. These two princesses are awfully ugly, old maids and rich. They might have been married often; but the old duke was whimsical and proud, and never would consent to any match for them, but lest they should lose much money, and pensions of three thousand pounds a year apiece. There was a design to have given the eldest to this king of Spain, and the duke was to have had the Parmesan princess; so that now he would have had Parma and Placentia, joined to Modena, Reggio, Mirandola, and Massa. But there being a prince of Asturias, the old duke Rinaldo broke off the match, and said his daughters' children should not be younger brothers: and so they mope old virgins.

* Philip duke of Oporto.

N n n 2

I am

I am going from hence to Venice, in a frigate lest there be a war with France, and then I must drag myself through Germany. We have had an imperfect account of a sea-fight in America; but we are so put of the way, that one can't be sure of it. Which way soever I return, I shall be soon in England, and there you will find me again.

As much as ever yours,

H. W.

LETTER XXVI.

DEAR WALPOLE,

I HAVE received your letter from Reggio, of the 10th of May, and have heard since that you fell ill there, and did not recover and returning to England through France. I heard the bad and good news both together; and so was afflicted and comforted both in a breath. My joy now has got me better, and I live in hope of seeing you here again. The author of the first act of *Proserpine* desires his love to you; and, in return for your criticism, which seems so severe to him in some parts, and so prodigious favourable in others, that if he were not acquainted with your unprejudiced way of thinking, he should not know what to say to it, has ordered me to acquaint you with an accident that happened to him lately, on a little journey he made. It seems he had put all his writings, whether in prose or rhyme, into a little box, and carried them with him. Now, somebody imagining there was more in the box than there really was, has run away with them; and, though strict inquiry has been made, the said author has learnt nothing yet, either concerning the person suspected, or the box. Since I am engaged in talking of this author, and as I know you have some little value for him, I beg leave to acquaint you with some particulars relating to him, which perhaps you will not be so averse to hear.

You must know then, that from his cradle upwards he was designed for the law, for two reasons: first, as it was the profession which his father followed, and succeeded in, and consequently there was a likelihood of his gaining many friends in it: and secondly, upon account of his fortune, which was

so inconsiderable, that it was impossible for him to support himself without following some profession or other. Nevertheless, like a rattle as he is, he has hitherto fixed on no profession; and for the law in particular, upon trial he has found in himself a natural aversion to it: in the mean while, he has lost a great deal of time, to the great diminution of his narrow fortune, and to the no little scandal of his friends and relations. At length, upon serious consideration, he has resolved that something was to be done, for that poetry and Pausanias would never be sufficient to maintain him. And what do you think he has resolved upon? Why, apprehending that a general war in Europe was approaching, and, therefore, that there might be some opportunity given, either of distinguishing himself, or being knock'd of the head; being convinced besides, that there was little in life to make one overfond of it; he has chosen the army; and being told that it was a much cheaper way to procure a commission by the means of a friend, than to buy one, to do which he must strip himself of what fortune he has left, he desired me to use what little interest I had with my friends, to procure him what he wanted.

At first I objected to him the weakness of his constitution, which might render him incapable of military service, and several other things; but all to no purpose. He told me, he was neither knave nor fool enough to run ill-do it; and that he must either abscond from mankind, or do something to enable him to live as he would upon a decent rank, and with dignity; and that what he chose was this:

perceived there was nothing to reply; so I submitted: and as I have some sort of regard for the man, I promised him I would use what interest I had, and frankly told him I would venture to ask for him what I should hardly ask for myself.

Excuse my freedom, dear Walpole; and whether I succeed or not, assure yourself, that I shall always be

Yours most affectionately,

R. WEST.

LONDON,
June 22, 1747.

The answer to this letter does not appear; but Mr. West's increasing bad health must probably have obliged him to drop all thought of going into the army. E.

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

DEAR WEST,

London, May 4, 1742.

YOUR letter made me quite melancholy, till I came to the postscript of fine weather. Your so suddenly finding the benefit of it, makes me trust you will entirely recover your health and thrive with the warm season: nobody wishes it more than I: nobody has more reason, as few have known you so long.

Don't be afraid of your letters being dull: I don't deserve to be called your friend, if I were impatient at hearing your complaints. I do not desire you to stoppels them till their causes cease; nor should I expect you to write cheerfully while you are ill. I never design to write any man's life as a stoic, and consequently should not desire him to furnish me with opportunities of assuring posterity what pains he took not to show any pain.

If you did amuse yourself with writing anything in poetry, you know how pleased I should be to see it; but for encouraging you to it, d'y'e see, 'tis an age most unpoetical. 'Tis even a test of wit, to dislike poetry; and though Pope has half a dozen old friends that he has preserved from the taste of last century, yet I assure you, the generality of readers are more diverted with any paltry prose answer to old Marlborough's Secret history of queen Mary II. I do not think an author would be universally commended for any production in verse, unless it were an ode to the secret committee, with rhymes of liberty and property, nation and administration.

Wit itself is monopolized by politics; no laugh but would be ridiculous if it were not on one side or t'other. Thus Sandys thinks he has spoken an epigram, when he crinkles up his nose, and lays a smart accent on *ways and means*.

We may indeed hope a little better now to the declining arts. The recognition between the royalties is finished, and 50,000*l.* a year more added to the heir apparent's revenue. He will have money now to tune up Glover, and Thomson, and Dodgley again.

This letter from Mr. West does not appear.

Et spes et ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum.

Atheton is much yours. He has preached twice at Somerset-shapel with the greatest applause. I do not mind his pleasing the generality, for you know they ran as much after Whitfield as they could after Tillotson; and I do not doubt but St. Jude converted as many honourable women as St. Paul. But I am sure you would approve his compositions, and admire them still more when you heard him deliver them. He will write to you himself next post, but is not mad enough with his fame to write you a sermon. Adieu, dear child! Write me the progress of your recovery, and believe it will give me a sincere pleasure, for I am

Yours ever,

HOR. WALTOLE.

Mr. West died in less than a month from the date of this letter, in the 26th year of his age.



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